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The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

Published Weekly, and may be had of the respective Booksellers in Manchester; of the Agents in most of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.

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SECOND EDITION.

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ADDRESS.

THE first number of the MANCHESTER IRIS is most respectfully submitted to public attention.—We present it without any parade of invidious distinction, or of prospective superiority; resting its sole claim for support, on our determination—to enrich it from every ordinary source of valuable information and rational entertainment,—to use our utmost influence in obtaining ORIGINAL Literary and Scientific communications,—to pledge ourselves for its RESPECTABILITY and PERMANENCY,—and that our vigilance and attention, in conjunction with our means and energies, shall be incessantly directed towards the perfection of a miscellany, that may be at once a credit and an advantage to the town, and a source of amusement and edification to those who favour us with their patronage.

Attached to no exclusive interest, we shall, as far as lies in our power, select and procure whatever may tend to promote the happiness and improvement of society; without entering into the prejudices, or peculiar opinions, which frequently obscure the virtues, and contract the understanding, of even the erudite and benevolent.

Arrangements have been made which will, we hope, ensure us a tolerably regular supply of ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS: and every attention will be paid to those Correspondents who may be obligingly disposed to assist us in this very important department.—Literary and Entertaining Compositions, Poetic Effusions, and useful Observations and Queries, are respectfully solicited; and shall at all times obtain attention.—In these departments, we expect, frequently to exhibit such specimens of the taste, talent, and ingenuity of our fair townswomen, as cannot fail to excite a happy emulation in persons of refined and cultivated minds.

In our SELECTIONS from expensive or popular works, we shall be careful to cull those

Flowers of Poetry and Elegant Literature, which delight by their beauty, and improve by their style and tendency.

Under the article BIOGRAPHY, we hope to enrich our work, occasionally, with sketches of the lives of our respected and departed Townsmen—who, by their talent, their integrity, their persevering assiduity, and their laudable enterprise, have acquired honorable distinction, and are now remembered as benefactors to society in general;—to hold up such as a real benefit to the place of their exertions, and as examples worthy the imitation of the rising generation, will be to us a pleasing duty; and, for authenticated articles of this description, we shall feel most grateful.

It short, as it is our wish to please and to edify, it shall be our endeavour to do so.—We are persuaded, that we shall not want the assistance of those, whose leisure and ability enable them to impart increased interest to our work.—And we trust our publication will manifest, that while INDUSTRY and ART, are busily employed in promoting the prosperity of the Town, GENIUS is not remiss in the cultivation of those graces, and mental qualities, which irradiate and adorn its character.

FOR THE IRIS.

ON CRITICISM.

FROM a superficial perusal of the popular Reviews, and more especially, of the Criticisms on those lighter compositions, with which the present age abounds; one would naturally conclude, that, as regards society in general, the exercise of individual judgement was discontinued; or rather, gratuitously relinquished in favour of a few periodical writers, whose implicit confidence in their own discernment, and magisterial air in the inculcation of their own opinion, appear to be their chief and only requisite qualifications. This view would be corroborated by the increased and increasing number of Reviews—the invidious declamation, and sophistical argument,

of anonymous critics—and their deficiency in system, exemplification, and becoming deference.

Upon a deliberate examination we cannot but discover in these Weekly, Monthly, and Quarterly Inquisitors, a lamentable ignorance of human nature, and an arbitrary assumption in judgement and decision, that are pitiable and unjustifiable; as well, as an evasive unsatisfactory criticism, that is frequently productive of effects contrary to those contemplated and intended.

That our critics betray 'a lamentable ignorance of human nature' will readily appear from their descriptions of, and distinctions between, the style and tendency of works under consideration. We are sometimes told that a composition is 'classical,' 'elegant,' 'fascinating,' &c. all of which are flattering, and never fail to leave a deep impression on the mind of the reader. But then comes the hero—the sentiment;—wholly unnatural and impure. Can these be eulogized? No! What then? Oh, the critic's assurance—that, although the piece might entertain, it cannot edify—is decisive;—Curiosity dissipates; and, desire is no more! Indeed!—and is this really human nature?

There is nothing more common with this description of writers, than pretensions to a nice discrimination—a discrimination, which is mostly too speculative for any other brain than that exercising the imaginary power. TASTE and MORAL FEELING are frequently discovered; and a work is eulogized for a display of the author's attainments and proficiency in the former, whilst it is strongly declaimed against and irrevocably proscribed, for a total dereliction from, or hostility to, the latter!—This may be designated tasteful, oratorical, and potential, criticism; but, it is surely somewhat too refined, and rather dogmatic!

To be master of a 'classical,' 'elegant,' 'fascinating,' style, is certainly desirable; and there are few, who would not make intense and vigorous efforts to attain it: but, the work in which this enviable treasure may be found, is, in a little time, denounced as being derogatory from social, domestic, and individual, rectitude and happiness! Now, if we inquire into the human mind, we shall, with very little difficulty, ascertain its propensity to appreciate its own strength, and to confide in its own energy. The reasoning occurs.—"Is not society much vitiated? Do I not behold irregularities, and, unavoidably notice obscenities, which must be, at least equal, in moral deformity, to any in this 'ele-

gant narration? The critic, probably seldom diverging beyond the precincts of his study, is little conversant with these things, and consequently with that habit and determination, which resist and abhor them.—If he dare undertake, I am not incompetent to the task of perusal." But, with many, the Curiosity excited by the 'classical,' &c. 'style,' is considerably heightened, by the plainly-hinted, ever-to-be-lamented defects of the 'anomalous publication;' and the exparte view, and anaesthetizing decision, of critics, almost invariably add to it.

It now remains for us to say something relative to the criticism we should approve. If the tendency be to deteriorate the feelings of the heart, no 'style,' no arrangement—however 'classical,' 'elegant,' or 'fascinating,' can compensate for the injury; or obliterate the disgrace attaching to the author and publishers of such a work. And it would be most judicious in Reviewers to pass it over with silent disregard:—but, should a critique be looked for and demanded, the task must, of course, be undertaken; and then, it is only requisite that the heart and judgement be adequate to, and co-operate in, the performance.

In light entertaining compositions generally, the critic's real province appears to be—1st, To ascertain and state the plot, argument, or design, and arrangement. 2ndly, To elucidate and exemplify the principal characters, or incidents, by appropriate selections.—and 3rdly, To object, approve, suggest, censure, or eulogize, in accordance with the sentiment and style of the extracts. For, by these only, should we decide; and by these, with candid, apposite, and well-supported remarks alone, should we permit our own judgement to concur in his general character of the work. Z.

ON THE AMUSEMENTS PROPER FOR THE STUDIOUS.

I, can you pardon the presumption? I,
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.
FRANKLIN.

It is observed by medical writers, that few things are more injurious to health than continued and intense study. Hard study always implies a sedentary life; and when intense thinking is joined to the want of exercise, the consequences must be bad. A few months of close application to study, have been frequently known to ruin an excellent constitution, by inducing a train of nervous complaints which could never be removed. Man is evidently not formed for continual thought more than for perpetual action, and would be as soon worn out by the one as by the other.

It would be a tedious and unnecessary task, to enumerate all the diseases which are the consequences of close application to study.—It is sufficient to observe, that there is no complaint which can proceed either from a bad state of the humours, a defect of the usual secretions, or a debility of the nervous system which may not be induced by intense thinking.

Studios persons, in order to relieve their minds, must not only discontinue to read and write, but engage in some amusement that will so far occupy the thoughts as to make them forget the business of the closet. Their amusements should not be sedentary. A man

who has been reading half the day will not be much benefited by sitting down to cards; or engaging in any other sedentary amusement.

The relaxations of the studios, ought to combine bodily exercise, with such a portion of interest as is sufficient to engage and occupy the mind. This is particularly necessary when circumstances oblige them to be solitary. Another requisite is, that they should not be expensive, for, from whatever cause, studios persons are seldom rich.

It is my intention in the present Essay to point out amusements proper for the studios: it should however be remembered, that in the choice of them a good deal will depend upon the difference of tastes, the habit of the body, the age and the circumstances of individuals. But these are things in which every one must judge for himself.

It may perhaps assist in the enquiry, to notice here such amusements as have delighted the learned. I owe most of my information on this subject to that valuable work, the Curiosities of Literature.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles, and making mathematical instruments.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, one of the most learned men of his age, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, in his leisure hours, was a florist; Balzac amused himself with making crayons; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals, and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Marolles with his engravings; and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour.

The great Arnauld read in his hours of relaxation, any amusing romance that fell into his hands. This also did the critical Warburton. Galileo read Ariosto.

The celebrated Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in the cultivation of his little garden.—Sir Isaac Newton ground optical glasses for telescopes; Dr. Johnson, in his hours of leisure, was a chemist; and the poet Cowper a gardener.

Riding and walking in the country are most excellent recreations,

For one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summers morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms.

MILTON.

But they should, if possible, be taken in the morning and with company. A solitary ride or walk is so far from relaxing the mind, that it rather encourages thought. With company these bad effects are avoided, and the pleasure of conversation superadded.

Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful eddies through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty black-bird
Mellow'd his pipe, and softened every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep.

BLAIR.

Several of the mechanical arts would occupy very agreeably the vacant hours of the studios. Such amusements would be particularly serviceable when the state of the weather renders diversions in the open air impracticable. I believe that a man might acquire great skill in the useful arts by employing himself at such times in this manner: and besides the pleasant and cheap amusements which would result from such occupations, the skill thus acquired might be of frequent use to him in his studies. Dr. Franklin observes, that being acquainted with some of the mechanical arts was of great service to him; 'as it enabled me,' says he, 'to make little things for myself, when I have had no mechanic at hand, and to construct small machines for my experiments, while the idea I have conceived has been fresh and strongly impressed upon my imagination.'

Music has a very happy effect in relieving the mind when fatigued with study. It would be well if every studios person were so far acquainted with that science as to amuse himself after severe thoughts, by playing such airs as have a tendency to inspire cheerfulness and good humour. This amusement is however so fascinating, that there is, perhaps, a danger of its becoming a passion.

Gardening, in situations where it is practicable, is a relaxation highly to be recommended. It not only gives exercise to every part of the body, but the very smell of the earth and fresh herbs revives and cheers the spirits, whilst the perpetual prospect of something coming to maturity, delights and entertains the mind. 'A garden,' observes Addison, 'was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind.'

It is to be lamented that an amusement so admirably adapted for studios persons, is so seldom in their power. A great proportion of the studios reside in situations in which gardening is impracticable, and this amusement is, besides, rather expensive.

There is, however, an amusement, which possesses all the advantages of gardening without its being costly, and which is besides practicable in almost all situations. I allude to the study of Botany. Dr. Aikin observes, 'So many advantages with respect to health, tranquillity of mind, useful knowledge, and inexhaustible amusement, are united in this study, that I cannot recommend it too warmly. The study of English Botany caused several summers to glide away with me in more pure and active delight, than almost any other single object ever afforded me. It rendered every ride and walk interesting, and converted the plodding rounds of business into excursions of pleasure. Nothing is more favourable to enjoyment than the combination of bodily exertion and ardour of mind. This, the study in question affords in the highest degree, and such is the immense variety of its objects, that the labours of the longest life cannot exhaust them.'

The amusements of the studios may be

agreeably varied by an occasional attendance at the Theatre.

If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

L'ALLEGRO.

Indeed I do not know a more pleasing relaxation than this; for what can be more agreeable to a cultivated mind, than to hear the most just and noble sentiments, clothed in the most elegant language, and delivered with all the graces of pronunciation and action.

I have now enumerated those amusements which appear to me most proper for the studious. Many doubtless remain unnoticed; but the student who wishes for variety, will easily discover or invent new ones for himself. In doing this, however, he should endeavour as much as possible to combine bodily exertion with ardour of mind. N. O.

THE PIRATE.

THE extraordinary popularity which the novels of Sir W. Scott have gained, and the firm hold, which they have retained, of popular opinion, (in spite of adverse criticism) almost renders a review of any of his new productions a work of supererogation. The critic has now merely to point out where the author has failed in comparison with his former works, or where an original character, scene of exquisite pathos, or a charming scrap of poetry, stands pre-eminently conspicuous.

All this has been already done, and soon done, for the Pirate, by the shoal of monthly, weekly, and diurnal Reviewers; and consequently it would appear, that, according to my own admission, these remarks are as unnecessary as they will probably be unwelcome. I (for not having yet obtained the eminence of a regular critic, the use of the plural number might be deemed a presumptuous affectation,) have only to say in excuse, that no review which I have yet seen has exactly coincided in my opinion of this work; and, therefore, my remarks will, at least, lay claim to the merit of novelty, in some degree, and if I add to this, the universally admired requisite (in criticisms and lawyers) of brevity, I may perhaps not be an entirely unwelcome intruder upon your readers.

Taking it for granted that your readers have already read the Pirate, I shall not attempt to sketch an outline of the story, but confine myself to a few remarks upon the leading characters and actions of the piece, premising that I object to the story, and the scene where it is laid, because that genius, which has already furnished us with such historical pictures as are contained in the 'Scotch Novels,' 'Ivanhoe,' and 'Kenilworth,' could have been better employed than in illustrating the escapes and adventures of a pirate; or in delineating the rugged manners and scenery of such an obscure place as the Zetland Isles, while the whole field of English, and even of European history, lay open before it.

Minna Troil, the heroine of the piece, is an indifferent copy of Flora Mc. Ivor, and her romantic enthusiasm, depending on her ignorance of the world and a deficient education, excites much less sympathy, than the more polished feelings of her prototype. Brenda, her sister, is more natural, and (to my regret) less prominent. Their father, the honest, warm-hearted, old Udaller, is a very interest-

ing and well supported character, whose finer feelings are perpetually breaking out, through the rugged covering which long habits of endurance have thrown over them.

Basil Mertoun, the ci-devant pirate, is imperfectly drawn, and does not always harmonize with the story sufficiently; he is a most forbidding specimen of the remorseless, villainous, and misanthropic recluse.

His son, Mordaunt, (over whose birth however, an unpleasant mystery is permitted to remain,) is, in the commencement of the story, sketched with considerable vigour, and his numerous embarrassments excite much sympathy; but in the denouement he dwindles into obscurity, not altogether to the satisfaction of the reader.

Cleveland, the pirate, son and heir to old Mertoun, is a strange medley of sentiment and villainy: on his first arrival in the island, ingratitude and treachery seem to be his principal characteristics; the latter trait is however explained (but most unsatisfactorily), and the effects previously supposed to arise from his agency, are attributed to a contemptible news-mongering pedlar. As the piece advances, Cleveland's character clears up, at the conclusion, he is found to be a very amiable man, with very virtuous propensities, whom destiny had compelled to follow his father's occupation. It appears to me, that the conclusion of Cleveland's character is inconsistent with the commencement; and I almost imagine that the author altered his character after he had formed his original design.

Norna of the fitful head, is a weak copy of the inimitable Meg Merrilies, with this difference, that early misery had operated on a warm imagination so strongly, as to shake reason from her throne, to which in the conclusion of the story she is again restored: while on the other hand, Meg is inflexible, and never to be changed.

Mr. Triptolemus Yellowley and his avaricious sister, Miss Baby, bear some resemblance to characters in the preceding novels of this great master, but are neither so amusing nor so natural as their predecessors. Mr. Trip. himself is frequently tiresome, and his disquisitions on agriculture, are often as unpleasant to the reader, as they are represented to be to his auditors.

Jack Bunce, one of the pirates, with his satellite, Dick Fletcher, are very amusing, especially the former; and it is (in my opinion at least) a matter of regret that we have so little of his company. Jack was originally the Rover of the stage, where his abilities were so little encouraged that he became a Sea Rover, and his success there, did not seem to have added much to his happiness, for what with visions of the gallows, quarrels with his comrades, whom he despised for their ignorance and brutality, and his longing recollections of the stage, Jack's life was very unpleasantly passed, except in occasional interviews with Cleveland, (to whom he was warmly attached,) and who was the only one on board the pirate's vessel, who had any feelings in common with Jack. The death of Dick Fletcher, from his warm attachment to Jack, becomes extremely affecting, although poor Dick was rather too much of an automaton to excite any very powerful feelings. Claude Halcro, a poet and admirer of the immortal Dryden, who is supported by the benevolence of the

Udaller Magnus, is chiefly interesting from certain scraps of poetry which he introduces.

There are many scenes of pathos, of bustle, and of powerful description, in which this author surpasses all competitors, and which he introduces into his most inferior productions; in which class, however, I would not place 'The Pirate,' nor would I rank it with his best. Its principal faults I have already enumerated, and have only to add, that it is too long for the interest which it excites, and leaves rather more of the sensation of weariness, than I have lately been accustomed to feel from the perusal of these novels. The motto which the author has chosen for this piece, might, with a little more of the context, be applied to himself:—

"Nothing in him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

NEMO.

REMARKABLE TRAITS OF VANITY, IN CELEBRATED LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Voiture was the son of a vintner, and like our Prior, was so mortified, whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was sad of him, that wise, which cheered the heart of all men, sickened that of Voiture. John Baptist Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobbler; and when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed his venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenside ever considered his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin, having been occasioned by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's blocks, a respectable butcher. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person; and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's 'ideal grace,' he has pointed his indignation in four iambics. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of 'the pictur'd shape.' Even the strong minded Johnson would not be painted 'blinking Sam.' Mr. Boswell tells us, that Goldsmith attempted to shew his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival.

BUCCANEER PARSON.

Dr. Blackburn was in the early part of his life an active Buccaneer in the West Indies, for even Buccaneers could not be without their parson. In one of their cruises, the first lieutenant having a dispute with him, told him, that 'if it were not for his gown, he should treat him in a different manner.' "Oh," says Blackburn, "that need be no hindrance, as it is easily thrown off—and now I am your man." On this it was agreed that they should fight on a small island near where the ship lay, and that the one who fell should be rolled into the sea by the survivor, that it might seem as if walking on the cliff, he had slipped his foot and tumbled in. The lieutenant fell, to all appearance shot dead. Blackburn began rolling him down one or two declivities, but just as they came to the last, the lieutenant recovered sufficiently to call out, "For ——— sake, hold your hand." "Ah," said Blackburn, "you spoke just in time, for you had but one more cast to the bottom."

Will it be believed, that this same fighting parson and Buccaneer was afterwards promoted to be Archbishop of York? When Sir Charles Wager heard of the promotion, "What," said he, "my friend Dr. Blackburn made Archbishop of York! I ought to have been preferred to it before him, for I was the elder Buccaneer of the two."

POETRY.

APOSTROPHE TO MANCHESTER.

Hail! town of freedom, 'tis to thee we draw
Cramp'd and restrained by no imperious law:
Friendly alike to country, sect, and name,
Native and alien, are with thee the same:
Thy wings expanded at protection's call;
Thy arms extended welcome give to all:
Art here encouraged, spreads inventions sail,
And genial Science wafts a favouring gale:
Wealth is enabled to increase it's store,
And honest labour feeds the industrious poor.

G.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—At the last Gentlemen's Concert, after several songs from Miss Cheese, Mrs. Salmon was introduced, which gave occasion to the following Epigram.

Enterp'd a banquet prepared in this town,
And a *Salmon* she made the chief dish;
But our musical cooks so forgetful are grown,
That they sent in the *Cheese* before fish!

Jan. 21, 1822.

C.

ON TASTE.

Taste is from Heaven,
An inspiration nature can't bestow,
Though Nature's beauties, where a taste is given,
Warm the ideas of the soul to flow
With that intense enthusiastic glow
That throbs the bosom, when the curious eye
Glances on beauteous things that give delight,
Objects of earth, or air, or sea, or sky,
That bring the very senses in the sight,
To relish what we see:—but all is night
To the gross clown—nature's unfolded book,
As on he blunders, never strikes his eye;
Pages of landscape, tree, and flow'r, and brook,
Like bare blank leaves he turns unheeded by.

CLARE.

MASON'S LAST SONNET.

Again the year on easy wheels has roll'd,
To bear me to the term of seventy-two!
Yet still my eyes can see the distant blue
Of yon wild peak, and still my footsteps hold,
Unpropp'd by staff, support me to behold
How nature to her MAKER's mandate true,
Calls Spring's rich-mantled Heralds to the view—
The Snow-drop bright, the Crocus spik'd with gold;
And still, thank HEAVEN! if I not falsely deem,
My lyre, yet vocal freely can afford
Strains not discordant to each mortal theme
Fair Truth inspires, and aids me to record,
Best of poetic psalms! my faith supreme
In THEE—my GOD, my SAVIOUR, and my LORD!

SONG.

The morning hours the sun beguiles,
With glories brightly blooming;
The flower and summer meet in smiles,
And so I've met with woman.
But suns must set with dewy eve,
And leave the scene deserted;
And flowers must with the summer leave,—
So I and Mary parted.

O Mary I did meet thy smile,
When passion was discreetest;
And thou didst win my heart the while,
When woman seem'd the sweetest;
When joys were felt that cannot speak,
And memory cannot smother,
When love's first beauty flush'd thy cheek,
That never warm'd another.

Those eyes that then my passion blest,
That burn'd in love's expression;
That bosom where I then could rest,
And now have no possession;
These waken still in memory
Sad ceaseless thought about thee,
That say how blest I've been with thee,
And how I am without thee.

VARIETIES.

DANCING.—The Chinese have odd ideas of this amusement. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officers of the Centurion had a ball upon some court holiday: while they were dancing, a Chinese who very quietly surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party, 'Why don't you let your servants do this for you?'

The original diamond ring of Mary Queen of Scots, upon which are engraved the Arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, *quartered*, and which was produced in evidence at the trial of the unfortunate Mary, as a proof of her pretensions to the Crown of England, was in the possession of the late Mr. Blachford, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, at the time of his death. The history of this fatal ring is curious. It descended from Mary to her grandson Charles I. who gave it on the scaffold to Archbishop Juxon, for his son Charles II. who, in his troubles, pawned it in Holland for £300, where it was bought by Governor Yale, and sold at his sale for £320, supposed for the *Pretender*. Afterwards it came into the possession of the Earl of Ha, Duke of Argyle, and probably from him to the family of Mr. Blachford. At the late sale of his effects, it was said to have been purchased for his present Majesty.

ENTERTAINING PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENT.—Partial flashes of lightning, Aurora Borealis, &c. are to be beautifully exhibited, by taking in a spoon about a drachm of the powder or seeds of Lycopodium, and throwing it against a candle, all other lights being excluded. Powdered rosin is equally fit for the purpose, but from its adhesive quality sticks to the hand or any thing on which it falls. A very entertaining sort of corrosion of light is obtained by the use of phosphorised lime. When a small quantity (20 or 30 grains) is thrown into a glass of water, bubbles of gas are successively extracted from it, which rising to the surface of the water, are inflamed on coming in contact with the air of the atmosphere, producing a flash of bright light. And as a succession of such bubbles is produced, during a considerable time, a repetition of such flashes will be seen.

A FRAGMENT.—The following, selected from a paper published at Boston, America, is said to be founded on fact:—"The wearied animal can proceed no further," said the Doctor, as he stopped the horse at the turnpike inn. He entered the bar-room, inwardly cursing the bad roads, which prevented his reaching home before midnight, and seated himself by the blazing fire. Gloomy were his meditations, which became more so at the entrance of two men, whose faces presented to his disturbed imagination pictures of fierce ambition. "Six hundred dollars," thought he; "why did I bring them with me? and proceed alone? but perhaps they may not be robbers—perhaps they may not overtake me; at any rate I will proceed." After an inspiring draught the journey recommenced, and tremblingly alive is the Doctor to each little noise. I see a robber!—and with the deadly weapon at that head which has so often directed the councils of the commonwealth. And shall a life so precious to the nation be sacrificed for a little p-l-f? Shall one vile blow deprive the country of a hero and a statesman.—No! "Take my money, and spare my life!" exclaimed the son of Galen, and casts his pocket-book at the ruffian's feet. He waits for no reply, but applies his lash to his jaded steed. The welcome glare of light soon flashes on the Doc-

tor's eyes. Assistance is procured, and a full pursuit of the robber commenced. They reached the scene of villany; and, *monstrum horrendum!* the terrific bandit still maintained his post!—The weapon of death still extended, and the robber had not yet stooped to pick up his booty which lay at his feet. A pump with the hand frozen in a horizontal position, was found to have been mistaken by the sapient Doctor for a murderous highwayman.

ANECDOTE OF SIR ABRAHAM REYNARDSON.—When the conduct of a man is regulated, in perilous times, by a conscientious regard to principle, his memory ought not to be buried in oblivion.—Such was Sir Abraham Reynardson, lord-mayor of London, in 1648. When a petition for bringing the king to trial was brought forward in the common-council, he opposed it, in spite of tumults within and without; and, at last, after a debate of twelve hours, he took up the city sword, and withdrew, at the hazard of his life, having entered the proceedings on the records of the court. After the king's death, being called upon to proclaim the abolition of kingly power, he peremptorily refused; for which he was fined 2000*l.* imprisoned in the tower, and deprived of both his office of lord-mayor and alderman. This virtuous citizen died at his house at Tottenham, on the 4th of October 1661.

SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH was always a *careful and prudent* man, and could not escape a *sailor's joke*, as the following humorous anecdote told of him, and well known in the service, testifies:—"When Captain of one of his Majesty's ships on the Jamaica station, a report reached the quarter-deck, while the ship was under a press of sail, that a pig was overboard; at the same moment the Captain's Steward informed him that the pig was his property. The necessary orders were immediately given to the Officer: "Man the fore and main-mast-garnets, weather main-brace, clear away the quarter-boat for lowering down, square the main-yards, or *poor piggy will be drowned.*" The Steward again reached the ear of his Captain, and communicated the pleasing information that the pig was the property of the dead-room mess, and not his. The orders now were—"Stand fast the fore and main-tacks, keep fast the boat, for *poor piggy* could not be saved!"

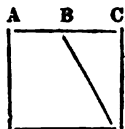
The amiable founder of the present noble family of Fitzwilliam was Alderman of Bread-street Ward in the year 1506. Before his death he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased account of each '*Amore Dei remitto!*' Cardinal Wolsey was the chief means of this worthy citizen acquiring his large fortune. After the disgrace of the Cardinal, Mr. Fitzwilliam very hospitably entertained him at Milton, in Northamptonshire, one of the finest estates of the present Earl. Henry the Eighth was so enraged at this that he sent for Mr. Fitzwilliam to Court, and said—"Ha! ha! how comes it, ha! that you dare entertain a traitor?" Fitzwilliam modestly replied, "Please your Highness, I did it not from disloyalty, but gratitude." The angry monarch here interrupted him by "Ha! ha!" (the usual interjection of his rage.) Mr. Fitzwilliam, with the tear of gratitude in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom continued, "From gratitude, as he was my old master, and the means of my greatest fortunes."—"Impetuous Harry was so pleased with the answer, that he took him heartily by the hand, and said—"Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master. Come into my service, worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude, for few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and Mr. F. was immediately sworn in a Privy Counsellor.

A REMARKABLE SPEECH OF MR. CUPPE, *Secretary to the Earl of Essex, who was executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the same offence which brought his master to the block.*—"I am here adjudged to die for acting an act never plotted, for plotting a plot never acted. Justice will have her course: assessors

must be heard; greatness will have the victory: scholars and martialists (though learning and valour should have the pre-eminence) in England must die like dogs, and be hanged. To dislike this, were but folly: to dispute it, but time lost: to alter it, impossible: but to endure it, is manly; and to scorn it, magnanimity. The queen is displeased, the lawyers injurious, and death terrible: but I crave pardon of the queen; forgive the lawyers, and the world; desire to be forgiven, and welcome death."

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Required to form a perfect square by the arrangement of five squares, each cut into two parts as in the annexed diagram, A B being equal to B C. The most convenient way to do the puzzle is, to cut the five squares in pasteboard, and to arrange the parts on a table.



A solution of the above is respectfully requested from the juvenile readers of the Manchester Iris; and the geometrical demonstration is solicited from mathematical students.

R. B. G.

23rd January, 1822.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—The first Tuesday in October, is appointed, by the High Master of the Manchester Free Grammar School, as a public speech day, and, upon that occasion, extracts, selected from the best and most approved authors, are delivered by the senior scholars. To be amongst the number of the speakers, is an honor, to which every member of this most excellent institution, looks forward with delight, and to the attainment of which, every nerve is strained.

I was, at an early age, placed in this seminary, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Eldsle, a gentleman as distinguished for integrity of character, and suavity of manners, as for his literary attainments. In process of time, I arrived at the head form, and fondly wished for that eventful month, in the which I, together with my class-fellows, should ascend the bustings, and in the presence of a gay assemblage of beauty and fashion, give a specimen of our oratorical powers. For some weeks previous to the time stated, all is bustle and anxiety, all are equally anxious to outshine their neighbours in suiting the words to the word, and the word to the action. To prevent the destruction of books, desks, tables, &c. &c., it has been found necessary to close the doors immediately upon the breaking up of the school; but, in order that all due preparation may be made for this most important event, the youthful aspirants after fame are, at stated periods, entrusted with the key, for the purpose of a rehearsal.

The day, the long expected day, at length arrives. At an early hour, I hastened to the school, and took my seat; but, so impressed was I with the great importance of the task assigned me, so fearful I should not perform it to my own satisfaction, to that of my friends, that I was perfectly unconscious of every thing that passed near me, and around me, until my good friend L——y whispered in my ear, 'my lad you are next.' Had I been about to deliver my maiden speech in the parliament house, to address the assembled peers of the realm, or to present a petition to the sovereign, my agitation could not have been greater, than upon delivering a copy of my speech, to the Warden of the Collegiate Church, who invariably attends on this occasion.

With a faltering step, and a countenance as pale as death, I mounted the rostrum, and awaited the nod of Dr. Smith, as a signal to commence. In what manner I acquitted myself I know not, but believe me, Sir, I returned to my seat, with as much delight as a transport returns to his native land, after a tedious absence of fourteen years, and was soon able to take a survey of the light and airy forms that surrounded me.

The remainder of the day, and often of the week, is holiday, and dedicated to social enjoyment; no thoughts of lessons, or of exercises, are suffered to disturb the peace and tranquillity that reigns; but alas! vain are all sudden sallies of delight; our pleasurable ideas quickly vanish; school with all its terrors too soon returns; tasks are once more resumed; the lexicon again is elevated to its wonted station, and the noted Tuesday is well nigh forgotten; or, if remembered, remembered only with a sigh.

W.

Manchester, January 31st, 1822.

'Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When first I heard their soothing chime.'

MOORE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have often observed, with no small degree of surprise, that on no occasion of public rejoicing and festivity, do the bells of St. Ann's Church join in the celebration, 'and swell the sounds of joy.' I have frequently made enquiries respecting the circumstance, but always, until lately, to no purpose. I am, however, assured that the bells alluded to have been condemned to perpetual silence on public occasions, because they once rang a welcome peal to cheer the delusive hopes of the Pretender. I am anxious to know what authority there is for such an explanation of the mystery; and I shall, therefore, feel much obliged to any of your readers who is able and willing to inform me,

QUERIST.

THE FOUNDLING.

St. Vincent de Paule was successively a slave at Tunis, tutor to the cardinal de Retz, village curate, almoner-general to the galleys, and joint director for the distribution of benefices. He instituted in France the religious societies of the Seminarists, the Lazarites, and the Sisters of Charity, who devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate, and seldom change their condition, although their vows are binding only for a year. He also founded charitable institutions for foundlings, orphans, galley-slaves, and old men. He exercised for some time a ministry of zeal and charity among the galley-slaves. In the number of these wretches, he observed one who had been condemned to three years captivity for defrauding the revenue, and who appeared inconsolable at having left his wife and children to suffer the extremities of wretchedness and want. Vincent de Paule, deeply affected by his situation, offered to restore him to his family by putting himself in his place, and, it will hardly be credited, the exchange actually took place. This virtuous man was chained to the galley, and his feet remained swollen during the rest of his life from the weight of the honourable fetters which he had borne.

When this illustrious philanthropist came to Paris, it was customary for the children who had been found exposed, to be sold in the

street St. Landrey, for 20 sols each; and it is even said that they were given as charity to sick women, who made use of these innocent creatures to suck from their breasts a corrupted milk! The children thus abandoned by the government to the pity of the public, almost all perished, and the few who chanced to escape out of so many dangers, were those who were clandestinely introduced into opulent families, to deprive legitimate heirs of their successions: a practice that for more than a century was a perpetual source of law-suits, the details of which are seen in the compilations of the old French lawyers.

V. de Paule at first supplied funds for the support of twelve of these children, and it was soon put in his power to relieve all those who were found at the doors of churches. But that fervour which is always attendant on a novel establishment shortly began to cool; the supplies of money entirely failed, and the horrid outrages on nature were about to recommence. Vincent de Paul was not discouraged. He convoked an extraordinary meeting, caused a great number of these unfortunate infants to be placed in the church, and ascending immediately into the pulpit, pronounced, his eyes streaming with tears, the following discourse:

'You are not ignorant, Ladies, that compassion and charity first made you adopt these little creatures as your children. You have been their mothers according to grace since the time that their mothers according to nature abandoned them. Consider now if you will also abandon them. Cease for a moment to be their mothers, and become their judges. Their life and death are in your hands, Behold! I take the votes and suffrages. It is time! You must pronounce sentence, and declare if you will no longer shew them mercy. They will live if you continue your charitable care, but if you consent to abandon them, they all perish.'

The only answer to this pathetic appeal was the tears and sighs of the audience; and on the same day, in the same church, and at the very instant, the Foundling Hospital was established and endowed with a revenue of forty thousand livres.

FIRE SHIELDS.

Mr. Buckley, of New York, has invented and obtained a patent for a Fire Shield. It is intended to protect firemen whilst employed in extinguishing fires, but particularly designed to prevent fire from spreading. It is made of a metallic substance; thin, light, and impervious to heat; it is of a length and breadth sufficient to cover the whole person, and it may be used in several different positions. For example: when used in the street, it is firmly fixed on a small platform, with wheels, and a short elevation from the ground. The fireman takes his stand on this platform and behind the shield; he is drawn by ropes near the current of heat and flames, without being scorched or feeling any inconvenience; and with the hose pipe, or leader, in his hand, he directs the water to the part where it is most required. In this way a line of shields may be formed in close order, in front of a powerful heat, behind which the firemen may stand with safety, and play upon the house with their water-pipes.

METEOROLOGICAL RESULTS.

Of the Atmospheric Pressure, and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from Diurnal Observations,

Made at MANCHESTER, in the Year 1821, by Mr. THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

Latitude 53.° 25' North.—Longitude 2.° 10' West of London.

1821	BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE							TEMPERATURE.					RAIN.				WIND.												
	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Range.	Greatest variation in 24 hours	Spaces in inches.	No. of changes.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Range.	Greatest variation in 24 hours.	Manchester.		Ardk.	Lynn.	Upst.	North.	North-East.	East.	South-East.	South.	South-West.	West.	North-West.	Variable.	B. & S.	Boisterous.	
													Inches.	Wet Days.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.												
January...	29.71	30.64	28.96	1.68	.66	3.10	4	40.5	55°	23°	32°	15	1.095	6	1.324	1.045	1.703	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
February...	30.11	30.52	29.20	1.32	.42	2.15	7	37.9	55	25	30	20	.535	4	.864	.264	.528	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
March.....	29.42	30.16	28.92	1.23	.67	5.20	11	44.7	61	29	32	36	2.625	18	3.145	2.947	3.876	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
April.....	29.51	30.00	28.96	1.04	.50	4.10	8	52.2	74	33	41	25	3.320	19	3.984	2.731	3.523	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
May.....	29.76	30.10	29.16	.94	.40	4.10	6	52.6	73	34	39	30	2.520	15	3.194	2.252	2.884	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
June.....	29.97	30.28	29.55	.73	.34	1.80	7	57.4	74	40	34	27	1.060	8	1.458	1.390	1.203	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
July.....	29.79	30.18	29.32	.86	.40	3.20	7	61.9	81	44	37	23	1.905	9	2.496	1.143	1.872	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
August.....	29.80	30.08	29.25	.75	.50	2.80	8	63.1	79	48	31	23	3.135	17	3.519	2.537	3.281	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
September.	29.61	30.10	29.16	.94	.56	3.20	13	60.6	76	46	30	34	4.595	23	5.466	3.845	4.279	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
October....	29.71	30.16	28.75	1.41	.63	5.20	10	52.4	66	39	27	26	2.900	20	3.287	2.270	4.323	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
November..	29.59	30.16	28.92	1.24	.67	5.00	9	47.8	62	35	27	17	4.390	22	5.400	3.771	3.442	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
December..	29.24	30.10	28.16	1.94	.56	7.80	15	43.8	62	31	31	23	3.800	19	4.971	3.880	3.864	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	29.96	30.20	28.94	1.17	.53	47.65	105	51.2	68	35	32	24	31.880	180	39.108	28.087	34.778	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

The annual mean temperature of the past year, is fifty-one degrees; being about two degrees above the average: the mean of the first three months, 40° 9; second, 54° 1; third, 61° 9; fourth, 48°; of the six winter months, 44° 4; six summer months, 57° 9. The maximum, or hottest state of the year, was 81°, which occurred on the memorable 19th of July, the Coronation of King George the Fourth; the minimum or coldest state, was 23°, which is only 9 below freezing, this happened on the 4th January, making an annual variation of 58°. From the above, the reporter is enabled to draw the following comparison, between the past and preceding year, viz. the average heat of the six summer months of 1821, was nearly one degree more than that of 1820, and the heat of the six winter months, three degrees above the corresponding ones of the preceding year, so that the temperature of 1821, has been more mild than usual, and not marked by any very great extremes.

The annual mean elevation of the barometer, is nearly twenty-nine inches and seven-tenths; highest 30.65, which was on the 23rd of January; lowest 28.16 which happened on the 28th of December: the difference of these extremes, makes 2.49 inches: mean of the six summer months, 29.75; of the six

winter months, 29.63. The mean daily movements of the barometrical surface; measure near forty-eight inches: total number of changes, one hundred and five. The barometer throughout the month of February, was remarkably high and desultory in its movements: on the contrary, in the month of December it oscillated most extraordinarily; and towards the close of the year, very low: the utmost depression, was the minimum of the year.

Much has been said about the wetness of the past year. My annual account scarcely amounts to 32 inches in depth, which is certainly under the average for Manchester. Mr. JOHN BLACKWALL, of Crumpsall, makes his annual fall three inches more, and Mr. JOHN DALTON, for Ardwick, nearly eight inches more than mine. On the contrary Mr. EDWARD STELFOX, of Lymn, near Warrington, has only registered a fall of twenty-eight inches. The differences in our annual statements of rain, from places so near together are singular, and certainly require an attentive inquiry: the only difference in our apparatus, is, that Mr. Dalton's rain funnel is larger; mine, Mr. Blackwall's, and Mr. Stelfox's are made alike, the same size, and of one material, which is that of copper. Provided our calculations of the method of

measuring the rain collected in these funnel-areas be correct, and which I have every reason to conclude is the case; and provided their surfaces are parallel with the horizon, and at sufficient distances from trees, buildings, or any object that might obstruct a free access; it must follow, that there can be no error in our results. I have noted down 180 days, on which rain fell more or less, which number is one less than last year. In the last five months of 1820, there were 85 wet days; the number in the corresponding ones of 1821 is 101. February was the driest, and September and November the wettest.

The south, south-west, and west winds, have been the most prevalent: these winds were noticed to blow on 224 days. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of March, (about the vernal equinox) the wind blew hurricanes from the north-west, attended with rain, snow, and sleet. On the night of the 30th of November, and following morning, the wind blew a most violent gale from the south-west, accompanied with hail and rain, the damage done in consequence, by the falling of chimneys, unroofing of houses, &c. was great, several lives were lost in Liverpool, and other places, and a large number of vessels suffered in the harbours and on the neighbouring coasts.

WEEKLY DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

SOME etymologists derive February from *Februa*, an epithet given to Juno, as the Goddess of Purification; while others attribute the origin of the name to *Februa*, a feast held by the Romans in this month, in behalf of the manes of the deceased.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SATURDAY, 2—Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This festival is of high antiquity, and the ancient christians observed it by using

a great number of lights; in remembrance, as it is supposed, of our blessed Saviour's being declared by *Simeon* to be a light to lighten the Gentiles; hence the name of *Candlemas-day*. It is also called 'Christ's Presentation,' 'the Holiday of Saint Simeon,' and, in the north of England, the 'Wives' Feast-day.'

The Benedictions of the Candles at Rome, on this day, as witnessed by Lady Morgan in 1820, is thus described:— 'The ceremony takes place in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal, where the pope himself officiates, and blesses, and distributes with his own hands, a candle to every person in the body of the church;

each going individually, and kneeling at the throne to receive it. The ceremony commences with the cardinals; then follow the bishops, *prelati*, canons, priors, abbots, priests, &c., down to the sacristans and meanest officers of the church. When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman senate and people, receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chaunting, round the antichapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings, the pope and cardinals take of their gold and crimson dresses,

put on their ordinary robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung. The Blessing of the Candles takes place in all the parish churches.—(*Lady Morgan's Italy*, vol. ii, pp. 284, 285.)

SUNDAY, 3.—*Saint Blase.*

Blase was a Bishop and Martyr; and his see, according to the Breviary, was Sebasta, or Seback, in Cappadocia.* He is a person of great note amongst the vulgar, who, in their processions, as relative to the wool trade, always carry an effigy or representation of him, as the inventor or patron of their art of combing it. There was an order of Knighthood also instituted in honor of him.† He suffered death in the reign of Diocletian, about the year 283, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, but authors vary much about the time of his death. Before his death, which was by decapitation, he was whipped, and had his flesh torn *ferreis pectinibus*, 'with iron combs.' And when he died, his prayer to our Lord was, as the *Golden Legend* has it in the English Version, 'That whomsoever desired hys helpe fro thynfyrmyte of the throte, or requyred ayde for any other sekeness or infyrmyte, that he would here hym, and myght deserve to be guarished and heled.‡ And ther cam a voys fro Hevene to hym sayeng that hys peticion was graunted, and shold be doon as he had prayd.'

In this prayer there is not a word, that concerns the *wool-combers*.

The art, no doubt, had been invented long before his time; it is so very ancient that the invention is at this day entirely unknown. It is therefore probable, he was esteemed the patron of the *wool-combers*, merely because he was tortured with the iron comb. 'It is still the custom in many parts of England, to light up fires on the hills on St. Blase's night, a custom anciently taken up, perhaps for no better reason than the jingling resemblance of his name to the word *blaze*!'

— 3.—*Septuagesima.*

The institution of this and the two following Sundays cannot be traced higher than the beginning of the sixth, or the close of the fifth century. 'When the words *Septuagesima*, *Sexagesima*, and *Quinquagesima* (seventieth, sixtieth, and fiftieth), were first applied to denote these three Sundays, the season of Lent had generally been extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always

celebrated as festivals. At this time, also, the Sunday which we call the first Sunday in Lent, was styled simply *Quadragesima*, or the fortieth, meaning, no doubt, the fortieth day before Easter. Quadragesima was also the name given to the season of Lent, and denoted the quadragesimal or forty days' fast. When the three weeks before Quadragesima ceased to be considered as weeks after the Theophany (or Epiphany), and were appointed to be observed as a time of preparation for Lent, it was perfectly conformable to the ordinary mode of computation to reckon backwards, and, for the sake of even and round numbers, to count by decades.—(*Shepherd*.)

TUESDAY, 5.—*St. Agatha.*

She suffered martyrdom under Decius, in the year 251.

SAXON IDOLS WORSHIPPED IN ENGLAND.

Whence the Names of our Days are derived.

1.—THE Idol of the Sun, from which Sunday is derived, among the Latins *dies Solis*, was placed in a temple and adored and sacrificed to; for they believed that the sun did co-operate with this idol. He was represented like a man half-naked, with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world; and by his fiery gleams, the light and heat wherewith he warms and nourishes all things.

2.—The Idol of the Moon, from which cometh our Monday, *dies Lunæ*, anciently Moonday: this idol appears strangely singular, being habited in a short coat like a man: her holding a moon, expresses what she is, but the reason of her short coat and long eared cap is lost in oblivion.

3.—*Tuisco*, the most ancient and peculiar god of the Germans, represented in his garment of a skin, according to their ancient manner of clothing: next to the sun and moon they paid their adoration to this idol, and dedicated the next day to him; from which our Tuesday is derived, anciently Tuisday, called in Latin *dies Martis*. But this idol is very unlike Mars, whom Woden much nearer resembles than he does Mercury.

4.—*Woden* was a valiant prince among the Saxons; his image was prayed to for victory over their enemies, which, if they obtained, the usually sacrificed the prisoners taken in battle to him. Our Wednesday is derived from him, anciently Wodensday. The northern histories make him the father of Thor, and Friga to be his wife.

5.—*Thor* was placed in a large hall, sitting on a bed, canopied over, with a crown of gold

on his head, and twelve stars over it; holding a sceptre in the right hand: to him was attributed the power over both heaven and earth, and that as he was pleased or displeased, he could send thunder, tempests, plagues, &c. or fair seasonable weather, and cause fertility. From him our Thursday derives its name, anciently Thorsday; among the Romans, *dies Jovis*, as this idol may be substituted for Jupiter.

6.—*Friga*; this idol represented both sexes, holding a drawn sword in the right hand, and a bow in the left, denoting that women as well as men should fight in time of need: she was generally taken for a goddess, and was reputed the giver of peace and plenty, and causer of love and amity. Her day of worship was called by the Saxons, *Frigedaeg*, now Friday, *dies Veneris*; but the habit and weapons of this figure have a resemblance of Diana rather than Venus.

7.—*Seater* or *Crodo*, stood on the prickly back of a perch: he was thin-visaged, and long-haired, with a long-beard, bare-headed, and bare-footed, carrying a pale of water in his right hand, wherein are fruit and flowers; and holding up a wheel in his left; and his coat tied with a long girdle: his standing on the sharp fins of this fish, signified to the Saxons, that by worshipping him they should pass through all dangers unhurt; by his girdle flying both ways was shewn the Saxons' freedom, and by the pale with fruit and flowers was denoted that he would nourish the earth. From him, or from the Roman deity Saturn, comes Saturday.

NATURAL HISTORY.

DANCING SNAKES.

(FROM FORBES' ORIENTAL MEMOIRS.)

THE cobra di capello, or hooded-snake (coluber naja), called by the Indians the naag, or nagao, is a large and beautiful serpent; but one of the most venomous of all the coluber class; its bite generally proves mortal in less than an hour. It is called the hooded snake, from having a curious hood near the head, which it contracts or enlarges at pleasure; the centre of this hood is marked in black and white like a pair of spectacles, from whence it is also named the spectacle-snake.

Of this genus are the dancing-snakes, which are carried in baskets throughout Hindostan, and procure a maintenance for a set of people, who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head; erecting about half their length from the

* See *Aurea Legenda*.

† Collin's Dict. in voce.

‡ He had cured a boy that had got a fish-bone in his throat; and was particularly invoked by the papists in the squinancy or quinsy.

§ So he was one of the 14 Saints for diseases in general, Fabrici; Bibliogr. Antiq. p. 203.

ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. It is a well attested fact, that when a house is infested with these snakes, and some others of the coluber genus, which destroy poultry and small domestic animals, as also by the larger serpents of the boa tribe, the musicians are sent for; who by playing on a flageolet, find out their hiding-places, and charm them to destruction: for no sooner do the snakes hear the music, than they come softly from their retreat, and are easily taken. I imagine these musical snakes were known in Palestine, from the Psalmist comparing the ungodly to the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

When the music ceases, the snakes appear motionless; but if not immediately covered up in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal accidents. Among my drawings is that of a cobra de capello, which danced for an hour on the table while I painted it; during which I frequently handled it, to observe the beauty of the spots, and especially the spectacles on the hood, not doubting but that its venomous fangs had been previously extracted. But the next morning my upper servant, who was a zealous Mussulman, came to me in great haste, and desired I would instantly retire, and praise the Almighty for my good fortune: not understanding his meaning, I told him that I had already performed my devotions, and had not so many stated prayers as the followers of his prophet. Mahomet then informed me, that while purchasing some fruit in the bazar, he observed the man who had been with me on the preceding evening, entertaining the country people with his dancing snakes; they, according to their usual custom, sat on the ground around him; when, either from the music stopping too suddenly, or from some other cause irritating the vicious reptile which I had so often handled, it darted at the throat of a young woman, and inflicted a wound of which she died in about half an hour. Mahomet once more repeated his advice for praise and thanksgiving to Alla, and recorded me in his calendar as a lucky man.

Hydrogen Gas.—There is a curious anecdote related of the influence of this gas on the oxide of Bismuth. It is well known that this oxide, under the name of *pearl white*, is used as a cosmetic by those of the fair sex who wish to become fairer. A lady thus painted, was sitting in a lecture room, where chemistry being the subject, water impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas (Harrogate water) was handed round for inspection. On smelling this liquid, the lady in question became suddenly *black in the face*. Every one was of course alarmed by this sudden *chemical* change; but the lecturer explaining the cause of the phenomenon, the lady received no farther injury, than a salutary practical lesson, to rely more upon natural than artificial beauty in future.

GREENLAND DUELS.

We recommend to our *men of honour*, the following mode of settling disputes. It is extracted from Crantz's History of Greenland. "The natives decide their quarrels by singing and dancing, and call this a *singing combat*. If one Greenlander imagines himself injured by another, he betrays not the least trace of vexation or wrath, much less revenge, but he composes a satirical poem; this he repeats so often with singing and dancing in the presence of his domestics, and especially the women, till they have all got it in their memory. Then he publishes a challenge every where, that he will fight a duel with his antagonist, not with a sword, but a song. The respondent betakes himself to the appointed place, and presents himself in the encircled theatre. Then the accuser begins to sing his satire to the beat of the drum, and his party in the auditory back every line with the repeated *Anna aiak*, and also sing every sentence with him; and all this while he discharges so many taunting truths at his adversary, that the audience have their fill of laughing.—When he has sung out all his gall, the defendant steps forth, answers the accusation against him, and ridicules his antagonist in the same manner, all which is corroborated with a united chorus of his party, and so the laugh changes sides. The plaintiff renews the assault, and tries to baffle him a second time; in short, he that maintains the last word wins the process, and so acquires a name.—At such opportunities, they can tell one another the truth very roundly and cuttingly, only there must be no mixture of rudeness or passion. The whole body of the beholders constitute the Jury, and bestow the laurel, but afterwards the two parties are the best friends."

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Jan. 28th.—Damon and Pythias: with A Roland for an Oliver.

Tuesday, 29th.—As you like it: Rosalind, Miss Wensley, from the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Dublin; with The Poor Soldier.

Wednesday, 30th.—Romeo and Juliet: Juliet, Miss Wensley; with The Benevolent Tar.

Friday, Feb. 1st.—Pizarro: Cora, Miss Wensley; with Mr. Tibbs.

NEW PLAY.

(As performed at Drury Lane.)

THE new novel, the Pirate, has been dramatised, and met with a reception just warm enough to save it from condemnation. Its greatest merit is the closeness with which it follows the novel, and its chief fault the want of incident, and tardy progress of the

plot. It has some lively music by Mr. T. Cooke who has borrowed copiously from our oldest acquaintances. An opening chorus and a glee by Fishermen, composed by a Mr. Rooke, are of a better order.

The play opens with Mordaunt's rescuing Cleveland from the waves. The introduction of the latter to Magnus Troll, under the conduct of Bryce Snælsfoot, is managed as it is in the novel. The injurious reports which have been spread of him procure Mordaunt a cool reception (when at Norna's instigation he goes to Burgh Westra) from all but Brenda. Norna's sudden appearance, and her forbidding the union between Cleveland and Minna, create an enmity between the two young men. A duel is heard to take place off the stage, in which Mordaunt falls just at the moment when Norna is imparting her unfortunate history to Minna, for the purpose of warning her against the consequences of her attachment to Cleveland. They rush off at the noise of deep groans which succeed the clashing of swords. Mordaunt having been recovered by the care of Norna, Cleveland joins the other pirate vessel at the persuasion of Jack Bunce, his lieutenant. On coming ashore to procure supplies he is detained, and the hostage which was given in exchange for him having escaped, the Pirate is lodged in St. Magnus' church. Here Minna's endeavour to procure his liberation is rendered unnecessary by the sudden appearance of Norna, who intrusts him to her dwarf Pancelot, and before parting he gives her a box, which he says was the last present of his father. Basil Mertoun then enters, Norna knows him to be her former lover, and the father of her son, whom she supposes to be Mordaunt. In the course of their dialogue, and by means of the box, she discovers that Cleveland, whose destruction she has caused by bringing down the King's ship, is her son, and she hastens with Mertoun to endeavour to preserve him. In the last scene, Cleveland, with a part of his crew, has come ashore, to take leave of Minna. Jack Bunce has planned a stratagem to make his captain "happy against his will," by carrying off Minna; this fails, and they are taken by a detachment under Mordaunt's command, The Halcyon frigate appears in the offing and blows up the Fortune's Favourite. Norna's apprehensions are dismissed by Mertoun's producing a pardon for his son and his companions, granted in consequence of services he had rendered to the navy. The ladies and their lovers are made happy, and the rest of the company seem to partake of their satisfaction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of G. B. we gratefully acknowledge, and thank him for his good wishes and promised support.

We feel indebted to our friend N. O. for his interesting Essay; his favors shall, at all times, have a place in our miscellany.

The Biographical sketch of WM. AIKMAN, shall be attended to: it arrived too late for insertion.

'Lines to a Young Lady with a Locket,' are inadmissible: the author, we are confident, can amend them.

For the promised communications of NANO we shall be thankful, and which will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers.

The article 'on Criticism' is inserted; the observations of Z. so perfectly coincide with our own views, that we earnestly solicit a continuance of his favours.

'An Essay on War,' is under consideration.

W. H. 'on Ventilation,' and the 'Epigram' of M. A. B. will appear in our next publication.

Letter-Box in the Beer.

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FOR THE IRIS.

SARDANAPALUS.

LORD BYRON is unquestionably the greatest poet of the present day in that quality of vividly portraying the stormy passions of the mind, which has been the principal characteristic of most of our greatest bards. But Byron has not, like them, given the gigantic force of his pen to support the cause of virtue; he has laughed alike, at the follies, the virtues, the feelings, and the religion of his fellow-creatures; to use a passage of his own in application to himself, 'There is in him a vital scorn of all' which he perpetually introduces into all his pieces, and from the pleasure he takes in the monotonous repetition, the world has naturally concluded that he has drawn from self: consequently, we see the very unprecedented circumstance of a popular author telling his readers, that he despises them, and avoids the sight of any of his countrymen, with studied assiduity, and yet keeping his ground in public estimation.

His lordship is essentially not a dramatic poet—he wants variety, the power of keeping his characters distinct from each other, of individualising them: they are too much alike, talk in the same style, use the same figurative language, from the prince to the peasant, from the Doge to the Signor of the night.

His lordship's judgment and practice are strangely at variance with each other; he praises Pope for the purity of his *ethics*, and then he writes Don Juan: he admires and quotes Shakespeare, and then writes dull tragedies with strict attention to dramatic unity: proving by his own examples the inferiority of dramas, produced according to his critical standard, to those not fettered by such laws: see that splendid irregular production of his lordship's muse 'Manfred' which certainly is worth all three of those heavy five act classical pieces since written by him.

To avoid the inconsistency of making one spot represent two places distant from each other, and of supposing various periods of time to elapse between the falling and rising of the curtain, we are exposed to long, tedious, explanatory dialogues, to let us know what is passing without; and actions are huddled together, and dynasties overthrown, which, a few hours before, were in peaceful security. We are introduced to certain scenes, the interest of which depends on events that have preceded, and with which the spectator is but imperfectly acquainted by a tiresome dia-

logue between two persons, who enter a certain room and narrate events to one another, which they must certainly have both known before.

Sardanapalus has all these faults, and certainly is not qualified for success on the stage in its present state. There is a great want of individuality of character in all but the principal one, Sardanapalus, who is well drawn in the first part; but with his change in the latter part of the play, the spectator is kept in ignorance, as far as it regards his own actions; we are told, that he performs prodigies of valour, and seems a second Mars, but he only appears in propria persona, a debauchee, and we are obliged to take his heroism on the ipse dixit of the narrator.

There is great monotony in the dialogues, which are extremely long and fatiguing, consisting of the opinions of the dramatis personæ, (given more in the style of essays than in the language of passion,) in virtue, ambition, heroism, love, and so forth. The most forcible parts of the action excite very little interest, from the nonchalance with which the actors proceed to their allotted tasks.

The chief interest, as well as chief excellence, of this tragedy, consists in poetical passages, of which some possess exquisite beauty. I shall proceed to make a few quotations only, as I fear to encroach too much on your limits.

Sardanapalus' description of his own disposition, is thus expressed in act 1st.

'Since they are tumultuous,
Let them be temper'd, yet not roughly, till
Necessity enforce it. I hate all pain,
Given or receiv'd; we have enough within us,
The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,
Not to add to each other's natural burthen
Of mortal misery, but rather lessen,
The fatal penalties imposed on life;
But this they know not, or they will not know,
I have, by Bael! done all I could to soothe them:
I made no wars, I added no new imposts,
I interfered not with their civic lives,
I let them pass their days as best might suit them,
Passing my own as suited me.'

The soliloquy of Beleses, in the 2nd act, on the dangers which threatened the state, contains much poetry.

'The sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly,
Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,
Like the blood he predicts.

And yet how calm!
An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
A summer's sun discloses it.

I have watch'd,
For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee,
And sacrific'd to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,
And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd—but
Only to thus much: while I speak he sinks—
Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,
To the delighted west, which revels in
Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
Death, so it be but glorious? 'Tis a sunset;
And mortals may be happy to resemble
The gods but in decay.

There is great poetical beauty in the following passage.

Sardanapalus—(speaking of the stars)

I love them;
I love to watch them in the deep blue vault,
And to compare them with my Myrrha's eyes;
I love to see their rays redoubled in
The tremulous silver of Euphrates' wave,
As the light breeze of midnight crimps the broad
And rolling water, sighing through the sedges
Which fringe his banks; but whether they may be
Gods, as some say, or the abodes of gods,
As others hold, or simply lamps of night,
Worlds, or the lights of worlds, I know nor care
Not.

There's something sweet in my uncertainty
I would not change for your Chaldean lore;
Besides, I know of these all clay can know;
Of aught above it, or below it—nothing.
I see their brilliancy and feel their beauty—
When they shine on my grave I shall know neither.

There is, in the last lines, the often repeated sneer at the belief in a future state, which Byron introduces frequently, where it is totally uncalled for.

Sardanapalus thus describes conscience.

'I know not what to call it; but it reckons
With me oft-times for pain, and sometimes pleasure;

A spirit which seems placed about my heart
To court its throbs, not quicken them, and ask
Questions which mortal never dared to ask me,
Nor Bael, though an oracular deity—
Albeit his marble face majestically
Frowns as the shadows of the evening dim,
His brows to changed expression; till at times
I think the statue looks in act to speak.'

The opening scene of the Fourth Act is extremely beautiful. Sardanapalus awakes from a disturbed sleep.

'Not so—although ye multiplied the stars,
And gave them to me as a realm to share
From you and with you! I would not so purchase
The empire of eternity. Hence—hence—

Old hunter of the earliest brutes! and ye,
Who hunted fellow-creatures as if brutes;
Once bloody mortals—and now bloodier idols,
If your spirits lie not! And thou ghastly beldame!
Dripping with dusky gore, and trampling on
The carcases of Inde—away! away!
Where am I? Where the spectres?

His description of his dream is forcibly drawn, but I dare not intrude so much on your room, as to quote it.

The rising sun, on the day of the self-sacrifice of Sardanapalus and Myrrha, is thus most exquisitely painted by the latter.

‘And can the sun so rise,
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapours more lovely than the unclouded sky,
With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,
And billows purpler than the ocean’s, making
In heaven a glorious mocking of the earth,
So like we almost deem it permanent;
So fleeting we can scarcely call it night
Beyond a vision, ’tis so transiently
Scattered along the eternal vault: and yet
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
And blends itself into the soul, until
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
Of sorrow and of love.’

Sardanapalus on the pile which he is about to fire, thus apostrophizes his ancestors.

‘I would not leave your ancient first abode
To the defilement of usurping bondsmen;
If I have not kept your inheritance
As ye bequeath’d it, this bright part of it,
Your treasure, your abode, your sacred relics
Of arms, and records, monuments, and spoils,
In which they would have revel’d, I bear with me
To you in that absorbing element,
Which most personifies the soul as leaving:
The least of matter unconsumed before
Its fiery workings.’

After a little more moralising, this Phoenix of voluptuaries orders the pile to be fired by his mistress, and perishes with her in the flames.

Feb. 5th, 1822.

NEMO.

ON VENTILATION.

Pneumatics, or that Science which explains the properties of atmospheric air, is, like all others, so far valuable as it teaches us how to add to our health and comforts, or how to detect and obviate what may become injurious to both; particularly in any thing where its evil consequences are most concealed, for that is most to be dreaded from its being least liable to detection.

The want of pure air for the purposes of respiration is well known to be injurious to health, and whatever tends to deprive us of it, lessens the comforts and enjoyments of life: it then becomes our duty to avail ourselves of every means with which we are acquainted, and which are in our power, to provide for the preservation of what appears so essential to happiness.

Sedentary employments and confinement in close apartments, in which there is not a frequent or esti-

nued change of air, is often too long persevered in, until its effects sap the constitution, and lead to fatal consequences.

My object is to point out simple and generally efficient means of ventilating almost every close room or confined place, in which our avocations or lodging, may cause us to be under the necessity of continuing in, so long as to become injurious; which a large town in particular, from the frequent narrowness of the streets, and height of the houses, tends greatly to increase; but which may be so far ventilated as to reduce those evil consequences very considerably.

From the principles of Pneumatics we are taught, that a column of heated air has a tendency to rise upwards by its own levity in a ratio to its height, on a similar principle as the pressure or weight per square inch of a column of water is in proportion to its perpendicular height; so that by confining, in a perpendicular tube, a quantity of warm air, or that which has served the purposes of respiration, so that it has become lighter than the atmospheric air, it will acquire by that means a certain ability or power of rising upwards in proportion to its height; and an aperture being left open into a room below, the air will become replaced with air from that room, which, if it be from its own levity lighter than the surrounding air, will continue the operation until an equilibrium is formed between that room and the surrounding atmosphere. To prove this, suppose we light a coal-fire in the open air in a very calm day, that fire, placed upon the ground without any thing round it, will perhaps soon go out—or burn very indifferently; but place a tube 8 or 10 inches in diameter, and 10 feet long, or 1 story high, over that fire, and it will burn much better. Then if we place 10 feet more or a second story upon it, from its additional height, the extended column of air, increasing its levity in the ratio of its height, will cause the draft to be much stronger; and if we, attach a third and a fourth, and at length, a fifth story, or fifty feet of perpendicular height of tube or chimney, we shall have a draft sufficient to melt even metal in a crucible; for, it is from the height of the chimney that brass-founders are enabled to fuse their metal; its length, confining so lofty a column of air, increases its levity per square inch at the base, according to the ratio of its height, and the increased intensity of its heat from the continued operation.

Now upon this principle I ground all my conclusions. It is generally thought, that by opening a window, we procure the most effectual ventilation a room is capable of,—but I esteem this only like lighting a fire in the open air. Instead of that, apply a tube 10 feet high from the top of that room, and we get 10 feet of perpendicular draft. Suppose we apply 20 feet, we increase the draft up that tube, and we increase it in proportion to its perpendicular height above the room, however high we are capable of continuing it, so that the loftier the house, the stronger ventilation the lower rooms are capable of, which are generally such as require it the most, particularly underground kitchens, damp cellars, and warehouses, to which there are generally chimnies, or from which we could easily make communications with a chimney, to answer the purposes of this tube, as above described. The aperture to the tube or chimney should be invariably at the top of the room or warehouse;

for, from whatever cause, the air the most rarified always rises and remains at the top: when perhaps the lower part of the room, from being below the top of the fire place, the communication with the chimney being left open and free, the air is perfectly good and pure whether there be a fire or not; for if we apply a lighted candle we shall perceive a constant current up it,—but to that height, it is of no advantage to us, for we invariably breathe in the stratum of air above it.

Now this is an expedient that will be attended with a very trifling expence; the merely breaking a hole into the chimney, either in the front or at one side where it will be least seen, or by phasing in that hole a rim of tin of 4 or 6 inches in diameter, properly secured in the lime, and a lid similar to a canister lid may be made to fit into it while sweeping the chimney, or in the depth of winter, when we may not wish the ventilation to act, or by placing in the hole a regulator, formed by a circular plate of metal, with apertures in the form of a triangle, of one half of the whole area, so that by placing a similar plate behind it, moveable upon a centre, with a brass handle in front, we may open or close those apertures at our pleasure; this is most desirable in those cases where appearances is an object, and which will not hinder the draft of the fire, but in many cases increase it: and in smoky chimnies it will be less apt to smoke at the ventilator, from the air at that elevation in the room, being lighter than on the level with the top of the fire-place, and consequently will have a greater tendency or power to rise upwards, so that by opposing a greater obstruction, it will continue to be more liable to escape at the fire-place, and I apprehend it will frequently tend to cure some from smoking at the fire-place altogether. Now it is almost needless for me to point out the innumerable cases in which this may be applied with great advantage; but I am disposed to cite a few by way of example, for instance in a sick chamber, or where a number of work people are confined together in one room; particularly where gas or oil is burnt, and in kitchens, where the smell from cooking is frequently a nuisance to the whole house; indeed I have fitted up one in mine which answers the intended purpose most effectually, for we were before every baking day, and when roasting of meat, most excessively annoyed; now, I never knew when any thing of the kind is going on; and I have likewise fitted one up in my lodging-room, the chimney of which, being contiguous to the kitchen chimney, the warmth tends to rarify the air in it, which certainly increases the draft considerably.

So powerful is the draft of a chimney so situated, that I have a stove with the flue carried several yards under ground, communicating with a chimney continued up the side of a kitchen chimney, that draws the smoke for 4 feet downwards, before entering the underground flue, and which is not at all liable to smoke, but may be heated to any extent.

I will suggest to those ladies whose philanthropy induces them to visit the miserable abodes of the sick poor in our narrow and confined streets, whether this simple ventilation in many instances, particularly where the whole family live in one room, would not tend to do as much towards their recovery as all the medicines they could provide for them.

W. H.

Jan. 26th, 1822.

THE CLUB.

No. 1.—Friday, February 1st, 1821.

The announcement of the *Iris* has very considerably stimulated the exertions of the writing part of the population of Manchester. Not to mention half-a-dozen impromptus addressed to the editor, most of which will be finished in a few weeks;—or several sonnets, written by young gentlemen who are not yet of age, in praise of different young ladies, every one of whom is the greatest beauty in the universe;—or a great number of disquisitions, on all sorts of subjects, which the authors have modestly fathered upon various letters of the alphabet:—not to mention these, it is whispered in certain circles, that one of our eminent townsmen (the author of some conspicuous papers in a certain northern magazine,) is actually preparing for the *Iris* an 'Essay on the comparative merits of Tom Thumb and Jack the Giant Killer,' which we are assured will be distinguished by all the felicitous originality of the author's style, and like his other papers will be very edifying—to those who can comprehend it.

But the spirit-stirring breath of Messrs. Smith's prospectus, has produced even greater effects than these. It has not only given new vigour to the efforts of the old labourers in the fields of literature, but it has excited in many, hitherto unknown to fame, a desire to contribute, through the medium of the *Iris*, to the amusement and instruction of the community. The members of the weekly club at the Green Dragon, in ———— Street, participating in this desire, have determined to furnish an essay every fortnight, and have appointed me, as their secretary, to prepare the introductory paper, and communicate their intensions to the world.

Our club, which has now been established more than ten years, consists at present of eight members. They will be introduced more particularly to the reader hereafter; at present it must suffice to inform him that some of them are men of business, and some engaged in professions; that some are married, one is a widower, and two are bachelors. There exists among us, great difference of opinion on most of the subjects which divide mankind; and there is almost an equal variety in our appearance and modes of life; but we are united by an intimacy of long continuance, by the pleasure we have found in discussing our opinions, and by the agreeable relaxation, from business or study, which is afforded by our meeting.

Although we permit the utmost freedom in asserting and maintaining our various opinions, we have learned to enjoy this privilege without abusing it. I scarcely recollect such a thing as a quarrel's taking place amongst us. Some of us are churchmen, and some dissenters; some friends of government, and others desirous of reform; some admire Lord Byron, and some Mr. Southey; some prefer the Edinburgh Review, and others the Quarterly; but we differ without ill-will, and can dispute without any diminution of our mutual kindness.

I would not have the reader suppose that our club has any resemblance to a debating society. We have no formal discussions, nor do we meet to make speeches. Our object in assembling is precisely to obtain that enjoyment, which a number of men, of different pursuits, who know and esteem each other,

may be expected to find in friendly and unreserved conversation.

Our club, as I have before intimated, meets once a week at the Green Dragon. I do not name the street, because we do not wish to be troubled by inquisitive people; and, for the same reason, we have already cautioned the landlord, who is a person of great discretion, to be on his guard if any enquiries are made respecting us.

We meet every Friday, at seven in the evening. Every member calls for what he pleases, and pays his own reckoning; but it is one of our rules that no person shall exceed three glasses; and indeed few of us drink more than two in the course of the evening, except now and then on particular occasions. Smoking is not tolerated, but one or two of the members, who do not talk much, have permission to take snuff.

We have no fixed chairman; but the person most frequently appointed to that office is a gentleman engaged in the instruction of youth; of grave aspect, and portly figure, serious and deliberate in his speech; and possessing that air of authority which naturally results from the long exercise of absolute command. When the president has taken the chair, and some little time has been allowed for the landlord to execute his orders, and for each person to adjust himself in a seat to his satisfaction; the members (for we are fond of old customs) drink mutually to each other's health.

This is done with great cordiality, and is followed by an animated conversation, embracing, at different times, all those topics which can be supposed to interest men who live in a free country, who are not deficient in general knowledge, and who think with freedom, but not with licentiousness.

As we have no men of irregular habits amongst us, it is customary for the president to leave the chair, and the meeting to conclude, at nine o'clock. Sometimes, however, though but rarely, we have exceeded the time by half an hour.

Such is the Club, the members of which propose to supply the *Iris* with a paper for every alternate number. It has often been observed amongst us that a series of essays, perhaps not devoid of interest, might be formed without much difficulty, from our repeated conversations and controversies. The appearance of the *Iris* has supplied us with an appropriate vehicle in which to convey our sentiments to the public; and determined us to execute that which we had before only projected.

As the papers will be written by different members, the reader must expect to find a corresponding diversity of style and sentiment; but he may be certain that nothing will proceed from the club at the Green Dragon, which is inimical to the true interests of society, or in the slightest degree at variance with religion and good morals.

February 5th, 1822.

M. M.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1821, contains the following amusing account of

JOHN COURTOIS.

The subject of this article affords an extraordinary instance of what may be effected by persevering industry. To this was superadded an economy, bordering on extreme poverty, and a passion, or rather, rage for accumulation, that, after the lapse of half a century,

actually converted a French barber into a great English capitalist!

John Courtois is said to have been a native of Picardy, where he was born, about the year 1737 or 1740. He repaired to this country while yet young, in the character of valet de chambre to a gentleman who had picked him up in his travels; and as he came from one of the poorest of the French provinces, he 'took root,' and thrived wonderfully on his transplantation to a richer soil.

On the death of his master, he removed to the neighbourhood of the Strand; and St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, became the scene of his industry and success. At a time when wigs were worn by boys, and a Frenchman was supposed the only person capable of making one fit 'for the grand monarque,' he commenced business as a perruquier, and soon acquired both wealth and celebrity. To this he joined another employment, which proved equally lucrative and appropriate, as it subjected both masters and servants to his influence. This was the keeping of a register-office, one of the first known in the metropolis, whence he drew incalculable advantages. He is also said to have been a dealer in hair, which he imported largely from the continent. And yet, after all, it is difficult to conceive how he could have realized a fortune exceeding 200,000l. But what may not be achieved by a man who despised no gains, however small, and in his own expressive language, considered 'farthings as the seeds of guineas'!

The following appears to be a true description of this extraordinary man, whom we ourselves have seen more than once:—Old Courtois was well known for more than half a century in the parlours of St. Martin's and the Haymarket. His appearance was meagre and squalid, and his clothes, such as they were, were pertinaciously got up in exactly the same cut and fashion, and the colour always either fawn or marone. For the last thirty years, the venerable chapeau was uniformly of the same cock.

The following anecdote is generally credited:—Some years since, the late Lord Gage met Courtois, at the card-room of the East India House, on an election business. 'Ah, Courtois,' said his lordship, 'what brings you here?'—'To give my votes, my Lord,' was the answer.—'What! are you a proprietor?'—'Most certainly.'—'And of more votes than one?'—'Yes, my Lord, I have FOUR!'—'Aye, indeed! Why, then, before you take the book, pray be kind enough to pin up my curls. With which modest request the proprietor of four votes, equal to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied.'

His death occurred in 1819, in the 80th or 81st year of his age.

HYDROPHOBIA.

At Pavia, new trials have been made, which prove the efficacy of oxygenated muriatic acid in subduing the hydrophobia. Dr. Previsali had prescribed it with success, where the symptoms were advanced, in a liquid form, from a drachm to a drachm and a half daily, in citron water or syrup of citron.

Dr. LYMAN SPAEDING, of New York, has transmitted to Europe, a memoir on the plant which the botanists call *Scutellaria Lateriflora*, but the people of the country, Skull Cap. This vegetable, according to the American Doctor, is an infallible remedy for the hydrophobia. It may be taken at all times; whether the individual has been fresh bitten, or the symptoms have already appeared, its efficacy will be equally felt. The discovery of this specific is traced to 1773. Dr. Lawrence Van Der Veer, of New Jersey, made the first trials of it on a number of men, and animals, and they were ever successful. At his death, the discovery became the exclusive property of the Lewis family, of New York, and by them it was gradually made public. It came, at length, to the knowledge of Dr. Lyman Spalding, who has been studiously circulating it among his fellow-citizens. He produces positive testimony, confirmed by a great number of facts. The number of men restored to sanity by the *Scutellaria* amounts to 850, and that of animals to 1,100.



POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You must know that I reside in a neighbouring village, and am one of that honourable profession, which makes its boast, that it is called the bearer of health through the world.

"Opiferque per Orbem dicor,"

Which, all your Heraldic readers, will know to be the motto to our arms—the Apothecaries' arms. And a sage body we are, and have been, since our first establishment; although that event, in common with other points of remote antiquity, is subject to much dispute. I will not weary your patience with examining evidence on the question, but proceed to explain the cause of my addressing you.

A short time since, I was sent for by a neighbour of mine, (Mr. Hogakins, an honest farmer in a small way) to see a young man, who had lately become his lodger; and whom he (Hogakins) thought was dying of a *weakness*; as the vulgar in these parts designate all affections attended by emaciation, and debility. I found his conjectures too true: the young man was dying of that disease commonly called a "broken heart." It's symptoms are, insuperable lassitude, dejection of spirits, frequent sighing, loss of appetite, and emaciation. Its causes arise from that utter hopelessness and dejection of spirits, which result from the total loss of all those hopes, and dreams of happiness, which warm-hearted, uncalculating, thoughtless youth, are too apt to form.

I did what I could to console him, (I am rather too soft-hearted, my maiden sister Tabitha tells me), and spoke in a fatherly way, (I am turned of sixty) and tried to cheer up the poor lad; but alas! he was too far gone. He thanked me, however, and looked so piteously on me, that I was fain to cough, and blow my nose, to prevent the superabundant moisture from issuing from between my eye-lids.

I found, after various inquiries, that he was a Surgeon; but that a series of adverse circumstances, had occurred to him, in such rapid succession, that he could not keep up his establishment; and his dejection of spirits increasing, he sold his furniture, books, &c. and came to this village, to endeavour to recruit his health, and spirits; but both declined daily, and now he felt that his dissolution was rapidly approaching.

This very concise outline of his history, I thought a necessary introduction; but I have a copious account of his life, in his own writing, and which I intend to forward to you shortly. To return—my friend in a short time died, leaving me his executor, and sole heir. I buried him decently, and after paying all expenses, found, that all I should gain by this inheritance, was, a bundle of manuscripts, a case of lancets, and a couple of silk handkerchiefs; the remainder of his clothes being given away by me, after his decease.

On examining these papers I found, (besides the autographical memoir before alluded to) various scraps of poetry, some marked *original*, others with the name of the author, and others *anonymous*—also sundry papers addressed to a certain *Editor*; from which I concluded he had written them for a periodical miscellany; and finally, some medical cases and observations, (most valuable to me) drawn up with (as I thought) considerable ability.

I have inclosed one of the original pieces of poetry, copied by a scholar of my friend Switch'em, the village Schoolmaster, and which, if approved, is at your service. I shall forward you another next week, and so on; but if rejected, pray be so good as to burn them, as I should not like to see the relics of my poor young friend clinging to the embraces of a pound of butter, or any other polluting and degrading article.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
AMOS ALDBRECHT,

N*****, near Manchester, Feb. 5th, 1822.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Now listen all, while I rehearse,
As well as I can string my verse,
The plenteous board, and dinner rare,
Which made my eyes (a stranger there)
Most wide to open, nay to stare!
At the profusion there displayed;
And at the guests, so fine arrayed.
But where? methinks, I hear you say.
I'll tell you—listen to my lay.

THE DINNER.

The warden op'd the outer gate;
And tho' past time, not much too late
T'attend the festive board:
I hasten'd to the room of state,
Where all the guests in order sate,
The table round, with massy plate
And richest viands stored.

Mine host rose up, with easy grace,
With courteous air, and smiling face;
And welcome warm he gave.
The greeting o'er, I silent view'd,
With curious care, and thoughtful mood,
Each face, or gay, or grave.

I gas'd upon the pannel'd wall,
Where coats of arms, some great, some small,
In bright array, were seen.
There falcon crests, and mantles blue,
And shields, and daggers, met the view
In all the rainbow's varied hue;

A dazling sight I ween.
A stranger might full well have thought,
A herald's office, this!

So full of arms, so neatly wrought,
So regular to view were brought,

That nought was seen amiss:
Each shield was duly colour'd there,
And blazon'd with extremest care.

Beneath the weight of viands rare,
The table groan'd, and scarce could bear
The soul reviving load.—The air
Was perfum'd all around.

Fish, fowl and flesh, profusely lie;
Of game all sorts, and season'd high;
With jellies, tarts, and many a pie,
Assortment large was found:

To name them all, the task were hard,
And would require a mightier bard,
And even then might tire:

So I'll proceed without delay,
To sketch the guests, in hasty way;

No further I'll aspire:
Their features lightly will I trace,
And briefly note each striking grace.

Mine host comes first in order here,
Provider of this bounteous cheer;
His form was of the finest mould,
His look though gentle, yet was bold;
Form'd to please lady in her bow'r,
Or lead a troop in battle hour.

There sate a man on his right hand,
Who seem'd form'd only to command,
His haughty looks, were smooth'd by wime,
Whose pow'r like beauty's is divine.

The next, he was a careless wight,
And of all earthly things made light;
At serious subjects, loud he laugh'd,
And stoutly ate, and deeply quaff'd.

One man, I mark'd, of serious mien,
Who gravely sigh'd at this glad scene,
And turned up a pearl-white eye,
Before to quest, he made reply.

The rest, by sight were mark'd; I ween,
Such men are always to be seen,
Who eat, and drink, e'en sing a song,
If not all right, are not all wrong;

A sort of middling, useless, men;
I mean, to us, who wield a pen,
And draw fine portraits—like as life!

But choose those men, who live in strife,
And little care for human life;
Such as are seen, alas! each year,
Hung up, to make their brethren fear—

But hold, I am forgetting quite,
That my digression mayn't delight.—
Well then—the dinner done—the wine
Well pass'd—the guests incline

T'express their joy, by vocal noise,
By some call'd singing; but my choice
Would much prefer to sit in quiet,
Than listen to such clam'rous riot.

Thus then—mine host, his pipes first clearing,
Began to sing, no hind'rance fearing.

SONG TO BACCHUS.

A gladsome lot is thine my boy,
A gladsome lot is thine,
To pull the grapes—with eager joy
To drink the purple wine!

* Youths that combine these qualities are great favourites with the poets of the present day.—Note by the Schoolmaster.

A sparkling eye, a laughing face,
A clear and open brow,
A form endow'd with every grace,
What think you of him now

My boys

What think you of him now!

To-night we'll crown that curled head,
With ivy fresh and fair;
And ere we venture to our bed,
We'll drown all sense of care;

Then circulate the bowl my lads,
The bowl of gen'rous wine,
While sinking hearts so often glads,
The juice of grape divine

My boys

The juice of grape divine!

He finish'd, and the roofs around
Now echoed, to the thundering sound
Of loud applause; which from each hand,
And foot, and voice, of that gay band

Arose, and rung so in my ear;
That starting, I awoke with fear—
Awoke!—and was it then a dream!

Alas; kind reader! but a scene
Of air, thin air! was all this dinner;
And I awoke a hungry sinner!

Ονειρωδης.

A MIDNIGHT FLIT; OR THE BLIND-THIEF:

(Impromptu on a gentleman, who in his haste to leave a convivial party clandestinely, jumped through the window, and dragged the blind after him.)

Queth Jos, as he gas'd on the sparkling bowl,
'I have Linger'd too long; I am due by my soul.
'Twere bliss to remain; but the clock has struck one;
'Moderation's my motto:—Good night!—I am gone.'

'Pax vobiscum! you chicken,' cries Tom, in a rage:
'This landscape of bottles would conquer a sage:
'May his coffers be empty, his glory be dim,
'Who quits such a scene, till the vision quits him:
'No! God of the GRAPE, all my offerings scout,
'If any depart who can see their road out!'

'Now light be my heels—I don't fear for my head!
'And MERCURY! guide me—the runaway said:
Then bounce thro' the window, ne'er looking behind,
This harlequin jump'd, taking with him the blind.

GRAPE-SHOT.

Manchester, Saturday, Feb. 2nd, 1822.

The following Song, suited to the Air of the beautiful Scottish Ballad "There's nae luck about the house," if it wants poetical merit, will, at least, recommend itself to those who think that the husband may continue to be the lover.

Oh fain wad I be wi' my love
But far awa is she,
And mony a weary mile's atween.
My ain true love an' me.
Oh there's nae pleasure in my heart,
There's nae mirth ava,
There's nae pleasure in my heart
When my guid wife's awa.

Though a' I see aroun' are friends,
I canna see her smile,
Her glances sweet that tell o' love
An' a' my cares beguile.

Oh there's, &c.

Though frien'ship's voice soun's in my ears,
It has na half the charm
That sweetens every word o' her's,
Sae coonly an' sae warm.

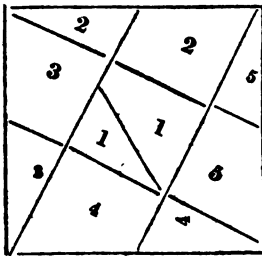
Oh there's, &c.

Then let us haste to meet again,
Oh never mair to part,
An' let me fauld you in my arms
Who art sae near my heart.
Oh there's, &c.

Manchester, Feb. 5th, 1822.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

SOLUTION TO THE PUZZLE IN OUR LAST



The squares are arranged as above. The numbers 1 1, 2 2, &c. show the portions to be joined in order to complete each of the five squares.

From inspection it appears that the square described on double the given diagonal is equal to the five given squares.

The geometrical solution is easy. It is only to demonstrate that in a right angled triangle, whose base is equal to half its perpendicular, five times the square of the perpendicular is equal to the square of double the hypotenuse.

$$AB^2 = AC^2 + BC^2 \text{ (Eucl. I. 47).}$$

The Square of twice

$$AB \text{ or } 4AB^2 = 4AC^2 + 4BC^2$$

But $AC = 2BC$ by construction,
and $AC^2 = 4BC^2$

$$\text{Therefore } 4AB^2 = 4AC^2 + AC^2 \\ \text{or } 4AB^2 = 5AC^2$$

Required the most simple and practical method of squaring any number ending with 5?

ENIGMA.

I exist in your love, am affix'd to your hate;
I live even when death marks the close of your fate,
Ever adding to pleasure I mingle with grief,
I dwell with the honest, am allied to the thief:
In eternity though I shall ever be found,
Yet I'll cling fast to time till the end of his round:
I attend you in sickness, as well as in health,
I preside o'er your ease, and conduce to your wealth,
And though always in secret I glide me to dwell,
You still find me in Earth, and Sea, and Heaven and Hell,
I am met with in darkness tho' shunning the night,
May be seen in the sunshine, but lost in the light,
I add much to the breeze, tho' not heard in the wind,
And exist in the senses, unknown to the mind:
Without my aid you neither can smell nor hear;
I am always in courage, tho' constant in fear,
I shall ever be found to abide with the dead,
And am ever in laughter, tho' ne'er out of dread,
I am seen with the careless, but not free from care,
And tho' found in the atmosphere, lost in the air.
In England I dwell, as 'tis most truly written,
Yet ne'er can be met with in North or South Britain.
I'm not in the *Iris*, but still in your paper,
So bid you good night, as I've burnt out my taper.

A. W. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Whether have the effects that naturally follow the invention of Gunpowder, been useful or injurious to mankind in general?

An Essay on the above will oblige,

Sir, yours, &c.

R. S.

Feb. 5th, 1822.

VARIETIES.

M. Krinkof's description of a sea animal which pursued him at Behring's Island, where he had gone for the purpose of hunting, is very remarkable. Several Aleutians affirm they have often seen this animal. It is of the shape of the red serpent, and immensely long; the head resembles that of the sea-horse, and two disproportionately large eyes give it a

frightful appearance. 'It was very fortunate for us,' said Krinkof, 'that we were so near land, or else the monster would have swallowed us: it stretched its head far above the water, looked about for prey, and vanished. The head soon appeared again, and that considerably nearer: we rowed with all our might, and were very happy to have reached the shore before the serpent. The sea-lions were so terrified at the sight, that some rushed into the water, and others hid themselves on the shore.'

Dr. Farmer, formerly Master of Emanuel College, Cambridge, had invited a party of Bachelors to partake of a friendly dinner, after which, each Gentleman being called upon to toast his favourite Lady, it so happened that all their names began with B, when the Doctor delivered the following lines extempore.

How strange it is Cupid should decree,
That all our favourites, should begin with B;
How shall we solve this paradox of ours,—
The Bee comes always to the sweetest flowers.

Mr. Gill introduces into his repository a paper on consuming the smoke produced from the furnaces of steam-engine boilers, brewers' coppers, sugar refiners' pans, &c. It seems that the original invention was by Mr. Sheffield, who applied his patent air-conductors to the bridge of one of his most improved reverberatory furnaces; by which important addition, he obtained the power of admitting or excluding the atmospheric air in its purest state at pleasure, and thereby obtained the means of either calcining or reducing the ores, &c. operated upon in the furnace, as the circumstances required. It also constantly had the desired effect, on the air being admitted, of consuming the smoke produced from the coals, and converting it into flame. When, therefore, the consuming of the smoke produced from the furnaces of steam-engine boilers, &c. became a desirable object, the application of this air-conductor to that purpose naturally occurred, and accordingly, Mr. John Wakefield, of Manchester, took out a patent, subsequently to Mr. Sheffield's, for the consumption of the smoke produced from the furnaces of steam-engine and other boilers: and in which patent he claims the invention of this air-conductor, and also its application in the bridges and side-walls of such furnaces. Mr. William Johnson, a brewer at Salford, near Manchester, has also since taken out a patent for the same object, and lately published his method of carrying it into effect. On comparing it with Mr. Sheffield's, it will be found an exact counterpart. The furnaces of a steam-engine boiler, of many sugar-refiners' pans, and of several brewers' coppers in the metropolis, have recently been so altered as to consume their own smoke on the above plans.—(*Monthly Magazine*.)

A patent has recently been secured by Mr. Griffith, of Brompton, a gentleman not unknown in the literary world, by his travels in Asia Minor, and other works. Mr. G. in connection with a professor of mechanics on the continent, has at length solved the long considered problem of propelling by steam, carriages capable of transporting merchandise, and also passengers upon common roads without the aid of horses. The actual construction of such a carriage is now proceeding at the manufactory of Messrs. Bramah, and its appearance in action may be expected to take place in the course of the spring. The power to be applied in this machine is equal to that of six horses, and the carriage altogether will be twenty eight feet in length, running upon three inch wheels, and equal to the conveyance of three and a half tons, with a velocity of from three to seven miles per hour, varied at pleasure. All our intelligent readers will be sensible of the vast importance, in a political and social sense, of the introduction of such machines on all our great roads. The saving in carriage of goods, will be fifty per cent. and for passengers inside fares will be taken at outside prices. The universal importance of this great triumph of the mechanical arts, has led Mr. Griffith to take out patents in Austria and France, where the

governments have honoured themselves by their liberal attention and special patronage, and one carriage has actually been launched at Vienna, and operates with success. By availing himself of various improvements, in the transfer, regulation and economy of force, all the usual objections are removed, such as the ascent of hills, securing a supply of fuel and water; and in fine, the danger of explosion is prevented, not only by the safety valve, but by the distribution of the steam into tubes, so as to render any possible explosion wholly unimportant. Every carriage will be provided with a director of the fore wheels sitting in front, and with a director of the steam apparatus sitting in the rear, and the body of the vehicle will be situated between the fore-wheels and the machinery.—(*Monthly Magazine*.)

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of January, 1822, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.99
Highest, which took place on the 21st.....	30.26
Lowest, which took place on the 1st.....	29.24
Difference of the extremes.....	91
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 4th.....	36
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	2.3
Number of changes.....	11

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	41.8
Mean of the 29th decade, commencing on the 25th December.....	39.1
" " 30th.....	39.6
" " 31st.....	43.3
" " 32nd, ending on the 2d. of Feb.	44.5
Highest, which took place on the 13th.....	53
Lowest, which took place on the 6th.....	37
Difference of the extreme.....	36
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 30th.....	18

RAIN, &c.	
2.286 Inches.	
Number of wet days.....	13
„ „ foggy days.....	0
„ „ snowy „.....	1
„ „ haily „.....	1

WIND.			
North.....	1	West.....	0
North-east.....	5	North-west.....	7
East.....	0	Variable.....	0
South-east.....	3	Calm.....	0
South.....	0	Brisk.....	3
South-west.....	15	Boisterous.....	0

REMARKS.—January 1st, a faint lunar halo in the evening; much rain accompanied with hail in the course of the day:—4th, this morning the neighbouring hills were noticed covered with snow, but none fell here except a slight appearance in the evening. 7th, a cloudy day: wind at bedtime one point from north to west.—9th, maximum temperature at bedtime.—17th, very dull a. m. warm day, maximum temperature at bedtime.—18th, dull but fine and warm. A peculiar ruddy tinge in the west at sun set. Character of the month, warm, humid, and cloudy, with a high and settled state of the atmospheric pressure.

Bridge-Street, February 5th, 1822.

The reader is requested to correct an error in the annual table of the weather, at the bottom of the mean annual pressure, instead of 29.98, read 29.99.

WEEKLY DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 10.—*Sexagesima*. See Septuagesima in our last.

THURSDAY, 14.—*Saint Valentine*.

Valentine was an ancient presbyter of the church: after a year's imprisonment at Rome he was beaten with clubs, and then beheaded, in the *Via Flaminia*, about the year 270, under Claudius II. The modern celebration of this day, with young persons, is well known; and it may be some consolation, to those who complain of the gradual decline of good old customs, to be informed, that the practice of sending '*Valentines*' on this day still flourishes in undiminished vigour; it appearing by the returns of the Two-penny Post Office, that the number of letters which passed through that office on the 14th of February, 1821, exceeded the usual daily average by the number of 200,000 letters!

Valentine's-day, we are happy to find, was not forgotten by the intrepid seamen of the arctic expedition, while laid up in *Winter Harbour*, and experiencing all the rigours of a North Georgian season; accordingly a *jeu d'esprit* on the subject appeared in their very entertaining Gazette, entitled '*Hyperborean Privilege*,' from which we make the following extract.

Young Cupid fond of unity,
Our Boreal community
Defy you with impunity;
Your arrows and your bow.

This day of sensibility,
And *Valentine's* fertility,
Displays invincibility
Among the northern snow.

Blest with inflexibility
To bright eyes and gentility,
We owe no liability
Of being hurt by you.

Almost devoid of covering,
In southern climes stay hovering,
The cold would set you shivering;
So, urchin-boy, adieu!

For o'er our hearts you must your pow'r resign,
Till we, returning, bow at beauty's shrine.

PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.

I HAVE no desire to jostle people out of their good self-opinion, or the good opinion of others, but to ascertain their real worth, to separate their vices from their virtues, and to have a little more equal dealing in our ordinary judgment of men. Steele, I think, in the *Tatler*, has in his brief way given an able judgment on this very subject; and Mr. Hazlitt, some years since, wrote an Essay expressly on it. Possi-

bly little more was wanting; but two blows are always better than one; and as in a question of morality, or any other, where men's interests do not compel them to act or decide, twenty are often insufficient, the second, though infinitely weaker, may have some consequence.

By a pleasant fellow, I mean a man universally accounted so; for in certain moods of the mind, and in particular societies, we all answer to the description:—where opinions are all in agreement—where a mad speculation is kept in decent countenance, or one common-place seconded by another—where our prejudices are humoured, our likes and dislikes nursed, and cherished,—where men clap hands to the same song, and join in the same chorus,—there is a nest of pleasant fellows, though they may be wise men or madmen, honest men or knaves.

But the pleasant fellow I mean is equally a pleasant fellow in all companies, and on all occasions; has a spare bed in every other man's house, a knife and fork at their table, a good welcome, go when and where he will, and a good word after he is gone.

There are many shades and distinctions in this class, as in all others; but these are the distinguishing features of them. Some give you a most fearful shake of the hand on meeting, and hold you by it with a sort of tremulous enjoyment, as if loth to part so soon;—have a boyish joyousness about them, that puts you constantly off your guard, and are delighted to see a friend any where, but at their own house or in jail, and therefore never subject their feelings to the latter unpleasantness. Another variety are only pleasant on fresh acquaintance, or where it serves their purpose; but this last is a contemptible, mongrel-breed.

A really pleasant fellow is neither a hateful, nor a contemptible one; but is generally a very unpretending person, full of an easy sympathy, active, zealous in a degree, with a quiet self-enjoyment, an enlarged humanity that includes all mankind, and woman kind too, for it knows neither distinction nor preference: taking all things pleasantly that concern him not individually, and thereby making all things pleasant; even sacrificing personal considerations, and always personal consequence and self-respect, in trifles to the enjoyment of others; setting up no system, nor pulling down any; having no theories, no dreams, no visions, no opinions that he holds worth wrangling or disputing about; and, indeed, few opinions at all. He has always a dash more of the animal than of the intellectual about him; and is too mercurial-minded to be easily fixed, or fixed upon. He lives only in the present; for the past is immediately forgotten, because it has no farther consequence, and the future is a blank, because it has no perceptible influence. As he can be delighted with a straw, so is he depressed with its shadow; prick him and he will bleed; tickle him and he will laugh; poison him and he will die; for he has none of the fervency of imagination to carry him out of himself or beyond immediate circumstances. He is fitted neither for the godly fellowship of the prophets, nor for the noble army of martyrs. If prophets or martyrs have ever been pleasant fellows, as some are reported, it was that from the vast height whence they looked down on the common and ordinary passion and turmoil of the world it seemed too puny and insignificant to interest or excite them. Who that is intent on an immortal life, and holds compa-

nion, even in thought, with those beatified spirits that

Unshaken, unseduced, unstartled,
And for the testimony of truth have borne
Universal reproach—
Judged them perverse—
Immoved,
Though worlds

that looks on life as a needle's point in the vast eternity of time, can have much regard for its polish, or sympathy with our childish excitement?

Pleasant people are never 'backbone' men; they are never heart and hand with you. Their acquaintances are usually of long standing, because quarreling is not 'their cue'; but separate them by any circumstance, and they are indifferent to it. Their hand is not against, neither is it for any man. It is not found in the sheriff's books,—this bond hath it not! They do good, I admit, well measured and dished out; but in this they have the advantage of the world, both in opinion and return.

Laying aside, for the present, whatever may personally affect either, for then it is often the reverse of true, I should say, that pleasant and unpleasant people differ most in this, that the one is without imagination; and looks to the naked reality: the other, with imagination, 'aggravates' either joy or sorrow.

Unpleasant people have the larger sympathy and more universal humanity. This, it may be said, is contradictory, and opposed to what I have before observed of pleasant people. But if it be a contradiction, it is in human nature; and, to use an epilogue of Fielding's, 'I am not writing a system, but a history, and am not obliged to reconcile every matter.' But I think it is not a contradiction. The pleasant man sympathizes with the world in its ordinary and every day feelings; the man of more questionable temper is roused only by extraordinary circumstances. But he is then awakened to some purpose. He makes common cause with you, in sorrow or suffering; he will needs bear his share of your burden; for if a portion will be oppressive to him, he sees you sinking under the whole. The pleasant fellow, on the contrary, measures his own shoulders and not your load; he will not lend a hand, and give the groan to your 'three man beetle' labour; he is content that you should sit down and rest, but has no fancy to 'hear the logs the while.'

The great majority of these pleasant fellows are indebted to their negative rather than their positive qualities; they have no deep feeling, no engrossing sympathy, no universal fellowship; the establishments of the Holy Alliance, and the Abolition of the Inquisition, were the same to them; 'let the gall'd jade winoe, their withers are unwrung'; 'let the world go whistle' they have their toast and coffee. I would wager my existence that *thé mas*, mentioned by Clarendon, as out hunting in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill on the very morning of the fight, was one of them.

The two subjects on which men feel most intensely, politics and religion, are shut out from the conversation of a pleasant fellow; for there is no sure common-place that will suit all sects and parties on either subject; and to hazard an opinion is to speculate with his character, and put his amiability in jeopardy. Yet these men are the soul of mixed company, because their souls are in it; and there is no unpleasant

shadow either of memory or anticipation to evercast their jollity.

Pleasant and unpleasant men are alike the sport of fortune and circumstance; equally subject 'to every skiey influence,' but not in an equal degree. The personal suffering of the one has no foil from the greater sufferings of thousands; the other has a measure and proportion, and considers it in relation to what might be, or has been; it is a touch that awakens his humanity—a pebble does not bruise because it has fallen on him; he remembers the standing of Stephen—a twinge of the rheumatism is borne as one of those natural ills 'that flesh is heir to,' and rouses him only as he remembers the infliction of the torture and the rack, that so many human beings have been subjected to in all ages for opinion, whether of belief or unbelief. The prick of a pin is painful to the one as it affects himself; there is more sorrowing at it than at the Battle of Waterloo; to the other it is the prick of a pin.

Pleasant fellows are indifferent, cold, heartless, unintellectual people; there is no engrossing passion, no oppressive thought, no prejudice, and therefore, possibly no partiality or strong friendship; for friendship is but a partiality, founded on something real, which it tricks up into something unreal. We are none of us what our friends fondly believe.

In our estimate of unpleasant people, we all give weight enough to their disagreeable and palpable defects, but are not so ready to make the just deduction from a pleasant fellow, because his are neither so obtrusive, nor so likely to affect ourselves. There would be more equality in our commendation or dispraise, and consequently more justice in the decision, if we balanced the general virtues of the one against his palpable faults, and the indifference and moral insignificance of the other against his pleasant virtues. It is in this spirit that the selfish hardness and callousity with which pleasant people shake off care and sorrow, and are made insensible to any deep or lasting passion, is mistaken so often for elasticity of spirit.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE

SHETLAND ISLANDS,

Comprising an Account of their Geology, Scenery, Antiquities, and Superstitions.

By Samuel Hibbert, M. D. F. R. S. E. &c.

We are led to believe that Dr. Hibbert's work was originally geological; and that the publication of *The Pirate* induced him to superadd the descriptions of the manners and customs of Shetland. However this may be, we are sure that the grafts are likely to be more popular than the stem; and therefore to these we shall at once turn our readers' attention, without fastening them on the Rocks, and breaking their hearts with stratifications (just as if they were so many Prometheus, and we only Critical Vultures), and

without adverting to the rather prolix explanations with which the learned author has thought proper to preface his subject.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE Dwarfs of Shetland, (says Dr. H.) who dwell among the hills, are to be considered as the same malevolent beings who are to be found in the Scandinavian Edda; and as it is deemed dangerous to offend them by any terms of obloquy, however well merited, they are also named the *guid folk*, words of similar import being used at the present day for the self-same reason in the Feroe Islands, as well as in other places.

It does not appear that the popular belief in the personal appearance, habits, and influence of these land Trows has much varied, since, as objects of Pagan worship, they were enumerated by pious Catholics among the list of fallen angels: for the Shetlander still sains or blesses himself, as he passes near their haunts, in order to get rid of his fearful visitants. Although, according to the theory of the early Divines of Scotland, the light of the Reformed Religion ought to have long ago expelled from the land these agents of heathenism and popery, yet they are scarcely less seen than formerly, and cannot be considered as in the act of emigrating to climes where they will be more cherished. They are described, at the present day, as a people of small stature, gaily dressed in habiliments of green. BRAND, however, says, that in his days they were often seen in Orkney, clad in complete armour. They partake of the nature of men and spirits, yet have material bodies, with the means, however, of making themselves invisible. They have also the power of multiplying their species: thus a female of the Island of Yell, who some years ago died at the advanced age of one hundred years, or more, once met some fairy children, accompanied by a little dog, playing, like other boys and girls, on the top of a hill. At another time, whilst in bed, she had occasion to stretch herself up, when seeing a little boy, with a white nightcap on his head, sitting at the fire, she asked him who he was. 'I am TRIPPA's son,' answered he. Upon hearing which, the good woman averted herself, that is, called on GOD to be about her, and TRIPPA's son immediately vanished.

Several Shetlanders, among whom are warlocks and witches, have enjoyed a communion with the *guid folk*, and, by a special indulgence, have been transported in the air, whenever occasion served, from one island to another. In their visits to Trolhouland, or any other knoll of a similar description, they have been allowed to enter the interior of the hill at one side, and to come out of it at the other; and, in this subterraneous journey, have been dazzled with the splendour exhibited within the recesses through which they have passed. They report that all the interior walls are adorned with gold and silver, and that the domestic utensils of the place, peculiar to Fairy-land, resemble the strange implements that are sometimes found lying abroad on the hills, which sceptical antiquaries ascribe to an early race of inhabitants who peopled Shetland. Thus there are innumerable stories told of Trows, who, in their rambles, have carelessly left behind them utensils of a shape unknown to human contrivance. Sometimes the dairy-maid observes a fairy woman in the act of clandestinely milking the cows in the byre, upon which she sains herself, when the evil spirit takes so precipitous a flight, as to leave behind her a copper pan, of a form never before seen.

The Trows of the hills have a relish for the same kind of food, that affords a sustenance to the human race, and when, for some festal occasion, they would regale themselves with good beef or mutton, they repair to the Shetlander's scatholds or town-mails, and employ elf-arrows to bring down their victims.

"There ev'ry herd by and experience knows
How wing'd with fate these elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick owe her summer food foregoes,
Or stretch'd on earth the heart-sick helvers die."

In Scotland, the *guid folk* are not the best of archers, since the triangular flints with which the shafts of their arrows are barbed do not always take effect, and are therefore found strewed on the hills; but the Shetland dwarfs are much more successful, none of their arrows having ever glanced aside, so as to afford a fertile theme of speculation for the northern antiquary, who, if they could have been found in the country, might have assigned their origin to some imaginary Pictish race that had fled from the pursuit of King Kenneth.

When the Trows are so successful as to shoot one of the best fatlings that is to be met with, they delude the eyes of its owner with the substitution of some vile substance possessing the same form as that of the animal which they have taken away, and with the semblance of its sudden death, as if it were produced either by natural or violent means. It is on this account that the bodies of animals which have perished by accident are condemned as unlawful food. A Shetlander at the present day affirms, that he was once taken into a hill by the Trows, when the first object that he saw was one of his own cows brought in for the purpose of furnishing a savoury supply for a banquet. So precarious at the same time was the man's individual preservation, that he considered himself as indebted for it to the gracious protection of a fairy lady, under whose special favours he had been admitted within the cave. On returning to his friends whom he had left on the earth's surface, he learned that at the very moment when, with his own organ of vision, he had observed the cow conveyed into the interior of the hill, other earthly eyes had beheld the animal in the act of falling over the rocks. In this instance, then, the real cow had been abstracted, and an illusory image left in its place, lacerated and dead.

As the Trows are not altogether secure from diseases, they possess among themselves medicines of as invaluable efficacy as those which, in the seventeenth century, immortalised the name of Anne Jafferis of Cornwall, who, with salves derived from faeries, performed many special miraculous cures. There was, for example, a good man in the Island of Unst, who had an earthen-pot containing an unguent of infallible power, which he alleged was obtained by him from the hills, and, like the widow's cruse, it was never exhausted of its contents.

These sprites are much addicted to music and dancing, and, when they make their excursions, it is generally with an imposing effect, being accompanied by the most exquisite harmony:

"Like Fairy elys"

Whom midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearest to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear."

A Shetlander, while lying in bed, heard one morning before day-light the noise of a large company of Trows passing his door, accompanied by a piper. Having a musical ear, he readily learnt the air that was played, which he would afterwards repeat, calling it by the name of the Fairy-tune. The site where the dances of the *guid folk* are held, is, as in other countries, to be detected by the impressions in the form of rings which their tiny feet make on the grass; and within such unholy precincts it is hazardous for a Christian to enter.

"Their nightly dancing ring I always dread,
Nor let my sheep within that circle tread;
Where round and round all night, in moonlight fair,
They dance to some strange music in the air."

The Trows are addicted to the abstraction of the human species, in whose place they leave effigies of living beings named Changelings, the unholy origin of whom is known by their mental imbecility, or by some wasting disease. Although visits for such a purpose are to be particularly dreaded at midnight

and at noon, yet to childbed-women who may be designed for wet-nurses to some fairy infant of quality, the latter hour is, as in certain Asiatic countries, by far the most formidable. On this account, it is still a point of duty not to leave, in so fearful an hour, mothers who give suck, but, like pious St. Basil, to pray that the influence of the demon of noon may be averted. Children also are taken away to the hills, in order to be play-fellows to the infant offspring of the Trows; on which occasion, all the lamentable effects have been produced that have been so well depicted by an elegant poet of Scotland, in his address to the muse of the Highlands.

"Then wake (for well thou canst,) that wondrous lay,
How, while around the thoughtless matrons sleep,
Soft o'er the floor the treacherous fairies creep,
And bear the smiling infant far away:
How starts the Nurse, when, for her lovely child,
She sees at dawn a gaping idiot stare!
O snatch the innocent from demons wild,
And save the parents fond from fell despair."

When an impression prevails that any childbed-women or infants, pining away with disease, or betraying a mental fatuity, are beings of a "base elfin breed," substituted by the Trows, in the place of those whom they may have taken into the hills, no inducement can persuade a family, labouring under such a persuasion, to afford the objects of commiseration entrusted to their care, the attention which their situation demands. Nor, on such melancholy occasions, are there wanting persons who pretend to the power of entering the caves of the fairies, and of restoring the human beings who may be immured in them, to their friends. A warlock of the parish of Walls is said to have amassed a considerable sum of money by assuming such an influence over the demons of the hills; his success being denoted by the apparent recovery of childbed-women or children from the diseases under which they had laboured.

When the limb of a Shetlander is affected with paralysis, a suspicion often arises that it has been either touched by evil spirits, or that the sound member has been abstracted, and an insensible mass of matter substituted in its place. A tailor now living reports, that he was employed to work in a farmhouse where there was an idiot, who was supposed to be a being left by the Trows, in the place of some individual that had been taken into the hills. One night when the visitor had just retired to his bed, leaving the changeling asleep by the fire-side, he was startled by the sound of music; at the same time, a large company of fairies entered the room, and began to bestir themselves in a festive round. The idiot suddenly jumped up, and in joining their gambols, showed a familiarity with the movements of the dance, that none but a supernatural inhabitant of the hills could be supposed to possess. The observer grew alarmed and seized himself; upon hearing which, all the elves immediately fled in most admired disorder; but one of the party, a female, more disconcerted than the rest at this inhospitable interruption to their sports, touched the tailor's big toe as she left the room, when he lost the power of ever afterwards moving that joint.

Such are the details which I was enabled to collect, relative to the Trows that inhabit the interior of the Shetland hills. In no country are there more habitations remaining of unclean spirits than in Thule. All these had their origin in the mythology of the ancient Scandinavians; and when Christianity was introduced into Shetland, a belief in the existence of gods, giants, or dwarfs, still remained, with this qualification only, that they were fallen angels of various ranks belonging to the kingdom of darkness, who, in their degraded state, had been compelled to take up their abode in mountains, springs, or seas. These were tenets conveniently subservient to the office of exorcism, which constituted a lucrative part of the emoluments of the inferior Catholic clergy, with whom Orkney and Shetland were in ancient times overrun. We may, therefore, reasonably expect, that the in-

dustry of these Papists would resemble that of the holy freres of England, so well described by Geoffrey Chaucer:

"That serchen every land and every strene,
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beeme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kitchenes and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles high and toures,
Thrope and bernies, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no fieries."

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Feb. 4th.—Hamlet: Ophelia, Miss Wensley;—with X. Y. Z.

Tuesday, 5th.—Adrian and Orrilla: Orrilla, Miss Wensley;—with Monsieur Tonson.

Wednesday, 6th.—Sons of Erin: Lady Ann Lovel, Miss Wensley; with Monsieur Tonson.

Friday, 8th.—Belle's Stratagem; with The Blind Boy: Letitia Hardy and Edmund, Miss Wensley.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The success of one wonder naturally produces another, and the line will 'stretch out till the crack of doom;' Young Betty has caused various Rosciii and Roscia to arise, and now we have one produced at six years old; and I do not despair of seeing Richard and Hamlet performed by an infant of two years old; if I should live a few years longer.

'Now this, though it may set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh,' must 'cause the judicious to grieve;' and will most certainly lead to the ultimate degradation of the stage, by substituting the wonderful for the natural, and by exciting astonishment at the exhibition of powers out of the common course of nature, instead of cultivating the taste, and gratifying the judgement.

I have spoken, as if the exhibition of infantile talents on the stage, were a novelty; but on the contrary, we find that the experiment has been repeatedly tried, in the earlier times of the British Stage, and Shakespeare himself has recorded and lamented the practice.

"There is, Sir, an airy of children,—little eyases—that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither."

'Do the boys carry it away?
Ay, that they do, my Lord.'

HAMLET.

Let the stage be kept 'to hold the mirror up to nature;' which certainly cannot be done by the whining representation of Richard by a girl of ten. Let powerful and vigorous illustrations of the poet's fancy be encouraged, and do not let us be satisfied by merely wondering how a child could be so well taught, or could have so retentive a memory.

Miss C. Fisher's success has not (in spite of puffing) been any thing to compare with that of young Betty; and, although play-bills might declare that she filled the theatre 17 nights at Drury-Lane, the managers found their treasury not much benefitted for some of the concluding nights; and the metro-

polis became very soon satiated with the puny, Tom Thumb representative of heroes.

Miss Fisher's conception of character, is, certainly, not her own, as her delineation of passions, unknown to a child, will amply demonstrate to a critical spectator. Her chief merit consists in a retentive memory, and considerable powers of imitation, which, by assiduous cultivation, have enabled her to produce performances, which few children of her age can rival: but even these, in their greatest perfection, are poor substitutes for that excitation of the feelings, and intensity of interest, which the representation of *full grown Actors*, (when masters of their art) so powerfully produce.

The whining of a child in Richard or Hamlet, can only produce laughter, from its obvious inadequacy, to produce any dangerous consequences, when it pretends to threaten, stamp, and look big. And in Falstaff, when laughter should be excited, by the cunning, wit, and humor, of the fat greasy knave, it is excited by the absurd contrast between the bulky Lilliputian, and the figures of the rest of the Dramatis Personae.

We have enough of wonders on the stage to share the applause with the Actors, without calling in the aid of children.—Elephants, Horses, Dogs and Monkeys, have trod the classical boards of Covent Garden Theatre, and those of most of the provincial houses; let us be content with them: and banish the inhabitants of the nursery to more congenial pursuits, than murdering Shakespeare, and exposing themselves to preposterous infamy, as well as disease; for both are the too frequent results, of such improper and premature exposures.

The greatest poet of the present day said, when speaking of young Betty—

"Now thank heaven the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full grown Actors are endur'd once more."

And I, Mr. Editor, heartily join in his congratulations.

JACK BUNCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Correspondents to the Iris, are respectfully requested to send their communications on, or before, the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

The Memoir of Wm. Aikman is unavoidably postponed.

Poetical communications have been received from S. T. T.—T. H.—G.—B.—S.—Anon.—Jenkins, and Juvenis.

The Heraldic query in our next.

D's suggestions shall have our attention.

The Letter of Discipulus came too late for insertion, it shall appear in our next.

T. W. A. will perceive that he was anticipated. We shall feel obliged by his future favours.

Queries intended for the Iris should be accompanied with the solutions.

Letter-Box in the Door.

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FOR THE IRIS.

THE TWO FOSCARI.

THIS tragedy contains more interest in its plot, but less beauty in its poetry, and less skill in the management of its action, than *Sardanapalus*.

A father sitting in judgement on his son (whose chief crime is love for his country) and condemning him to the torture from political necessity;—with a wife's distress,—and the sudden death of both father and son, from the violence of their feelings,—seems materials that promise a most powerful display of passion. The reader, however, finds, that all this produces much less effect, than he could possibly have expected, and is surprised to reflect on the indifference with which he has perused the tragic fates of father and son. Both characters are in fact, cold, tedious, and unnatural, and their deaths have a studied artificial effect which does not excite the sympathies of the reader. This piece labours under another disadvantage, in comparison with its predecessor, in the interest being divided between two characters, the father and son; and his lordship has not the powers requisite to support a variety of character, (as I have before observed,) and only excels in a sort of monodrama, or (at least) when all the subordinate characters are quite subservient to the principal one.

'Francis Foscari' the Doge, is presiding in council, while his son, 'Jacopo,' is undergoing the torture, when the wife of the latter 'Marina' forces her way into the council chamber;—the different feelings of this group are thus described by a spectator:

'And the deep agony of his pale wife,
And the repress'd convulsion of the high
And princely brow of his old father, which
Broke forth in a slight shuddering, though rarely;
Or in some clammy drops, soon wiped away
In stern serenity; these moved you not?'

is the query addressed to the bitter enemy of Foscari, who stalks away in silence, on which the querist observes

'He's silent in his hate, as Foscari
Was in his suffering; and the poor wretch moved me
More by his silence than a thousand outcries
Could have effected.'

All the personages in this drama, are painted with a repulsive chilliness of deportment, excepting Ma-

rina, whose grief shews itself in unfeminine taunts, loud boisterous declamation, and sarcasms on the misrule of this world; by which, though his lordship may delight in it, certainly the interest and the beauty of the female character, cannot be heightened.

Marina is one of the least interesting. I may say, most repulsive of all his lordship's females; and in plain prose, would be called a shrew. I should suppose, Xantippe consorted Socrates much in the same style, in his last confinement.

On visiting her husband's father, after taunting him with much bitterness on his want of feeling, she asks him

Are you content?

DOGE.

I am what you behold.

MARINA.

And that's a mystery.

DOGE.

'All things are so to mortals; who can read them
Save he who made? or, if they can, the few
And gifted spirits, who have studied long
That loathsome volume—man, and pored upon
Those black and bloody leaves his heart and brain,
But learn a magic which recoils upon
The adept who pursues it: all the sins
We find in others, nature made our own;
All our advantages are those of fortune;
Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents,
And when we cry out against Fate, 'twere well
We should remember Fortune can take nought
Save what she gave—the rest was nakedness,
And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,
The universal heritage, to battle
With as we may, and least in humblest stations,
Where hunger swallows all in one low want,
And the original ordinance, that man
Must sweat for his poor pittance, keeps all passions
Aloof, save fear of famine! All is low,
And false, and hollow—clay from first to last,
The prince's urn no less than potter's vessel.'

—'nothing rests
Upon our will; the will itself no less
Depends upon a straw than on a storm;
And when we think we lead, we are most led,
And still towards death, a thing which comes as
much
Without our act or choice, as birth, so that
Methinks we must have sinned in some old world,
And this is hell: the best is, that it is not
Eternal.'

No one of the characters speaks of hope of a future state of enjoyment, as a compensation for the miseries they endure in this; there is no calm resignation, no patience in suffering,—but a stiff, stern,

inflexible despair, or a boisterous, declamatory sorrow, mixed with invectives against destiny.

The characters are all drawn from a standard which becomes repulsive from its unvarying gloom, and tiresome from its monotony.

Jacopo's love for his country seems to be his only crime, and this love, though founded in fact, yet is so exaggerated in the narrative, so far removed from any sympathy of the reader's, that when the whole interest of the piece revolves upon it, it is no wonder that dullness and want of interest are complained of. When his wife tells him that he must no more be tortured, but sent back to Candia, he thus answers her.

'I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas Venice;
I could support the torture, there was something
In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up
Like a ship in the ocean toss'd by storms,
But proudly still bestriding the high waves,
And holding on its course; but *there*, afar,
In that accursed isle of slaves, and captives,
And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,
My very soul seem'd mouldering in my bosom,
And piecemeal I shall perish, if remanded.'

We certainly acknowledge the justice of the lady's reply.

'This love of thine
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
Is passion, and not patriotism.'

Loredano, the bitter foe of the Foscari, is one of the most repulsive, cold-blooded villains, in the whole course of the drama; and excites no sensation but unmixed disgust; he pursues his victims till he has glutted his eyes with both their deaths, and then enters in his tablets, pointing to the Doge's body, 'That he has paid him.'

Jacopo dies from the excess of his grief, on being compelled to leave his country, which grief he thus forcibly expresses.

'Never yet did mariner
Put up to patron saint such prayers for prosperous
And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you,
Ye tutelary saints of my own city! which
Ye love not with more holy love than I,
To lash up from the deep the Adrian waves,
And waken Auster, sovereign of the tempest!
Till the sea dash me back on my own shore
A broken corse upon the barren Lido,
Where I may mingle with the sands, which skirt
The land I love, and never shall see more!

MARINA.

And wish you this with me beside you?

After this he becomes faint, and dies on attempting to leave his prison. The Doge his father is deposed, and on hearing the tolling of the bell for his successor, he becomes violently agitated, and after walking a few steps, stops and says

'I feel athirst—will no one bring me here
A cup of water?'

Loredano gives him one, on which he talks of an old legend, which says, 'that if aught of venom touches Venetian crystal it will burst;' certainly a very inconsistent remark from one who believes religion to be a cheat, and whose previous character had been principally marked by general scepticism.

His agitation increases, and thus is terminated.

BARRABIGO.

'He sinks!—support him!—quick—a chair—support him!'

DOGE.

The bell tolls on!—let's hence—my brain's on fire!

BARRABIGO.

I do beseech you, lean upon us!

DOGE.

No!
A sovereign should die standing. My poor boy!
Off with your arms!—*That bell!*

(*The DOGE drops down and dies.*)

And so ends the last tragedy, his lordship has written, and I hope that he ever will attempt to write.

The last and greatest piece in this volume, is 'Cain,' a dramatic poem, containing greater beauties and greater defects than either of those which precede it; but as I have already exceeded my limits I shall postpone my remarks on Cain until next week.

NEMO.

BIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If it should prove in any way interesting to the perusers of your Miscellany to introduce documents connected with Arts and Artists, I shall feel happy occasionally to furnish you with a few Biographical notices of such persons, and more particularly those, who have in any way exercised their genius or professional talent in the Calographic Art. Engraving is an art in which its fruitful resources do interest in a greater or less degree, persons of every qualification in society; who seek in this mirror of nature, those subjects that tend either to heighten or cultivate their refinement, or to add to their intellectual amusements; by which the most pleasing and durable reflections are impressed on the faculties of those who seek the gratifying results of its communication.

For the present I shall present you with a

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM AIKMAN,

And notice his Son John.

Wm. Aikman was the only Son of Wm. Aikman, of Cairnes, Esq. by Margaret, daughter of Sir John

Clerk, of Pennycook, Bart. His birth occurred in the year 1681 or 2, and eventually he was designed by his parents for the bar, being a youth of brilliant intellect. However, the bent of his genius and application lay in painting, and he first sought improvement by repairing to London, to study under Sir John Medina, a painter of high reputation at the commencement of the last century. After which he took a tour, first visiting Rome, where he made some stay to perfect his practice. He then visited Constantinople and Smyrna, and again arrived in London, and shortly after returned to his native country, with the patronage of John Duke of Argyll, and other Scottish Noblemen.

In the course of three years, after painting many portraits with an ability highly reputable, he returned to London to pursue his professional avocations; at the same time he embraced the study of the sister Arts of Poetry and Music, and became with ardour the Muses' friend. Mr. Aikman brought Allan Ramsay into notice at Edinburgh, and James Thomson in London, introducing the latter, not only to the first wits in England, but to the Minister Walpole. A cordial friendship also subsisted between Aikman and the poet Somerville. His death (greatly accelerated by grief at the loss of his only Son) occurred in the year 1741, at his house in Leicester fields, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Many excellent portraits of eminent characters of the day, and more particularly of contemporary poets and persons of high distinction emanated from his pencil. Mr. Vertue highly commends the portrait of Gay the poet. From this picture a print has been engraved in mezzotinto by Francis Kite. In addition, portraits of the following persons have been engraved from Mr. Aikman's pictures; of Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun; etch'd by the Earl of Buchan; of Wm. Carstairs, S. T. P. Edinburgh; by Richard Cooper; of John Duke of Argyll, in Birch's lives; by J. Houbraken; of Charles Lord Cathcart, in armour; by W. Werdler; of Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington; in mezzotinto, by John Smith; a singular inscription is prefixed to this fine print, namely, "*Simon the Dutch Shipper*," of Sir Hen Dalrymple of North Berwick, President of the Court of Session; by R. Cooper; of Allan Ramsay, the poet; in mezzotinto, by G. White; of James Thomson, the poet; by Basire; of Wm. Kent, the architect; by Ravenet.

Of Mr. Aikman's practice in the calographic art, the only existing example that can be traced, is an etching of the portrait of George Edwards, a celebrated naturalist. This portrait is within an oval, encompassed with feathers, birds, &c. &c. and is signed W. A. fe.—Small 4to.

There are impressions from this plate to be met with prior to the insertion of the name of its representative.

A portrait of W. Aikman is in the celebrated work entitled 'Museum Florentinum.'

Mr. Aikman had an only son, named John, who pursued the profession of his father, but who died at a very early age, a short time preceding the demise of his parent. Their remains were conveyed to the Grey-friars' cemetery, in Edinburgh, and laid in the same tomb; which bears this Epitaph from the pen of Mallet.

"Dear to the good and wise, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace, the Father and the Son,
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd
The painter's genius, but without the pride.
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;
But oh! how more severe the parent's fate,
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish—wept and died."

John Aikman has etched two or three plates which consist of three or four busts introduced into each plate; some of these are selected or copied from prints or etchings by Vandyke. These essays are touched in with spirit, and evince an emulation to attain to the perfections of that renowned artist from which they are borrowed.

Manchester, Feb. 1822.

T. D.

SEA STORIES;

Or, the Voyage and adventures of Cyril Shenstone, Esq.

No. I.

'The sails are filled—the anchor weighed,
The vessel on her way proceeds.'—OLD SONG.

In the summer of the year——— I took my passage in the Squalldriver; we were bound for——— and I spent the first part of my voyage most delightfully.

The view of the vast and boundless expanse of waters, may, to many, be tiresome and monotonous, but with me, it has quite the contrary effect. Hours could I linger, luxuriously reclining over the keel, which was rapidly ploughing its way through the foaming waves, gazing upon the tumultuous billows as they sparkled and foamed up, and then sunk again, as the vessel out through them. There is nothing more delightful, nothing which renders the mind so pleased and satisfied with itself, as the view of this mighty element in its peaceful mood; and nothing more awful and terrific than to see it raging in all the wild and grand majesty of a storm.

One evening, as I was carelessly reclining over the side of the ship, I witnessed a most lovely and pleasing scene. As far as the eye could extend, all was calm and still, and the tiny undulating waves played and rippled (as if in disport) round the almost motionless ship. The last faint quivering rays of the sun shone upon the clouds, which appeared reluctant to part with them, and the moon, the usurper of his station, sat encircled with her bright companions shining around her, and shed her purest beam of beauty upon us. The light soft evening breeze which had now arisen, and whose coolness (for it had been a very sultry day) was inexpressibly grateful, began to crisp slightly the beautiful mirror which lay expanded before me; to make a soft, melancholy, and, as Byron would term it, 'wordless music,' through the furled up canvas, and to die away in gentle murmurs upon the tremulous waves, which it kissed with all the amorous playfulness of the breath of June. The silvery and beautiful reflection of the heavens, given a moment before, so truly in the waters, was now all in

motion, and the sea appeared one glistening sheet of liquid silver.

Then was my soul alive to all the inexpressible but pleasing associations, which such a scene calls forth. Each little sparkling billow that rose higher than its fellow, appeared to me the residence of some Naiad; then did I expect to behold emerging from the deep, the fair streamy dripping locks of a beautiful Mermaid, the curled tube of some scaly Triton, or the dark and awful countenance of old Neptune himself.

I was roused from this reverie, by hearing a low mellow voice, sing in a plaintive strain, as near as I can recollect, the following words.

SONG.

Adieu! adieu! my dear domain,
My native glens, adieu!
O'er roaring seas, to realms remote,
Fate bids me roam from you.

But in whatever region placed,
While vital breath I share,
Still in my memory undeluded,
Shall live thy image fair.

Back, on the wings of fancy borne,
Thy bowers I'll oft survey,
And hear at morning's rosy hour,
The linnet's blithesome lay.

I'll think upon my cottage low;
I'll see its smoke-wreaths rise,
And view the silent lakes clear glow
Reflect a thousand dyes.

Adieu! adieu! thou dear domain,
My native glens, adieu!
O'er roaming seas to realms remote,
Fate bids me roam from you.

But in whatever region placed
Till death's long sleep I share,
Still in my memory undeluded,
Shall live those scenes so fair.

He ceased, and I remained fixedly gazing on the songster. Never had I seen so handsome, or so expressive a countenance. He was leaning, like myself, pensively gazing on the peaceful deep. Melancholy had deeply marked his features, and the traces of sorrow sat upon his beautiful brow. Perceiving that I was looking intently at him, he turned his head towards me, and regarded me with that confused and burning blush of shame, which grief betrays, at being exposed to the observation of a careless intruder.

He turned away, and with a heavy heart descended into the cabin. I followed him as quickly as possible, resolving, if I could manage it, to enter into an acquaintance with him; for I was very much prepossessed by his external appearance.

When I entered the cabin I found he had joined a group, which had formed round the Captain, who was entertaining them with some marvellous tales of some of his own exploits.

He (the captain) was a tall well made man, dark complexioned, and possessed that short crispy curled hair, which is usual to persons distinguished with his complexion. He had a fierce and somewhat lording expression continually playing in his dark eye, and an unfortunate twitch, which every now and then convulsed his face, rendered his appearance, at first sight, rather unprepossessing.

The female part of our crew now entered, and the evening's provisions being discussed, while we were sitting round the table, each one staring at, and scruti-

tinizing his neighbour's appearance, for want of a better employment, the Captain thus addressed us:—

'The story I am now going to tell you, is as true as the history of Jonah's whale, and may the eternal d—! seize me, if I tell you a single lie from beginning to end.'

Rather surprised at so promising an outset, which premised indeed that the tale he was about to narrate was of the marvellous kind,—we listened in mute expectation of it, and were not long ungratified.

TALÉ I.

The Captain's Story.

'When I was,' said the Captain, 'one of Vanderbrugg's men, we staid near the coast of Spain to take in some water; for that belonging to our ship, owing to some impure substance having fallen into it, had turned bad, and we were obliged to replenish our casks.'

'One night, as I was endeavouring to swing myself to sleep in my hammock, that feverish and restless inquietude came upon me, which we generally find precedes danger. I could not sleep; I closed my eyes, and endeavoured to reek my thoughts away, but all would not do. I determined to dress myself, and see whether the cool night breeze would have any better effect in calming my perturbed imagination.'

'I went on deck, all was calm and tranquil, and the light winds blew mildly around me. I perceived a man advancing, he approached me cautiously and with almost noiseless steps. I started, for I apprehended some treachery. He lifted one hand to his lips, and with the other pointed to the stern of the vessel. There I saw, dimly stealing along, a figure with a dark heavy burthen in its arms: it stood over the rudder: it pondered for a moment on the silent deep, and then let fall its load. The splash startled me: all had before seemed like a dream, from which I could awake when I chose, but this noise jarred in upon it, and brought me back as it were to reality.'

'My companion and I looked at each other in mute surprise, we waited but for a moment, and then darted to the other end of the vessel, but the figure had vanished.'

'At a little distance in the sea floated the dark object, which we had observed it carry. The boat with two barrels full of fresh water was alongside of the ship, and we lost not a moment in descending into it, and if possible to get possession of this, whatever it might be, which the mysterious figure had committed to the waves.'

'But before we had loosed the ropes, which fastened the boat to the ship, it had got a considerable way towards the land, for the tide, which was now coming in, had washed it in that direction.'

'We gained perceptibly upon, and at last had almost reached it, when we found ourselves drawn along with irresistible violence. The dark object too seemed to be agitated in the same manner, for it rolled onwards with surprising velocity towards a huge pile of rocks that towered perpendicularly above the sea. We found that we were drawn onwards by a strong land current, and all our exertions to stop the boat were unavailing.'

'We threw down our oars and gave ourselves up for lost, inwardly cursing that foolish curiosity, which had brought us into this dangerous situation.'

'We were now almost upon the rocks, when the black object was sucked under a small cavern which just appeared, and down which the water rushed with whelming force. We threw ourselves instinctively flat in the boat, and the next moment we were swallowed down the dreadful cataract. What horrible sounds then smote my ears. The roaring and boiling of the water in the tremendous basin beneath, the rolling echoes of the hollow rocks returning the sound, penetrated my senses, and almost congealed me with horror. I had been thrown, on my first arrival into this house of terror, out of the boat, and hurled down headlong with the stream, which had left me almost senseless, and sorely bruised upon a rock, that jettied out into the water.'

'There I lay, with the cold spray of the impetuous waves dashing upon me, almost unable to distinguish any object, for there was a cloud of mist arising from the rushing fall of water, that concealed every object for awhile. My brain now began to grow giddy—the dreadful appalling and continued sound of the stream—the hazy mist which enveloped all—and the damp and petrifying coldness of the place, deprived me nearly of my reason. All now began to swim around me—the rocks that protruded through the hovering clouds of mist, appeared like demons grinning in mockery at me; the deafening roar of the cataract appeared like the voice of some vast giant, groaning and endeavouring to rend asunder his eternal chains. The rock, upon which I lay, seemed to spin round, and at last crack and gape to swallow me: in the attempt to avoid this I thought I fell again into the waves: then was I again dashed against the rocks, and again my body was torn and mangled against the sharp shingles. I struggled—I screamed—and exerted myself against this ideal death, and was at last relieved by a friendly swoon.'

'When I recovered from this trance, I found that I had indeed been washed considerably down the cavern, and part of my body was immersed in the water; how I escaped this second time from destruction, I cannot conceive, but there I was.'

'I now perceived, high over my head, at one side of this tremendous cave, a faint glimmering of light, which shone down like a star upon me. It was as sweet to me, at that moment, as the first glimpse of the shores of America, to the eye of Columbus;—as sweet as the sight of land to the tempest-tossed mariner. Hope, so long dead, was now re-awakened in my bosom,—my stiffening limbs, almost frozen with cold and terror, seemed to imbibe fresh elasticity, and the warm blood gushed to my heart.'

'I now crept back, as far as I could, along a ledge of rocks, to observe how large the opening was; and found it was a chink or fissure in the rock, sufficiently wide to permit the body of a man to pass through:—and with feelings of joyful gratitude, I perceived, that if I could get on to some overhanging rocks which formed a kind of platform, I might crawl from one to the other; and at last pass the opening.'

'But how to attain this, was now the great difficulty; at last I thought of an expedient which, in the end, answered all my intentions. I took my dripping coat and trousers, and having cut them into broad strips, sufficiently strong to bear my weight, I knotted them at intervals, and with the addition of my stockings formed a rope long enough for my pur-

pose. This I now slung over the rock, and, being naturally agile, by laying hold of both extremities, soon gained the first place; I crawled on to this and was almost at the summit of my wishes. I however paused not a moment—I passed the next ledge—the third, and the opening appeared wider and brighter. The clear flood of day shone direct upon me, and I was almost stupified. With redoubled vigour I now pushed onwards—I came to the aperture—I gazed at it a moment, and then pushed myself through.

The place where I had now arrived, was a green slope on the side of a mountain, and I had come through an opening almost concealed with over-hanging briars. What my sensations then were, I feel myself quite unable to describe. I laughed—I danced—and then sat myself down to weep. My limbs ached excessively, and smarted with the many wounds I had received, but notwithstanding this, I fell into a sound sleep, undisturbed by any visions but those of felicity and bliss. When I awoke, I found myself in a small bed, in a neat comfortable cottage. I had been found by some peasantry, who had humanely taken care of me; from thence I got into a ship, bound for England, and by my good luck have become what you see, the captain of this ship.

But there is one circumstance, which I must not forget to relate; one, which has a reference to that infernal chest—for it was one, so astonishing and mysterious, that when I think upon it, my blood curdles with horror; and if it is in the night time, I can never get a wink of sleep after. As a farmer was passing a certain mountain where a wild stream gushes from beneath a rock, he perceived—Here the captain was interrupted, in his account of this curious chest, by a jolt of the vessel, which had thrown a maiden-lady's glass of brandy and water full in his face. A strong gale had caught our ship on the lee side and occasioned the shock, which had produced this unfortunate disaster.

A CANDID CANDIDATE.

The following address was really written by a very honest gentleman, who was a candidate for the office for which he here solicits the suffrages of his fellow citizens: *Gentlemen*—I offer myself a candidate for Sheriff; I have been a revolutionary officer; fought many bloody battles; suffered hunger, toil and heat; got honourable scars, but little pay. I will tell you plainly how I shall discharge my duty, should I be so happy as to obtain a majority of your suffrages. If writs are put in my hands against any of you, I will take you if I can, and unless you can get bail, I will deliver you over to the keeper of the jail.—2nd. If judgments are found against you, and executions directed to me, I will sell your property as the law directs, without favour or affection; and if there should be any surplus money, I will punctually remit it.—3rd. If any of you should commit a crime (which God forbid) that requires capital punishment, according to law, I will hang you up by the neck, till you are dead!!!—*American Journal*.



POETRY.

LINES

On the death of Maria Rathbone, a little girl 8 years old; who was lost on the 20th December last; and found on the 14th January lying under a willow in a field about 400 yards from the Crown Inn, Lower Peover, Cheshire.

She had been sent by her mother, who resides at Henbury, near Macclesfield, on an errand; and, as it appeared on the inquest held over her body, must have lost her way on returning. The Verdict of the Jury was, that she died through hunger, fatigue, and the inclemency of the weather.

Poor little hapless wand'rer, say
Why thus forsaken dost thou roam?
I'm lost and cannot find my way,
Cold, hungry, faint, and far from home.

All day I've dragg'd my weary pace
Nor rest nor shelter do I find:
Soft pity surely has no place
With man's unfeeling selfish kind.

I stray'd to yonder distant farm,
And told my tale and crav'd relief;
But tho' their own they shield from harm,
They chid me thence and mock'd my grief.*

Ah little think they of the moan,
The tears, the anguish, of my mother;
Sure, sure they cannot love their own,
Who are so cruel to another.

As cheerful as the lark in spring
This morn I left my father's cot,
Nor dreamt what sorrow night would bring
Upon this lonely fearful spot.

List! list! It seem'd some friendly voice,
In accents soothing met my ear,
And bade me once again rejoice—
—'Twas only fancy: none is near.

How keenly bites the bitter blast,
It penetrates thro' every pore,
'Tis too severe, it cannot last—
Sweet home! shall I ne'er see thee more.

O help me father, mother dear,
I'm seized all o'er I can't tell how;
My head swims round, 'tis dark and drear,
O save your poor Maria now.

Then sinking down upon the ground
Beneath a weeping willow-tree,
Benumb'd and drowsy soon she found
An end to all her misery.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sigh'd thro' the branches of the tree,
And seem'd to whisper, 'How unkind,
'Poor sufferer, have they been to thee!'

'But he who reigns above the sky,
'Who marketh e'en a sparrow's fall,
'And wipes the tear from every eye,
'Will recompense thee for it all.'

T. V.

Manchester, Feb. 1822.

* In her wanderings she called at the House of James Cash, of Woodend Farm, about four o'clock, and informed Mrs. Cash that she had lost her way; was the daughter of John Rathbone, of Henbury, and wanted to go home. It appears that Mrs. Cash would have taken care of the child, but was prevented by her own mother, who said, 'let her go, thou hast children enough of thy own.' Before she left the farm yard she repeated her tale to two men who laughed at her; and she went away crying. From this house she went three or four miles further from home—was seen by several persons taking shelter under a holly hedge; and at the close of the day, was seen again for the last time, in a lane near Plumley Moor, from whence she wandered to the place where she was found.—*Macclesfield Courier*, January, 1822.

LINES

Written on reading Pope's Essay on the Characters of Women.

When Pope, that crooked cynic, liv'd and mov'd,
He women hated, whom he should have lov'd:
No wonder then, that with distorted view,
He blamed the sex, for faults they never knew.
M. A. B.

LINES

Addressed to Marian on Valentine's Day after a quarrel, and which, in the author's opinion, were the means of reconciliation.

Again, dear maid, the circling year's gone round,
The birds gay carol on each spreading tree;
All nature reveals, all with joys abound,
And all seem happy, all, alas! but me.

Where'er I lie, where'er I wandering stray,
Thy form still haunts me with its charms divine,
Sweet as the rose bud to the opening day,
And fair as lilies in their vernal prime.

O cease awhile! O cease from pleasure's sway,
And list with patience to a lover's lay;
A simple lay that boasts no borrow'd art,
But comes unstudied, flowing from the heart.

See on the surface of you stream,
The dazzling sun beams play;
Whilst renovated nature hails,
The glorious orb of day.

But I alone prefer the shade,
The woods and murm'ring rill;
Where silence ever holds her reign,
Where all around is still.

But if unto the busy town,
Or to the woods I fly,
Still in my inmost soul I find,
Thee, Marian, ever nigh.

O cruel, cruel, beauteous fair!
Could you but read my heart;
You then would find it all your own,
Tho' you refuse a part.

But now, alas! the scene is o'er;
O Marian, fair! adieu:
For never more shall Damon's form,
Be present to your view.

Far, far from thy bewitching charms,
Resolv'd I am to fly;
And in some desert's dreary shade,
To lay me down and die.

But soft! methought some spirit said,
'A word of wisdom learn;
'Nor rashly fly those opening arms
'Which welcome your return.'

Again the voice in accents sweet
Responded from above,
'Return, oh foolish youth, return,
'To Marian, and to love.'

And will my Marian's arms once more
Receive a truant's form;
And bid him live to love alone,
And free from anger's storm.

Once more around the myrtle's stem,
The peaceful olive twine,
And bless with love's enraptur'd smiles,
Her faithful Valentine.

ALCANDER.

Manchester, Valentine's Day, 1822.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Solution of A. W. G.'s Enigma in your last, is contained in the following Old Riddle or Enigma.

The beginning of Eternity,
The end of time and space;
The beginning of every End,
And the end of every place.

Solution of the Question in our last.

To square any number ending with 5.—To the square of 5 prefix the sum of the other figures and their square. Thus to square 45.—To 25 (the square of 5) prefix 4 added to 4 times 4 (or 20)—The result is 2025. To square 75.—To 25 prefix $7 \times 7 + 7 = 56$, which makes 5625. To square 125. To 25 prefix $12 \times 12 + 12 = 156 = 15625$. This may be of considerable practical utility, as in every case where the number to be squared does not exceed 125 it may be done by inspection in shorter time than it can be described.

Somewhat analogous to the above is the following property of certain numbers. Multiply together any two numbers whose difference is 2, and the product will be one less than the square of the intermediate number. Thus the square of 8 is 64, but 7 times 9 is only 63. The square of 45 is 2025, but 44 times 46 is 2024. The square of 400 is 160,000, but 401×399 is 159,999.

R. B. G.

ENIGMA.

In storm and tempest I reside,
And aid to raise th' inconstant sea;
With vessels strong o'er waves I ride,
And with the blast in haste I flee.
In distant climes I may be found:
And never yet have changed my place,
For though the world I traverse round,
I have no claim on any race.
In dangers, trials, and in fears,
Alas! in all, full well I'm known,
And sickness, sorrow, sighs and tears,
Most surely claim me, as their own.
And yet in pleasure I remain,
In purest bliss I've constant been,
A stranger both to grief and pain,
But still in suffering may be seen.
In endless blessings I've a share,
Although with misery's sons I dwell;
A close companion with despair,
I cannot half my hardships tell.
Reader! with kindness, I implore
Thou wilt peruse my first essay,
And tell me! I will ask no more,
What's this that has so much to say.

A poetical reply is solicited by VERAX.

Salford, Feb. 13th.

Required the position in which the 9 Digits must be placed, that they may count 15 each way.

Required change for a guinea, in twenty-one pieces, payable money: there must neither be a sovereign, half-sovereigns, half-guineas, seven shilling pieces, crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, pennies, nor halfpennies.

J. T. B.



Divide the larger space above described, into four equal parts, each part to be exactly similar in form, and of the same size.

VARIETIES.

AGREEABLE READING.

Mr. Hogg, in his Life, tells us this anecdote of a man of Eskdale-muir. He had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbour, and on returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. 'I dinna ken, man,' replied he, 'I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!'

ANECDOTE.

The late Rev. R. Imrie, of Auchterarder, in North Britain, exhibited through life a great fondness for paradoxical language. The consequence was, that much obscurity pervaded his pulpit exhibitions; and, through his pertinacity to particular modes of expression, which none of his hearers and few of his brethren understood, his sentiments were often believed to be the reverse of what they actually were; and he was first suspended, and afterwards deposed as an obstinate abettor of heterodoxy, while competent judges were of opinion, that the sole difference between him and his orthodox brethren, was in the language in which they severally chose to clothe their ideas. This predilection for paradoxical language existed from his childhood, of which the following is given as a specimen:—

Observing a country clown riding into the town of Perth, he very gravely accosted him by saying, 'Man, your horse's tail is loose.' The poor credulous fellow immediately dismounted in order to ascertain what was the matter, as he apprehended that his horse must have sustained some injury of which he had not been aware. Finding, however, that all was as it ought to be, he was about to pronounce a severe philippic on the young urchin for diverting himself thus at his expense, when he was restrained by this comical answer; 'I said your horse's tail was loose, but it is loose only at one end.'

TEA.—The following are the quantities of soluble matter of tea in water and in alcohol, the weight of the precipitate by isinglass, and the proportion of inert woody fibre in the green and black tea of various prices; it is given, not as throwing any important light on the cause of the different qualities of tea, but as containing the results of actual experiments:—

100 parts of Tea.	Soluble in water.	In Alcohol.	Precipitate with jelly.	Inert residue.
Green Hyson, at 14s.	41	44	31	56
12s.	34	43	29	57
10s.	36	43	26	57
8s.	36	42	25	58
7s.	31	41	24	59
Black Souchoong, 12s.	35	36	28	64
10s.	34	37	28	63
8s.	37	35	28	63
7s.	36	35	29	64
6s.	35	13	23	65

Journal of Science.

CANINE SAGACITY.

[ORIGINAL.]

The following anecdote I had from a friend to whom the proprietor of the dog is personally known, and who, though in humble circumstances, is a woman of honest principles and strict veracity. She lives in a cellar, containing two apartments; the anterior is a little shop, and the other the eating, as well as bed-room of the family. In the shop the dog's kennel is situated, and near it a cupboard, containing provisions, &c. One evening the cupboard was accidentally left open, and a quantity of black-puddings

thereby exposed: this attracted the cat's attention, who was proceeding to make an attack upon them, but was repulsed by the dog, who signified his displeasure by growling, which was occasionally repeated, in spite of orders from the inner apartment to be quiet. At last the noise ceased, and in the morning the dog was found watching the puddings, which he had removed from the cupboard into the interior of his kennel, for their greater security from the furtive propensities of pussy, who was quietly seated at a little distance. On examining the puddings they were found uninjured, and were given to their trusty guardian, as a reward for his integrity.

COLLECTOR.

MR. EDITOR.—We, the undersigned, having often heard that a person would be lighter after dinner than before, and also having lately read an anecdote showing the truth of the story, were induced to try the experiment, and found it false, as each gained 2lbs.

TEFLOS and LAPIS.

Feb. 13th, 1822.

MR. EDITOR.—Passing through the streets of Manchester, I observed a placard posted up, entitled 'A reply to the address to the labouring classes of Manchester and Salford, by the Rev. J. Schofield, V. D. M.' and being ignorant of the titles meant to be conveyed by the letters 'V. D. M.' I shall feel particularly obliged by some one of your numerous readers giving an explanation through the medium of the Iris.

ANTONINUS.

CHARACTER OF MR. BURKE.

By the Rev. Robert Hall.

THESE are the views which distinguished the political writings of Mr. Burke, an author whose splendid and unequalled powers gave a vogue and fashion to certain tenets, which from any other pen would have appeared abject and contemptible. In the field of reason the encounter would not be difficult, but who can withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence? The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art. His eulogium on the Queen of France is a masterpiece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, so rich with colours, 'dipt in heaven,' that he who can read it without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility. Burke's imagination is in truth only too prolific: a world of itself, where he dwells in the midst of chimerical alarms, is the dupe of his own enchantments, and starts, like Prospero, at the spectres of his own creation. His intellectual views in general, however, are wide and variegated rather than distinct; and the light he has let in on the British Constitution in particular, resembles the coloured effulgence of a painted medium, a kind of mimic twilight, solemn and soothing to the senses, but better fitted for ornament than use.

WEEKLY DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 17.—*Quinquagesima.* See *Septuagesima*, p. 5.

TUESDAY, 19.—*Shrove Tuesday.*

This is called 'Fastern's E'en' and Pancake Tuesday. In Yorkshire, and the northern counties, this and the preceding day are called *Collop Monday* and *Pancake Tuesday*: the latter is a noted holiday; the pancake bell rung in the forenoon, not only announces the hour for commencing the frying of Pancakes, but proclaims a jubilee for children, apprentices, and servants.

On this day, the *Carnival* at Rome terminates by a most singular illumination immediately after the horse-race. Not only all the houses are illuminated, but all persons on foot or in their carriages hold lighted tapers; and sit or stand, in the cold and wet, with their fingers dripping with wax or tallow, according to the ability of the illumination. After the lapse of an hour, on the progressive march of the troops down the Corso, light after light suddenly disappears, amidst peals of laughter and lamentations of regret; till the sounds of the horses' feet die away, the crowd disperses, and darkness and solitude succeed.

WEDNESDAY, 20.—*Ash Wednesday.*

Formerly Lent began on the Sunday after *Quinquagesima*, i. e. our first Sunday in Lent, and ended at Easter, containing in all 42 days; and subtracting the six Sundays which are not fasts, there remained only 36 fasting days, the tenth part of 360, the number of days in the ancient year, then considered as a tythe of the year consecrated to God's service. To these 36 fasting days, however, of the *Old Lent*, Gregory added four days more, to render it equal to the time of our Saviour's fasting, causing it to begin on *Ash Wednesday*, three days after *Quinquagesima*; and thus it has remained ever since.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As your *Miscellany* appears to be open to every thing useful, instructive, and entertaining, I beg to address you. Having for a short time devoted my leisure hours to the study of Heraldry, I have lately met with a term which I am at a loss to explain, viz.—In the work entitled "*Ahiman Rezon*," the author says, that the arms of the ancient Free and Accepted Masons, as given by the

learned Hebrew Architect and Brother Rabbi Jacob Jehudah Leon, are quarterly per squares counter-changed vert.—1. Az. a lion Rt. Or.—2. Or. an Ox Sable.—3. Or. a man with hands uplifted proper clothed erimson and ermine.—4. Az. an Eagle displayed, Or. As I do not remember in my *Heraldric* readings, ever seeing the terms "Quarterly per squares counterchanged," I should be glad if some of your correspondents could explain what is the precise meaning; as from the engraving in the frontispiece to the work above named, I should state it as being "a cross vert, voided argent, or else a cross argent, fimbriated vert:" but on the Masonic banner, displayed in the procession on the Coronation of his present Majesty, if I mistake not, it was a cross gules. As the study of Heraldry is almost confined to the Herald's College, I should be glad to see the science more cultivated, so little dependence can we place upon many of the blazons we meet with: the bearings may generally be correct; but in copying, the tinctures are frequently changed, through ignorance or fanciful caprice, arising from the idea of making a coat more dashing; of which many examples may be seen, by a survey of some of the signs at inns in this neighbourhood. Heraldry properly cultivated, is both useful and pleasing, alike to the historian, artist, antiquary, and ingenious youth.

Manchester, Feb. 5, 1822.

L.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Those beautiful verses, beginning

"Take, oh, take those lips away,"

"That so sweetly were forsworn;" &c.

I find are inserted in Shakspeare's *Miscellaneous Poems* attached to his *Theatrical Works*, printed by Sherwin and Co. 8vo. 1821; and in the *Collection of Ancient Songs*, &c. in the *Literary Miscellany*, page 10, they appear also, and are ascribed to Beaumont and Fletcher. I shall be obliged if some of your readers can state who was the real Author.

Feb. 9th, 1822.

L.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Those who are acquainted with any thing of what is called 'Life,' as at present exhibited, cannot but have observed, and most probably with regret, the practice, so common in the entertainments of certain classes, of encouraging a ruinous excess in wine. My complaints, on this subject, are not those of a whimsey sectary, or a religious enthusiast, but the regrets of a man, not averse to the true enjoyments of life, and anxious, by a sober and moderate use, to increase and preserve them. In the days of original simplicity, it was thought sufficient, if, at a social entertainment, each person took that quantity which warmed his blood, gave a kind impulse to the circulation in his veins, and enlivened his imagination; upon which effects it is, that all the praises of wine, bestowed by poets and orators, must legitimately be founded.

The custom of which I complain, is the reverse of this; glass after glass is quaffed, till reason is stupified

—till the fancy sleeps,—till the zest diminishes, and the taste loses its power of discrimination. Nor is this the full extent of the mischief. Those who are attached to this perversion of rational enjoyment, are anxious to involve all and each of their companions in the same evil: like mad-dogs they strive to communicate their poison to others; and the moderate votary of Bacchus, who is desirous of spending his evening in the exchange of friendship,—the effusion of soul,—the exhilaration of the heart, and the coruscations of fancy, is pestered with importunities to drink beyond measure, and either finds his pleasure poisoned with excess, or is compelled to fly the harmful company, which denies him the refuge of a reasonable being. If this conduct proceeds from a wish that all the company should enjoy themselves, it is pardonable, though only to be excused by an imbecility of the judgement; but, if it is the result of a concerted scheme, to involve the guest in the wretched state of drunkenness, and to take advantage of the unshielded exposure which such a state affords, it is a villany revolting to the genuine ideas of hospitality. In this latter view it presents a picture as foul and execrable, and as much to be disclaimed by every good and honest man, as that of the Fiend who exalts in the degradation of humanity.

If the motive be, as I said, the desire of all enjoying themselves, how much does the entertainer mistake his means, when he presses what his acquaintance declines and loathes. The true means of giving pleasure is to permit each to follow the dictates of his inclination: there is no pleasure to which a want did not lead, since pleasure is but the gratification of a want.

For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when reduced.

Every gratification ceases to be such, when compulsion is interposed: it depends on the tender and delicate construction of the human will, than which nothing is more susceptible or more easily alarmed.

In these mistaken revelries, there are some who, in the general spirit of debauchery, lend their assistance to the governor of the feast, to promote intoxication: who make it their care to enforce the injunction of the reiterated bumper,—betray the temperate, and erect themselves into the trustees of each other's reason. You, Sir, by virtue of your office are a trustee for the public; every Editor, who undertakes the conduct of a publication, is, *ipso facto*, an implied censor of the morals of the people, and a guardian of the talent and learning of the country. In aid then of your exertions, allow me to press the grounds of my complaint: my subject is a strong one, and the impression on my own mind is deep; and I am resolved not to quit the subject, till I impress the feeling as strongly on the great body of your readers.

But these Bacchanalians are inconsistent with themselves, if they profess to adopt the principles of Epicurus; since the pleasure experienced, is certainly less the farther they proceed. When the draught is repeated to a degree of infatuation bordering on insanity, and with a disregard to the suggestions of reason and experience, the spirit of enjoyment flies—the body sinks into composure—the imagination, the wit is deadened,—the liquer palls,—and the

active sense of social fellowship is buried in forgetfulness.

It was not thus that the elegance of Horne shone,—that the heart of Walpole expanded,—that the eloquence of Burke glowed,—that the wit of Beauchamp sparkled,—that the periods of Johnson flowed,—and that inspiration imparted itself to the thoughts and diction of the mighty ancestor from whom I have the honor indirectly to derive my name. No. But, it was this that deadened the genius of the poet Butler, and this that overcame the politeness and the elegant conceptions of the great Person himself. Nor will it be matter of wonder, if, by progression in this degrading practice, we find the wit and talent of the country vanish; and that, in another generation, our children, sprung from the loins of fermented wine, should be more degenerate and insensible than their fathers before them.

It is not unusual for the several members of a party, to swallow the contents of a bottle and a half, or two bottles each; a quantity so excessive, so revolting in idea, and so disproportioned to the natural wants, or the natural capabilities of a human being, that it would be surprising if the health were not injured, and the faculty of reason blunted. Such immoderate potations recall to our recollection the times of Athelstan and our Saxon Ancestors, and the gormandizers of the 13th and 14th centuries, who lived and laboured with no other object than to eat and drink; who wasted over mature ten times the quantity necessary for her support, and who realized the description of Horace, 'Fruges consumere nati.'

I rejoice, however, to learn, that the more refined societies of the present day, (superior to their ancestors in politeness, if not in virtue,) have justly exploded a practice, which is as much disgraceful as pernicious. When fashion is linked in hand with propriety, one feels a pleasure of an unusual nature, which is the more lively as the occasion of it is rare. I trust, Sir, that those who aspire to wear a respectable appearance in the eyes of society, will be alive to the advantages and recommendations of this fashion; and that the absurd and vicious custom which I have exposed, will soon be regarded as unbecoming a gentleman, and fit only for the frequenters of taverns and clubs.

CHATHAM.

12th February, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You will possibly deem it sheer presumption in a young jackanapes, who has but just entered his 14th year, to attempt to address you in your official character; and you will hardly be disposed to give me credit when I say, that puerile vanity has had no influence in leading me to make this feeble attempt. I write purely in the hope that an account of the mode in which my studies are now directed, contrasted with the manner in which they were formerly conducted, may not be altogether without its use to some of your juvenile readers;—for I should be the last person in the world to endeavour to undermine the credit or influence of a single individual of the respectable society of schoolmasters.

What has suggested the subject of this communi-

cation, is an article signed W. in the first number of your work, in which the prospective pleasure of holding forth on a public speech day is painted in glowing colours; while graver studies, and studies of the highest importance, are thrown into the shade, and represented as calculated to excite only feelings of horror and disgust.

Why should the 'thoughts of lessons or of exercises be suffered to disturb the peace and tranquillity' of our minds? Why is a school spoken of in such repulsive terms? and why should the 'noted Tuesday' be remembered with a sigh of regret, 'when the tasks are once more resumed, and the lexicon again is elevated to its wonted station.'

The routine of a classical education, according to the mode in which it is too frequently pursued, I am well aware, is insupportable drudgery to many an ingenuous mind. But is it not possible to render the tasks, even of a grammar school, in some degree pleasurable, and the variety of its exercises a relaxation to the mind? I speak from experience when I say that it is.

I was placed at an early age under the tuition of a master who had acquired considerable fame as an instructor of youth; but his endeavours to make me drink the ambrosial draughts of ancient lore were ineffectual, because he never failed to mix them up with copious doses of the nauseous oil of birch. And instead of writing his instructions on the tablet of my understanding, he laboured with no small assiduity to delineate on my sensorium (which alas! proved to obdurate for his *stylus*,) a collection of rules and of precepts, expressed in such a jargon of sounds, as could be intelligible only to such paragons of learning as my sapient tutor, or his no less sapient ushers.

My learning being thus rendered so disagreeable and irksome, you need not wonder that, like many a youth of fair promise, I deceived the fondest hopes of my parents, and, for six long years, in which I was professedly a student of the language of Rome, I resorted to every artifice which youthful ingenuity could devise, to elude the suspicions of my master, by performing my tasks in the most perfunctory manner possible; or, if it was in my power, to palm upon him as my own, the productions of some wight more highly gifted than myself.

Thus till I was 12 years of age, my memory was burdened, without one attempt to inform my judgement, or improve my understanding. I had no more idea that the rules of my grammar were capable of a meaning, than the man in the moon; and although I was taught to apply a few of them mechanically when parsing my Cæsar or my Tully, yet their bearing on the point was never perceived, because it was never pointed out; and I was kept completely in the dark, as to the possible utility of any of the studies in which I was engaged. Had I been set down to accounts, I would have had some notion of their utility, in seeing their application to the business of the lowest shop-keeper in the village; but the utility of classical studies was far beyond the reach of my comprehension, unless haply, it were to occupy a few years which might otherwise have been employed in mischief, or to fatten the pockets of some needy individual who had no other means of making his bread.

At length, however, my father was induced to inquire into my progress in learning. He had expend-

ed a considerable sum for my education: but judge of his disappointment and sorrow when he found me destitute of almost every thing of which he considered education to consist. I could not distinguish, in plain English, between a substantive and a verb; and to have given any thing like a tolerable account of the difference between an adjective and an adverb, except in the *ipseissima verba* of my grammar, (which might as well have been written in the vernacular tongue of the Cherokee Indians, for any thing that I knew of its meaning,) would have cost me the ineffectual labour of many an hour.

But that I may not be tedious, I shall only further state that I was afterwards placed under the care of a gentleman whose first object is, if possible, to make his pupils understand every thing which they do. Under his tuition my father thinks I have made wonderful improvement. For my own part, I know that education is no longer the drudgery it formerly was, nor do I 'creep like snail unwillingly to school.' I begin to taste the sweets of classic lore, and to relish the beauties of the effusions of ancient genius. Being directed to a judicious course of private reading, and having had the advantages of mental culture, most impressively set before me, my mind now begins to expand, and to lay up a store of useful and solid erudition. In composition I strive to imitate the elegant models which are set before me. How far I have succeeded, I leave you, from the present specimen, to form a judgement. This production of my pen may perhaps be advantageously contrasted with a genuine copy of such letters as I was accustomed to write, till within a year and a half of the present period. I give it at the bottom of the page.* I had then no more idea of varying a single expression in my monthly epistles to my 'Honoured Parents,' (except on the approach of the holidays, when it was necessary to mention the time I expected to have the pleasure of being locked in their embrace) than I now have of repeating the *Pater noster* backwards, or attempting to walk on the crown of my head.

I could with pleasure expatiate on the virtues and erudition of my respected instructor; but should this paper meet his eye, he, worthy man, would note it as the language of fulsome flattery, and I would be in danger of falling several degrees in the scale of his good opinion, which I am ever anxious to retain.

DISCIPULUS GRATUS.

Feb. 6th, 1822.

* Honoured Parents,

I am very well, and I hope you are so too, and the rest of the family.

Give my best love to my Brothers and Sisters, Uncles and Aunt, and Grandmother.

I remain,

Honoured Parents,

Your affectionate Son,

Timothy Timberhead.

CLOCK WORK MACHINERY.

(From the New York National Advocate.)

There are now exhibiting at Mr. Vogel's in Broadway, several wonderful pieces of clock work machinery, which, perhaps, equal the masterly ingenuity of the auto-

mata of Vaucanson, or of Albert the Great.

The first is a small elegantly wrought gold cage, surmounting a musical clock work. In this cage is a fountain, and a bird not larger than a bee, which sings, flutters its wings, and flies from one part of the cage to another. The base of the second is also occupied by a musical clock work; it represents a group of quadrupeds around the basin of a fountain, where a goat drinks, and performs a variety of movements. In front is a basket with a pear in it: the moment the pear is touched, a dog on the other side gnashes his teeth, barks, and shakes himself till the pear is replaced, while a monkey behind threatens him with a stick, and in the mean time munches an apple. A butterfly rests on a pillar above the fountain, and moves its wings and feet. The back ground to this group is a mass of rocks, from among which, now and then, a fox makes its appearance. Above these rocks there is a small patch of blue sky, and the sun turning on his axis, and also accomplishing his diurnal revolution. This is a remarkably complicated piece of machinery, none of the figures being more than an inch in length.

The third is a cage, very large and highly ornamented. On the top is a black man who beats time to the chiming of several satyrs and two monkeys, one of whom grins quite ludicrously. But the most wonderful things are two Canary birds that sing the natural notes of these birds, flutter and flap their wings, and spring from one perch to another. In this cage is a fountain, which falls by several stories; and the artificial arrangements of pieces of glass represents so naturally the sound and glitter of falling water, that both the eye and the ear may be deceived.

The fourth is a park with two country seats, out of which come two ladies, who exchange mutual salutations, and bow to the company. Attracted by the sudden flight and song of a bird in a grove beside them, they turn and listen. The bird, not larger than a bee, sings and flutters for some time, and then flies away among the trees. Upon this, the ladies repeat their bows and curtsies to each other and to the company, and withdraw into their houses. On the top of the dome above, is a large butterfly, which closes and expands its wings and moves its feet in a perfectly natural manner. This and indeed all the machinery play a variety of tunes.

The fifth and sixth are two magicians, the French and the American. There is a set number of questions to each; and on any one of these being placed in a drawer for the purpose, the magician goes through a variety of ceremonies and gives

the answer, which is always appropriate. It is said that several celebrated mechanicians have been allowed to take these machines to pieces, yet have never been able to discover by what contrivance the right answer is always given.

The last is called a perpetual motion; although perhaps the power that it possesses is not strong enough for any application to extensive machinery. It consists of a large wheel, around the edge of which are placed at equal distances a certain number of moveable hollow cylinders, each containing an equal proportion of quicksilver. The weight of the quicksilver, which moves from one side to the other as the wheel turns, determines the horizontal or perpendicular position of the cylinders. By their horizontal position, in falling, the circumference of the wheel is continually enlarged on one side, and diminished on the other by their perpendicular position in rising; this creates two unequal semicircles, the one more eccentric than the other, and thus causes a perpetual rotation.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Feb. 11th.—The Hypocrite: Cantwell, Mr. Dowton; with The Warlock of the Glen.
Tuesday, 12th.—John Bull; with Ways and Means: Job Thornberry and Sir David Dunder, Mr. Dowton.
Wednesday, 13th.—Town and Country: Cosey, Mr. Dowton; with The Warlock of the Glen.
Friday, 15th.—The Antiquary: with Who's the Dupe? Old Dooley, Mr. Dowton.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—I trust to your candour for inserting the following in a corner of your entertaining miscellany, in answer to the very liberal and candid remarks signed "Jack Bunce," on the acting of Miss Clara Fisher, which appeared in the *Iris* of last week.

"Miss Clara Fisher, a child of apparently between six and seven years of age, manifested an almost miraculous power of conception of character. However degrading it may appear to some, that a number of grown Persons should submit to be amused by infants, in a part truly intellectual, the observer of human nature can never consider it a descent from his dignity, or even a deviation from his pursuits, to trace the first movements of the capacity in any course, to which nature, or education, may have directed its early bias."—(*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 11th, 1817.)

"The little Richard, Miss Clara Fisher, was throughout admirable, and seemed, in more than one instance, to have a conception of her own, capable of furnishing readings, which a full grown Tyrant, need not blush to adopt."—(*Morning Post*, Dec. 11th, 1817.)

"But we must record the brilliant success of the great Lord Flimnap, Prime Minister of the Lilliputian Monarch, who was jealous of Gulliver. This was Miss Clara Fisher, who is really an extraordinary little creature; she acted Lord Flimnap in the most admirable burletta style. The House was literally in

a roar.—The minute shades of her bye-play, and the happiness with which she went through the whole of the Character was truly astonishing. Children it is well known are very plastic creatures; but previous discipline, method, or memory never could produce what this Child is, without premature endowment of the most wonderful kind."—(*Morning Herald*, Dec. 11th, 1817.)

"After the excellent Comedy of John Bull, *Lilliput* followed; and the acting of the Child Miss Clara Fisher, may be considered, one of the most extraordinary intellectual phenomena that ever puzzled a metaphysician."—(*Times*, Dec. 22nd, 1817.)

The above extracts (out of the many that followed her first appearance in London, all equally favourable) will, I trust, convince nine-tenths of your readers of the fallacy and ill nature of the leaped remarks of your Correspondent: and I have no doubt the greatest success will attend Miss C. Fisher's next appearance on these boards, and will again delight a Manchester Audience, whom "Jack Bunce," very politely terms "Barren Spectators."

Craving indulgence for so long trespassing on your columns, I am, Sir,

A FRIEND TO REAL MERIT.

P. S. I also beg to refer your readers to the Manchester Papers of the 19th and 26th ult. being nearer home.

Manchester, February 12th, 1822.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'R. B. G.'s Essay, is particularly solicited. Is the Communication of 'P. W. H.' original?
'The Sisters,' a Dramatic Scene, is inadmissible.
'The Storm,' by H. W. P.—'The Captain's Wife,' by Astolfo;—and 'Manchester,' by Beppe; are received.
'Patriarchal Chronology,'—'Manomniensis,'—'The Bachelor,'—H.'s address, 'To my Infant,'—'The Rose,' by L. Y.—'Scott's Helvellyn,' with W. B. W.'s note,—'W. A.'s Impromptu,—and the 'Song by a Mother to her Infant,' in our next.
J.'s Essay, 'On the Fate of Genius,' came too late for insertion this week:—it will probably appear in our next.
The 'Brief Sketch of the Rev. Owen Owen Balderdash,' is under consideration.

Letter-Box in the Door.

In part of last week's impression the following errata appeared.

Page	9,	line	3,	for	'those'	read	'the.'
"	"	"	"	"	'have'	"	'has.'
"	"	"	20	"	'powers'	"	'power.'
"	10	"	4	"	'spirits'	"	'priests.'
"	"	"	19	"	'mocking'	"	'mockery.'
"	"	"	31	"	'bondsmen'	"	'bondmen.'

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FOR THE IRIS.

CAIN, A MYSTERY.

IN pointing out the aberrations of a splendid intellect, and the self-degradation of genius, I disclaim all those petty motives of malice and envy which so frequently excite the anathemas of the critic. I admire the genius of Byron; I lament its degradation. But still it should be remembered, that he is so far above the host of petty scribblers who criticise his works, in intellectual greatness, that it becomes us to point out the excellencies and defects of his productions, with the utmost modesty, when they do not affect the cause of religion and of morality; but when they are assailed, every honest man, and every christian, ought loudly to enter his protest against the assailant, however dignified his rank, or exalted his genius.

It must grieve every true admirer of poetry to see the course which his lordship has lately taken;—to see that genius, which had it been devoted to the interests of religion and morality, (which even he himself acknowledges to be the highest aim of poetry), would have rendered the name of Byron, a blessing to the nation and to posterity, as it now is and will be—a curse! That genius might have produced images of purity and excellence, which would have been fondly cherished in the choicest recesses of our memories; which has been expended in administering to the basest and most degrading of passions, in a tale which can only be openly shewn and acknowledged in a brothel; and whose images can only be cherished by those whose every better feeling is lost in brutal sensuality; and in the production now before me, which can only excite unmixed feelings of pain in the mind of the christian, and of a sullen triumphant feeling of savage joy in the infidel.

The attacks of such men as Hone and Carline, upon the institutions which we venerate and adore, are puny and impotent, and can only affect the uneducated and uninformed; but when the Herculean powers of a Byron assail them, we tremble, not for fear of their destruction, for they are imperishable; but for the temporary injury which may be occasioned, by misleading the minds of the unthinking and unreflecting. It is a national calamity, when one of the great 'master spirits' of the age, so per-

verts and misapplies his talents: all ranks of society are influenced by such an example, and its demoralizing effects spread from one circle to another, until they pervade the whole.

This is not idle declamation, as every one who has traced the retrograde movements which his lordship's muse has made from morality, from Childe Harold down to Beppo, Juan, and Cain, will most readily allow. He has now arrived at the 'ne plus ultra' of libertinism, illiberality, and infidelity; and whatever may succeed can only be the variations on the preceding subjects, unless his lordship takes Burn's advice to his Satanic majesty,

'Oh would thou tak a thout and mend.'

and dedicate his pen to the service of that morality which he has mocked with his praise, and insulted with his practice.

There is very little of human action, or of human feelings, depicted in this 'Mystery,' as it is not unaptly termed. All the personages, which the inspired historian represents as virtuous, are here depicted dull and insipid. Cain's own description of them is a correct picture, as his lordship has drawn them.

'My father is
Tamed down; my mother has forgot the mind
Which made her thirst for knowledge at the risk
Of an eternal curse; my brother is
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up
The firstlings of the flock to him who bids
The earth yield nothing to us without sweat.'

The piece opens with all the mortal characters offering a sacrifice; when all but Cain, humbly adore the Deity; upon which Adam questions his first-born as to his silence, and is answered with a sneer. Adam in agony of mind says,

"Oh, God! why didst thou plant the tree of knowledge?"

CAIN.

And wherefore pluck'd ye not the tree of life?
Ye might have then defied him!

After a short conversation Cain is left alone and Lucifer enters. His approach is thus described by the former.

'Whom have we here?—A shape like to the angels,
Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect
Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?
Why should I fear him more than other spirits,
Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords

Before the gates round which I linger oft,
In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of those
Gardens which are my just inheritance,
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls
And the immortal trees which overtop
The cherubim-defended battlements?
If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd angels,
Why should I quail from him who now approaches?
Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
As he hath been, and might be: sorrow seems
Half of his immortality.'

A conversation ensues, in which the bold discontented spirit of Cain is powerfully wrought upon; by the subtlety of Lucifer, in whose character, all the metaphysical doubts and speculations, which have agitated the minds of men for ages, are concentrated, and expressed with a boldness which startles, and with a subtlety which cannot fail very much to injure minds, which are not previously well fortified against such attacks. I shall only make one or two extracts of this nature, by way of shewing the justice of my remarks.

Lucifer speaking of himself and Cain, says, that they are—

'Souls who dare use their immortality—
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him, that
His evil is not good! If he has made,
As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—
But, if he made us—he cannot unmake:
We are immortal!—nay, he'd have us so,
That he may torture—let him! He is great—
But, in his greatness, is no happier than
We in our conflict! Goodness would not make
Evil; and what else hath he made!

Cain's feelings, on the subject of death, are thus forcibly and beautifully expressed.

— 'although I know not what it is,
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out
In the vast desolate night in search of him;
And when I saw gigantic shadows in
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, checker'd
By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,
I watch'd for what I thought his coming; for
With fear rose longing in my heart to know
What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came.
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off
Our native and forbidden Paradise,
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too, die?'

Lucifer leaves him, after having fill'd his mind with fresh matter for gloomy and discontented thoughts, which he communicates to his wife Adah, who endeavours to sooth him. A little glimmering of kinder

feeling occasionally breaks out from the gloomy darkness of Cain's soul, for instance, speaking of his children.

My little Enoch! and his lisping sister!
Could I but deem them happy, I would half
Forget—but it can never be forgotten
Through thrice a thousand generations! never
Shall men love the remembrance of the man
Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind
In the same hour!

Lucifer returns, and requests Cain to accompany him, on which Adah endeavours to prevent him, and Lucifer, to entangle her in the web of metaphysical speculations. In the course of this dialogue, Adah makes the following exquisitely poetical comparison, between the angels of the Lord and Lucifer.

—his angels, who are like to thee—
And brighter, yet less beautiful and powerful
In seeming: as the silent sunny noon,
All light they look upon us; but thou seem'st
Like an ethereal night, where long white clouds
Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd stars
Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault
With things that look as if they would be suns;
So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing,
Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them,
They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost thou.
Thou seem'st unhappy; do not make us so,
And I will weep for thee.

The last sentiment is exquisitely feeling and feminine, and endears the character of Adah to us more than any elaborate description could have done.

In the Second Act, Lucifer takes him through the abyss of space, and again enters deeply and painfully, into the often-agitated and never-settled question, of the origin of sin. He shews him worlds present, and the shadows of past worlds, and among others the world which preceded this, and was far greater, and more glorious; and when Cain asks,

'Wherefore did it fall?'

He answers

'By a most crushing and inexorable
Destruction and disorder of the elements,
Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos
Subsiding has struck out a world: such things,
Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity.'

There are several poetical passages of the highest order, mixed with revolting blasphemy and infidelity in this act. I have selected only the following.

Cain's feelings on viewing the heavens and their luminaries: which is a favourite subject of his lordship's muse; he however always makes it interesting and avoids monotony.

'Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still-increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aereal universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity?
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatso'er ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatso'er
They may be!'

Cain's love for Adah is thus expressed by him.

'The sun's gorgeous coming—
His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
Along that western paradise of clouds—
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's
voice—
The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love.

All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and heaven
To gaze on it.'

Cain returns to his family, and pours out the bitter moanings of his restless and discontented spirit over his sleeping child, and in the presence of his wife. I would fain transcribe many passages here of great pathos, but I have already far exceeded my usual limits.

Abel enters, and proposes making a sacrifice to the Deity on two altars which are adjoining, and, after some altercation, Cain consents. Abel kneels, and with an humble prayer offers the firstlings of his flocks. Cain stands, and in a speech of insulting, sneering mockery, offers the fruits of the earth. Abel's offering is consumed in a bright flame, while that of Cain is thrown by a whirlwind to the ground. Upon which he resolves to throw down the altars, but is opposed by Abel, to whom he says,

'If thou lovest thyself,
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf along
Its native soil:—else—

ABEL (*opposing him*).

I love God far more

Than life.

CAIN (*striking him with a brand, on the temples*).

Then take thy life unto thy God,
Since he loves lives.

ABEL (*falls*).

What hast thou done, my brother?

CAIN.

Brother!

After a long pause, looking slowly round, Cain exclaims,

'Where am I? alone! Where's Abel?'

Abel! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote
Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why
Would'st thou oppose me? This is a mockery;
And only done to daunt me.'

Adam, Eve, Adah, and Zillah, enter, and Eve with great and unnatural ferocity, taxes Cain with the murder, and curses him. It would have been more natural for the authoress of all this evil, to have mourned over the guilt of her first-born, than to have cursed him: (at least that is my humble opinion.)

Adam's conduct is much more feeling and consistent.

ADAM.

Speak, my son!

Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are,
That we are not more miserable still.

ADAH.

Speak, Cain! and say it was not thou!

They all leave him but Adah, who still adheres to him whom she loves, though guilty, with a melancholy attachment.

The angel of the Lord enters and sets a mark on Cain's brow, and pronounces the judgement of heaven on him.

After a short dialogue with Adah, they prepare to depart—and Cain expresses his melancholy desponding feelings over the body of Abel, with considerable force.

I

Can never meet thee more, nor ever dare
To do that for thee, which thou shouldst have done
For me—compose thy limbs into their grave—
The first grave yet dug for mortality.
But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth! Oh, earth!
For all the fruits thou hast render'd to me, I
Give thee back this. Now for the wilderness.

After a perusal of this strange 'Mystery' what painful feelings are left upon the mind, to think that a genius so splendid, should be employed to render mankind, as miserable as himself; to endeavour to wrest from them, that belief, which is their prop, their stay, their support, under all the trials and sorrows of this world; a source of happiness to many, of hope to nearly all.

Does not every Father dread to hear of a new production of Byron's, for fear of the morals and creed of his children? does not every mother shudder, lest her daughters meet with some impure thoughts, or naked image of pollution? 'Oh! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown.'

NEMO.

THE CLUB.

No. II.—Friday, Feb. 15th, 1822.

At the meeting of the club this evening, most of the members were at the Green Dragon before seven o'clock; and when the president took the chair, not one was absent.

As the sign, which hangs just below the middle window of our club-room, is above twenty years old, and has never been altered, (except to substitute the christian name of the present landlord for that of his father,) it has for some time been no easy matter to make out what animal it was intended to represent, and the Green Dragon has more than once been taken for the Brown Cow, or the Gaping Goose. For our parts, satisfied with the civil behaviour, and excellent liquor of our worthy host, we have never been very solicitous about his sign. Indeed one of our members, who is fond of antiquities, has repeatedly declared that the beautiful obscurity of the sign, was one great recommendation of the house; and that it was, in his opinion, far preferable to a tawdry picture, all green and gilding, which every ignorant fellow would know at first sight to be intended for a dragon.

It is perhaps owing to the condition of the sign, that, although the lodge of odd fellows, at the George and Dragon has been subjected to some enquiries, only one person has yet succeeded in discovering the Green Dragon. This was a young gentleman whom the landlord, from something which he let fall about libels and damages, took to be an attorney's clerk.

and who, after treating our host with sixpenny-worth of gin and water, ventured to ask him if there was not a sort of club held once a week in the house; and cautioned him, in a very friendly manner, as he valued his license, to beware what sort of people he permitted to meet and talk in his upper room.

We laughed heartily at this little occurrence; and as our various avocations lead us into different parts of the town, and oblige us to mingle with people of every description, we soon found that every member had something to communicate respecting the Iris, and our first number.

The Iris had been met with in every quarter. On the toilets of elegant ladies, and in the work shops of unwashed artificers. We had seen it stuck amongst the papers of the lawyer, and mingled with invoices in the counting house. More than one reverend divine had, in our presence, put on his spectacles to peruse it; and a physician in great practice was observed in his carriage with Messrs. Smith's incipient quarto in his hand.

A work so much read has of course been criticised. It is not our business to repeat the praises which have been bestowed upon the spirit of the publishers, or the wishes for their success which have been uttered by so many persons. We, of course, have been chiefly attentive to what was said of our Secretary's paper; and have been sometimes pleased, and sometimes, we will own, a little mortified by the undigested opinions which we have heard on the subject.

The reader, if he has ever written, will be able to judge of our secretary's feelings, when, on asking a neighbour, with as much unconcern as possible, what he thought of the Iris? he was answered that there were several good things in it, but the best by far was the account of the man who came over from France as a *valley de sham*, and made a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds!

Of the mortification arising from neglect, which all authors agree to be the least endurable, we have, however, experienced but little. 'The Club' has been talked of rather more than we expected, and as we have been amused by some of the opinions which have been formed of it, we shall communicate a few of them to our readers.

We find that there is a great contrariety of sentiment in the town on the subject of our religious and political opinions. Those who have heated their imaginations with the controversy which has been occasioned by the Rev. Mr. Curr's letter, are impatient to know our judgement of the points in dispute. The several parties are all equally confident that we must have been convinced by the publications on their side of the question, and are all alike positive, that, in a number or two, we shall give proof of our honesty and sound judgement, by openly declaring for them.

Our political critics have not treated us with quite so much charity. About the Exchange our loyalty is suspected, because it is stated in our first number that some of us are friendly to reform; while in the neighbourhood of the New Cross, and especially amongst the female reformers, many are certain that no man of sound principles could have written two pages without mentioning Mr. Hunt, and the Northern Union.

These are the judgements of ordinary readers. But there is a gentleman of more than common sagacity, who is the oracle of the company at a certain tavern

near the Market-place, who has discovered that a great deal more is meant by our paper than is generally supposed. He insisted, the other evening, that our president was intended for a very exalted personage, and our club for the cabinet council; 'for observe,' said he, taking the pipe from his mouth, and puffing out a large volume of smoke which wreathed and curled about his head, as if to give additional importance to his discovery, 'observe, I say, that the paper is dated on the very day on which parliament assembled, and observe too, (what nobody but myself has ever thought of,) that the crest of Lord Londonderry is a Dragon.'

As it is our determination not to be precipitate in disclosing the secrets of our society, we shall make no comments upon the various opinions which we have recited. For the present we leave all our readers, including the profound discoverer just mentioned, to the full enjoyment of their conjectures. Our club, like the Hieroglyphics in Moore's Almanack, will afford much matter of speculation to the curious; but whether they are right or wrong in their opinions concerning it, time, and time only, will discover.

One thing, however, we must not omit to notice. The circumstance of our meeting at the Green Dragon has been particularly remarked by nearly all our readers. They seem agreed that more is meant by our sign than has been hitherto expressed; and we will so far depart from our general resolution as to assure them that their curiosity on this head will before long be fully gratified. The gentleman who has been mentioned as being most frequently our president, having prepared a very elaborate "Dissertation on Dragons," which will appear in a future number.

P. S. One of our members, who is still unmarried, but who does not affect singularity, is particularly desirous that so much of the first number as relates to our drinking, may be explained in such a manner as to render it liable to no misconstruction. He wishes it to be stated that he, and perhaps one or two others, seldom take more than a single glass in the course of the evening. He says that the explanation will give much satisfaction to a certain elderly gentleman, whose good opinion he is very desirous to preserve; and who, as well as his amiable daughter, reads the Iris, and is aware of our friends connexion with the Club.

Caution.

The gentleman in the brown coat and velvet collar, who staid late, and drank rather too freely, with a party of manufacturers, at the Cat and Bagpipes, last Friday evening; and who, in his apology to his wife, asserted that he was a Member of the Club, at the Green Dragon, is hereby cautioned not to make any such unfounded assertions in future.

M. M.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following delineation of the forlorn state of a Bachelor, was written by a member of a juvenile society in the north of England, and having never appeared in print, I shall feel gratified by its insertion in your agreeable miscellany. Perhaps some of your correspondents who have not yet

bowed at the shrine of hymen, will pourtray also the pleasures of celibacy, and thus bring forth the talent of your fair readers on a subject so interesting. Y.

Feb. 12th, 1822.

THE BACHELOR.

IN my wanderings amid the mountain-scenery of nature, I was struck with the appearance of an aged tree, that stood singly, bending over the brow of a rocky steep. The ruthless hand of time had despoiled it of its foliage, save here and there a green leaf, that was scattered amongst its twisted branches; and which seemed to have been left, to denote that life still lingered in its tottering frame. The wind, as it rushed at intervals from between the hills, whistled round its hoary head, and not unfrequently snatched away a quivering leaf, or snapped off a sapless bough, and tossed it to the vale below. Alas! thought I, thus fares it with the man, who, in the morning of his days, says in his heart, behold! my strength is upon me—I will set my feet in high places; and like the bird that skims through the air, I will be unrestrained and free. My heart will I shut up, so that no daughter of the land shall ensnare it—no clamorous offspring shall stand round me to circumscribe my path; I will roam whithersoever I list, and no one shall say, 'where goest thou?' at liberty will I pursue my own pleasures, and live to myself alone. Deluded mortal! as the tree that strikes its rigid fibres into the barren summit of the mountain cliff, never attains its perfect vigour and beauty,—as even its fullest prime is marked by unfruitfulness and deformity—as premature old age soon lays its tempest beaten head in the dust—and as all the days of its years are sad and lonely; varied but by the croaking of the ominous raven, the screaming of the bird of prey, or the howlings of the storms of heaven, so shall the sum of thy life be. Thy heart, unpurified in the refining alembic of love, shall become cold, and unyielding as adamant. Unused to the tender anxieties, the softening delights, the soothing and tranquilizing endearments of married life, it shall be harsh and severe. Thy mind ever accustomed to revolve in an orbit, of which thyself and thine own

desires are the centre, shall become contracted and deformed. And as thou hast condemned thyself to tread the uncheering paths of solitude, the clouds of dejection and despondency shall surely encompass thee about; then shalt thou look back and lament thy unwise choice; and if thou shouldst have the courage to look forward, it will be with forebodings of greater evils than those thou hast already endured. The spoiler shall make a prey of thee; and the mocker shall point the finger, and say, 'behold the man, who loveth no one save himself alone.' But age 'dark and unlovely,' shall come fast upon thee, and imprint her premature wrinkles on thy care worn brow. Then shalt thou lift up thy dim eyes, and look around thee for comfort and consolation, but alas! none shall be afforded thee. No son full of manly vigour to direct thy uncertain steps; no lovely daughter, to sooth with affectionate and endearing attentions thy declining life—to support thee during the day, and at night to smooth the pillow for thy drooping head. The hireling shall attend thy uneasy couch; and the stranger shall receive thy last sigh. Thus, like the mountain tree, thou shalt stand alone and unsheltered, friendless and deserted, thou shalt feel the full force of every adverse gale; and when thou faltest thou shalt fall unnoticed—thy name shall be forgotten among men; and the remembrance of thee, as that of a cloud which passeth away.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love's not an idle giddy dream,
A vapid empty sound,
Nor yet like summer's bright sunbeam,
Which changes ev'ry round.

No! love is wise, substantial, true,
A strong and steadfast heart,
Which time nor change can ne'er subdue,
Nor fate's afflicting dart.

Love's not a transient sudden rise,
A mild and stormy sea!
Nor like a meteor of the skies,
Nor phantom that will flee.

No! love's a lasting, heavenly day,
A firm, a steady rock!
Love knows no change, no wand'ring way,
But braves each worldly shock!

And when this tott'ring fabric dies,
Love clings to mould'ring dust,
And when unchain'd the spirit flies,
It soars to join the just!

T. T. L.

Feb. 22nd, 1822.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO MY INFANT.

There is a charm which few can feel,
It nestles in a parent's breast;
'Tis when he gazes on his child,
When calmly sunk in welcome rest.

Sweet babe—e'en now I know its power,
A soft pulsation thrills my heart;
Whilst gazing on thy infant charms,
I'm prone to act a father's part.

Thy pretty lips, and chubby face,
Where little dimples love to dwell;
To me a softening influence lend,
To me have charms which none can tell.

Thy playful wiles—and artless smiles—
Have oft beguil'd the tedious hour:
The busy moments buoy'd with care,
Have own'd thy sweet bewitching power.

And oft when seated on my arm,
To trace the lustre of thine eye,
I've mark'd its bright effulgent beams,
Its beautiful cerulean dye.

I've paus'd to linger on the sight,
I've ponder'd on thy future doom;
But who can read the scroll of fate?
For thou may'st fade before thy bloom.

Oh may'st thou find life's slippery path
A vale of flow'rs so fresh and fair,
That briars and thorns may ne'er intrude,
Nor aught but sweetness flourish there.

And when the storm of life is o'er,
When death shall close those azure eyes,
May calm serenity be thine,
To find a welcome in the skies.

Salford, 12th Feb. 1822.

H.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE ROSE.

Fanning zephyrs gently woo thee,
Queen of the garden, lovely flower;
Still the fair breeze pressing to thee,
Wafts thy fragrance to my bower.

The valiant knight, the lady fair,
In praising thy sweet charms combine;
The poet sings thy virtues rare,
Assisted by the heav'nly nine.

Full many a king, and warrior dread,
Full many a lord of high degree,
Low stooping to thy fragrant head,
Unconsciously have bent the knee.

To thee the glorious sun above,
The brilliant ruler of the day,
As token of the warmest love,
Obsequious yields his warming ray.

The willow two in times of old,
For fear thy tender leaf should fade,
Kindly shelter'd thee from cold,
And weeping bent to be thy shade.

O ever gentle, ever kind!
Still grace my cot, thou beauteous flower,
A happy home with me you'll find,
A happy home within my bower.

Feb. 12th, 1822.

L. Y.

IMPROMPTU,

after the signal victory of the Nile, Admiral Nelson
having previously lost an eye and an arm.

Frenchmen, no more with Britons vie,
Nelson destroys your naval band,
Sees your designs with half an eye,
And fights and beats you with one hand.

SONG,

BY A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's griefe enough for thee.
Mother's wagge, prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune chang'd made him so,
When he had left his prettie boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee.
Streaming teares that never stint,
Like pearle drops from a fiant,
Fell by course from his eies,
That one another's place supplies.
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's griefe enough for thee.
The wanton smilde, father wept,
Mother cried, babie lept;
Now he crow'd more he cride,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse,
For he left his prettie boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weepe not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's griefe enough for thee.

This beautiful song is taken from Greene's Arcadia, published in 1590. Robert Greene was a celebrated dramatist in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and author of many works to which Shakespeare was much indebted. They are interspersed with many short compositions like the above, which indicate much poetical taste and feeling. Considering that he wrote most of his pieces in quick succession, to supply his immediate wants, it is surprising to see how polished some of them are. Though, from their popularity, they must have gone through many editions, they are now very scarce.

HELVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, Mr. Charles Gough, of this town, perished by losing his way over the Mountain of Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during his frequent rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I olimb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide,
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right Strathren-Edge, round the red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock on the front was impending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wand'rer had died.

Dark green was the spot, 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, the lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much lov'd remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill fox, and the raven away.

How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garments, how oft did'st thou start?
How many long days and long nights, did'st thou number,
E're he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet that no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonor'd the pilgrim of life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver, the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pull:
Thro' the courts at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming,
In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming
Far down the long isle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When wilder'd, he drops from some cliff, huge in
stature,
And draws his last sob, by the side of his dam;
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.
SCOTT.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

TO VERAX.

A Solution of his Enigma in your last.
I thank you for your kind Essay,
Where you require to guess,
'What is't that has so much to say?'
--What can it be, but S?

Without this letter I should ween,
We'd ne'er be in distress:
And yet methinks that it would seem,
We're worse off without S.

For pounds and guineas then would be
(Oh! shocking, what a mess!)
Transform'd at once to unit-y,
Without sweet letter S.

And then, oh dreadful! one's dear self
If wanting such a dress,
Would change to goblin, alias elf,
And mourn for letter S.

Alas! no more could I to thee
Declare my love dear Bess;
When thou wert two thirds of a Bee,
And all for want of S.

One thing is certain as the day,
Read but my name and guess,
I should but be the vowel A;
If wanting double S.

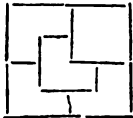
A. S. S.

18th Feb. 1822.

The Change required in our last.

Four two-penny pieces add to a pound note,
Will answer the question excepting a groat;
If the groat you divide into farthings sixteen,
The work is complete, which is plain to be seen.
S. T.

Solution of the puzzle in our last.



Required, the way to arrange 100 numbers in a square, so as to make the sum of 505, when added, in lines either downwards or across, in 20 different ways; and also to furnish a rule, by which so tedious an operation may be most easily performed.

T. W. P.

QUERY.—What is the side of that Pentagon, whose area cost as much paving at 10d. per foot, as the palisading the five sides did at 20s. per yard?



THE UNICORN.

From the Rev. John Campbell's Narrative of a Second Journey in the Interior of Africa, vol. I. pp. 294—5.

'During our absence from Mashow, two Rhinoceroses came into the town during the night, when the inhabitants assembled and killed them both. The rhinoceroses, shot by Jager, on the preceding day, having been cut up, were brought, the one in a wagon, the other on pack-oxen. We divided one among Kossie, Munameets, and Pelangye. They brought also the head of one of them, which was different from all the others that had been killed. The common African Rhinoceros has a crooked horn resembling a cock's spur, which rises about nine or ten inches above the nose and inclines backwards; immediately behind this is a short thick horn; but the head they brought had a straight horn projecting three feet from the forehead, about ten inches above the tip of the nose. The projection of this great horn very much resembles that of the fanciful Unicorn in the British arms. It has a small thick horny substance, eight inches long, immediately behind it, which can hardly be observed on the animal at the distance of a hundred yards, and seems to be designed for keeping fast that which is penetrated by the long horn; so that this species of rhinoceros must appear really like a unicorn when running in the field. The head resembled in size a nine-gallon cask, and measured three feet from the mouth to the ear, and being much larger than that of the one with the crooked horn, and which measured eleven feet in length, the animal itself must have been still larger and more formidable. From its weight, and the position of the horn, it appears capable of overcoming any creature hitherto known. Hardly any of the natives took the smallest notice of the head, but treated it as a thing familiar to them. As the entire horn is perfectly solid, the natives, I afterwards heard, make from one horn four handles for their battle-axes. Our people wounded another, which they reported to be much larger.'

The following extracts, illustrative of the above, are from the Missionary Sketches.

'The skull and horn excited great curiosity at

* The head being so weighty; and the distance to the Cape so great, it appeared necessary to cut off the under jaw and leave it behind; (the Mashow who cut off the flesh from it had ten cuts on his back, which were marks for ten men he had killed in his lifetime.) The animal is considered by naturalists, since the arrival of the skull in London, to be the Unicorn of the ancients, and the same as that which is described in the 99th chapter of the book of Job. The part of the head brought to London, may be seen at the Missionary Museum; and, for such as may not have the opportunity of seeing the head itself, the above drawing of it has been made.

Cape Town, most scientific persons there being of opinion that it was all that we should have for the Unicorn. An animal of the size of a horse, which the fancied Unicorn is supposed to be, would not answer the description of the Unicorn given in the Sacred Scriptures; where it is described as a very large, ferocious, and untamable creature; but the animal in question exactly answers it in every respect.

The Hebrew name by which it is called is *Ressam*, which signifies *Might or Strength*. The translators of the Old Testament into Greek called it *Monoceros*; in the Latin (or Vulgate) translation it is *Unicornis*. In various countries it bears a name of similar import. In Geez it is called *Arnes Harich*, and in the Amharic, *Auraris*, both signifying 'the large wild beast with the horn.' In Nubia, it is called *Girnamgira*, or 'horn upon horn.' This exactly applies to the skull in the Society's Museum, which has a small conical horn behind the long one. From the latter we presume this animal has been denominated the Unicorn, it being the principal, and by far the most prominent horn, the other, as before intimated, being scarcely distinguishable at a short distance. The writer of the article 'Unicorn,' in the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, observes, (defining the term) 'the Scriptural name of an animal, which was undoubtedly the one-horned Rhinoceros.'

'Some authors, both ancient and modern, have described an animal, which they call the Unicorn, said to resemble a horse, or deer, with a long horn, represented in English heraldry as one of the supporters of the royal arms; but there is reason to doubt the existence of any such quadruped. It is probable that the long horn ascribed to such an animal is that of a fish, or, as termed by some, a Sea Unicorn, called the *Monodon*, or *Narwhal*, confounding the land and sea animal together. The horn of the fish here alluded to, was formerly imposed on the world as the horn of the Unicorn, at an immense price. On the whole, it seems highly probable that the Rhinoceros, having one long horn projecting from its face, is the only Unicorn existing, and although it has a kind of stump of another horn behind the long projecting one, yet that it has been denominated Unicorn, (or one horn,) from that which is so obvious and prominent; and certainly its great bulk and strength render it such a formidable and powerful animal as is described in the Sacred Scriptures.'

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your last week's Iris, there is a letter signed L. wishing to know who is the author of the verses beginning—

'Take, O take those lips away,' &c.

I cannot positively inform your correspondent who is really the author, but I send you extracts from Percy and Drake, which, if they will in any way satisfy him, are perfectly at his service.

Percy, in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' vol. I. p. 243 says, 'The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic justly admires for its sweetness, is found in Shakspeare's Measure for Measure. Both the stanza's are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bloody Brother. Sewall and Gildon have printed it among Shakspeare's smaller poems; but they have done the same by twenty other pieces, that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakspeare's Passionate Pilgrim, &c.

Drake, in his 'Literary Hours,' vol. II. p. 95, speaking of Gallus, Joannes Secundus, and Muretus, observes, that 'in the Lydia of the first of these poets, may be found the origin of that exquisite song of Fletcher,—

'Take, O take those lips away,' &c.

He also subjoins Fletcher's name to the same poem, in a list of Amatory pieces, vol. II. p. 99.

Your's,

Manchester, Feb. 20, 1822.

J. O. U.

WEEKLY DIARY.

FEBRUARY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 24.—*Saint Matthias.*

Matthias was, probably, one of the seventy disciples, and was a constant attendant upon our Lord, from the time of his baptism by St. John until his ascension.

WEDNESDAY, 27.—*Ember Week.*

There are four Ember Weeks in the year, namely, after the first Sunday in Lent, after the feast of Pentecost, after the 14th of September, and after the 13th of December.

SEA STORIES;

Or the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Shenstone, Esq.

No. II.

When dark December, keen and wild
Blows o'er the naked moor;
The mother tells her wandering child,
To stay within the door.

'For if you roam,' she says, 'at night,
By the river's shady way;
Perchance you'll see the water wraith
Come gliding 'cross the bay—'

The water wraith that slow doth glide,
Till it screaming sinks beneath the tide.'
Old Ballad.

We all urged the captain to proceed, but the effects of the brandy had stopped his eloquence, and to all our solicitations he returned a surly growl, so that we were obliged to put up with the loss.

'Sae, Captain, I perceive,' said a small Scotch broker, with his arm in a sling, who had been listening attentively to the captain's tale, 'sae I perceive you did escape frae your perilous situation. Gude defend us, I guessed as much, when I cam to think that it was yer ain sel sittin here telling the story.'

'Oh, dear! Captain,' said a fat simpering lady, 'what a cruel creature you are, to raise one's curiosity to so interesting a pitch, and then to leave one in the dark, all for a lady's spirits!—'

'I'm sure the loss of spirits was on my side ma'am,' said the other lady dolefully—

'And equally so on mine ma'am, for which I have to thank you,' said the Captain.

'And how long since may this have happened, Captain,' said a deep stern voice.

I looked at the figure from whom it proceeded. He wore a dark rough coat, closely buttoned to his chin, and had a black patch stuck upon his weather-beaten face. I had not heard him enter into conversation with any one before. 'How long' repeated he 'was it since that happened.'

'Almost four years,' said the Captain.

'Do you know that hand,' said the stranger, extending his long arm to the Captain, and displaying a right hand, of which the thumb and two fingers were wanting. 'Do you know that hand.'—The Captain trembled—turned excessively pale, and gazed with an eye in which wonder and astonishment were

painted, from the hand of the stranger to his face: he trembled still more, and bit repeatedly his quivering lips—we were all silent, waiting with impatience for the result.

The stranger frowned—he lifted the dark masses of hair from his face—the Captain started, 'Is it possible—Jack Brindle—no!—'

'It is—it is,' said the stranger, 'I am Jack Brindle, whom you thought had perished in the cavern. I escaped, long ere, by your own account, you did, and by a much easier outlet. I was washed through the rock, and came out at the foot of the mountain. I joined our ship, they would not stay to search for you, my brave boy, but here you are, and that's enough. But captain, you have got so much of the bully swagger about you, that I should never ha' known ye, but for your tale, but gi' us your hand my boy, I little thought to see you this side o' Davy Jones' Looker.'

They seemed so mutually satisfied with each other, and were so wrapped up in the thoughts of *lang syne*, that we would not interrupt them.

'Young gentleman,' said the simpering lady, to the person who had so pleased me with his singing, 'would you be kind enough to favour us with some story, or tale, for we are all on the fidgets now—'

'Aye, Mr. Corny Carroll,' said an old man, 'do read us that tale you wrote—oh dear! what a frightful one it is.'

The young man, without further solicitation, read as follows.

TALE II.

The Water Wraith.

'On the eastern banks of the * * *, where it disembogues its waters into the ocean, stand the fragments of what was once a noble, and in the olden time, deemed an impregnable castle. Most likely, it was originally built to prevent the incursions of the Danes, at the period when they made their incursions, and committed such dreadful ravages upon our coasts. No vestiges now remain of its ancient grandeur, but a tolerable idea may be formed of its vast magnitude, from the great extent of ground covered by its ruins.'

'That castle has been the scene of many wild and strange events. It is shunned by the simple cottagers who live near it, for, although it has been uninhabited many ages, except by marine birds, screech owls, or now and then, in stormy nights, by a gang of smugglers, they say it is tenanted by the inhabitants of the grave. Every time that December, enveloped in clouds, and attended by the shrill music of the shuddering north winds, and the hoarser dashing of the waves, brings up the rear of the revolving months; lights are seen, flitting about the few remaining apartments, and he who walks up the opposite bank of the river at midnight, will see the spectre of a lady enshroued in pale light, which, however dark and stormy the night may be, appears to issue from the mouldering gateway of the castle, and glides slowly across the surface of the water, until it arrives opposite the old Church, about two miles up the river, on the contrary side to the castle, where it stops. Then the sound of deep hoarse voices are heard; then a rushing and weltering noise, a few faint screams, and the spectre sinks down—appears to be buffeting the waves, at last totally disappears

among the billows, and all again is dark. Such are the tales of the peasantry, respecting * * * castle. Many more, of the same kind, have obtained general credence in the adjacent hamlets and villages. To account for the strange appearance just mentioned of the Water Wraith, the cottagers in the neighbourhood tell the following tale.

'There lived at the castle in former days, a Baron, who had an only daughter named Ella. Her beauty, and riches, made her the magnet of attraction to all the young noblemen and knights in the country, who vied with each other in their assiduities. The Baron put no constraint upon the affections of Ella, whom he dearly loved, though he had discovered her prepossession for Sir Oscar, a young knight of great valour, and splendid accomplishments, but far inferior to his daughter, in birth and riches. Among the candidates for the favours of Ella, was a young Baron named Ulric. He was a man of boundless ambition, and altogether a desperate character. Her matchless beauty, and numerous graces, bore no attractions in his eyes, compared with the increase of domain and power, he should acquire with her. He frequently met her in her solitary walks along the beach, and urged his suit with all the eloquence he was master of; but it was in vain. On such occasions, she would treat him with a respect almost bordering upon tenderness; but it was the effect of fear, and she would immediately quicken her pace towards the castle; she dreaded him from his character, which was villanous in the extreme. He was proud, haughty, cruel, and treacherous. Many acts of his cruelty, and instances of his vindictive spirit, were well known: and other crimes, of a deeper dye, were charged to his account. By several, who durst not speak openly, he was supposed to be the instigator, if not the actual murderer of his own father.

Time wore away, and the gallant Sir Oscar, and the fair Ella, grew every day more enamoured of each other. At length, a day was fixed for their nuptials. When Ulric heard of this, after receiving a final repulse from Ella, and no encouragement from her father, whom he had secretly solicited to use his paternal influence and authority over her, in his behalf; he vowed the direst revenge on the innocent maiden and her lover. His castle lay several miles further up, on the banks of the same river, deeply embosomed in a gloomy wood of huge oak, and elm trees. At the back lay a range of heathy hills, and in the front was the river, that here glided darkly among the trees which overshadowed it. The castle was known by the name of the Black Tower, not only on account of its gloomy appearance, but in allusion to the disposition of its owner, and the dark deeds which had been there transacted. Hither Ulric retired, and secluded himself from all intercourse with mankind, while he ruminated upon his disappointment, and planned his schemes of revenge.

In the mean time at * * * Castle, preparations for the intended solemnization of the marriage, were going on rapidly. Guests were invited;—the domestics were provided with new liveries;—and the great Hall was decorated with all the pomp and splendour suited to the occasion.

December was now arrived, in the middle of which, the ceremony was to take place; and, hitherto all

had proceeded smoothly, except with the gloomy Ulric.

The Baron contemplated the coming event with entire satisfaction. He considered that by it, his daughter would be united to a man who would make her happy through life, and serve in the place of himself for a protector; a situation, which, in the course of nature, he must very soon resign. The gallant Sir Oscar was all impatience for the day, on which he could call the lovely maid his own; and she had nothing to interrupt the peaceful serenity of her mind, save that interesting flutter of thought, which she felt, when pondering upon the important, yet desirable change, about to take place in her condition. A very short time however, before the expected day, as she was returning from a solitary walk along the shore, she was met by Sir Oscar, who, perceiving her to look pale and alarmed, anxiously enquired the cause. She endeavoured for some time to evade giving him the true answer, attributing her paleness to the coldness of the sea breeze, and her alarm to a fear of not reaching home before the fall of night. On being further questioned, however, she informed him the old grey-haired harper, who had arrived at the Castle about a week before, had been the cause of her alarm. She had wandered out in the afternoon, to a considerable distance along the beach, so far as round the headland, where the cliffs commence; when she was suddenly startled, by hearing a soft strain of music proceeding from the rocks at some distance. Mingling with the voice of the waves, and the hoarse raving of the breeze, it fell, sweetly wild and irregular, at intervals upon her ear, and almost overpowered her, with the emotion it caused in her feelings. His eyes were intently fixed upon the vast assemblage of waters before him, yet they did not seem to occupy his thoughts. There was a kind of absence in his countenance, that indicated he was musing upon distant scenes, or events long gone by, and, heedless of the chilly north wind, that blew his grey locks upon his fading cheeks, he tuned his harp to the most pathetic and mournful strains. She approached him unperceived, and heard him sing the following words, which he accompanied with the harp.

Oh! feeble now is grown the hand,
That once could wield a mighty brand,
That hand but wakes the harp-string's now;
My hair, once of the raven's hue,
Now white, the sea-breeze whistles through;
And wrinkled is my brow.
My cheek, and eye, their fire have lost,
And now my faultering tongue
That erst led on the warrior host,
Alas! no other words can boast,
Than lone complaint, or song.
O memory! why dost thou recall,
My early days, my native hall,
My battled mansion fair, that stood,
Commanding hill, and dale, and wood,
And rivulet and plain:
And from its lofty mountain height,
The region of the eagle's flight,
Proud glancing o'er the main.
Far from that noble princely dome,
Fate will'd that I should go,
In age another land to roam,
With footsteps weak and slow:
And O! whate'er shall to me come,
But poverty and woe.
But, peace to these, and let again
My harp renew another strain.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

We extract the following characteristic scene from a work just published, entitled *Sir Andrew Wyllie, of that ilk*. It describes the progress of a shrewd Scotchman, from humble life to political distinction. The writer of the book was evidently acquainted with the peculiar habits of his late Majesty; and if his well-known condescension and familiarity be somewhat exaggerated, we may forgive this attempt to produce an effect, when we see the author's anxiety to render justice to the goodness of heart, the benevolence, and the patriotism of that exemplary Monarch.

'By sunrise on the Sunday morning Wyllie was brushing the early dew in the Little Park, to taste the freshness of the morning gale, or as he himself better expressed it, to take a snuff of caller air on the brow of the hill. But healthful exercise was not his only reason for being so soon abroad: it occurred to him in the watches of the night, that as his Majesty was an early riser, the household too would of course be stirring with the cock; and that some of them might be more readily met with at that time than later in the morning. Accordingly he kept a sharp look out on all sides as he strolled through the Park, but he saw only a solitary laundress with a basket of linen on her head, going to the town, and three or four lumpy country boys that came whistling along the foot-path from Datchet, in their old shoes, with white cotton stockings, and the knees of their new velvet breeches shown in front beneath clean smock frocks; the tails of which, behind, were tucked up to show their Sunday coats.

Somewhat disappointed, but thinking he was still too early for the inmates of a palace, he prolonged his walk towards the meadows; and in stepping over a stile, he saw, close before him, a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory headed cane, circled with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that he was either an old officer, or one of the Poor Knights of Windsor; for he had added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the noble Order of the Garter. 'This,' said the embryo courtier to himself, 'is just the very thing that I have been seeking. I'll make up to this decent earl; for nae doubt he's well acquaint with a' about the King,' and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned around and seeing a stranger, stopped; and looking at him for two or three seconds said to himself, loud enough, however, to be heard, 'Strange man—don't know him—don't know him;' and then he paused till our hero had come up.

'Gude-day, sir,' said Wyllie as he approached; 'ye're early a-fit on the Sabbath morning; but I'm thinking his Majesty, honest man, sets you a' here an example of sobriety and early rising.'

'Scotchman, eh!' said the old gentleman; 'fine morning, fine morning, sir—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the King, eh?' and loudly he made the echoes ring with his laughter.

The senator was a little at a loss which question to answer first; but delighted with the hearty freedom of that salutation, jocularly said, 'It's no easy to answer so many questions all at once; but if ye'll no object to the method, I would say that we guess right, sir, and that I come from the shire of Ayr.'

'Ah, shire of Ayr!—a fine county that—good farm-

ing there—no smuggling now among you, eh? No excisemen-shooting Lords now?—Bad game, bad game. Poor Lord Exlington had a true taste for agriculture; the county, I have heard, owes him much—Still improving?—Nothing like it—The war needs men—Corn is our dragon's teeth—Potatoes do as well in Ireland, eh?'

'The humour of this sally tickled our hero as well as the author of it, and they both laughed them selves into greater intimacy.

'Well; but, sir,' said Andrew, 'as I'm only a stranger here, I would like to ask you a question or two about the King, just as to what sort of a man he really is; for we can place no sort of dependence on newspapers or history books, in matters anent rulers and men of government.'

'What! like Sir Robert Walpole—not believe history?—Scotchmen very cautious.' But the old gentleman added, in a graver accent, 'The King is not so good as some say to him he is: nor is he so bad as others say of him. But I know that he has conscientiously endeavoured to do his duty, and the best man can do no more, be their trusts high or low.'

'That, I believe, we a' in general think; even the blacknebs never dispute his honesty, though they undervalue his talents. But what I wish to know and understand, is no wi' regard to his kingly faculties, but as to his familiar ways and behaviour—the things in which he is like the generality of the world.'

'Ha!' said the stranger, briskly relapsing into his wonted freedom, 'very particular, very particular indeed. What reason, friend, have you to be so particular?—Must have some?—People never so without reason.'

'Surely, Sir, it's a very natural curiosity for a subject to inquire what sort of a man the Sovereign is, whom he has sworn to honour and obey, and to bear true allegiance with hand and heart.'

'True, true, true,' exclaimed the old gentleman—'Just remark—Come on business to England?—What business?'

'My chief business, in truth, sir, at present here, is to see and learn something about the King. I have no other turn in hand at this time.'

'Turn, turn,' cried the stranger perplexed—'What turn?—Would place the King on your lathe, eh?'

'Our hero did not well know what to make of his quick and versatile companion; and while the old gentleman was laughing at the jocular turn which he had himself given to the Scotchism, he said, 'I'm thinking, friend, ye're commanded no to speak with strangers anent his Majesty's conduct, for ye blink the question, as they say in Parliament.'

'Parliament!—Been there?—How do you like it?—Much cry, and little wool among them, eh?'

'Ye say Gude's truth, sir; and I wish they would make their speeches as short and pithy as the King's. I'm told his Majesty has a very gracious and pleasant delivery,' replied our hero, pawkily; and the stranger, not heeding his drift, said, with simplicity,—

'It was so thought when he was young; but he is now an old man, and not what I have known him.'

'I suppose,' replied our hero, 'that you have been long in his service?'

'Yes, I am one of his oldest servants—Ever since I could help myself,' was the answer, with a sly smile, 'I may say I have been his servant.'

'And I dinna doubt,' replied the senator, 'that you have had an easy post.'

'I have certainly obeyed his will,' cried the stranger, in a lively laughing tone; but changing into a graver, he added, 'But what may be my reward, at least in this world, it is for you and others to judge.'

'I'm mista'en, then, if it shouldna be liberal,' replied Andrew; 'for ye seem a man of discretion; and doubtless, merit the post ye have so long possessed. May be some day in Parliament I may call this conversation to mind, for your behoof. The King canna gang far wrang sae lang as he keeps counsel with such dounce and prudent-like men, even though ye hae a bit flight of the fancy. What's your name?'

The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheer-

fulness, and he said, 'So you are in Parliament, eh? I have a seat there too—Don't often go, however—Perhaps may see you there—Good bye—good bye.'

'Ye'll excuse my freedom, sir,' said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new acquaintance separated from him; 'but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together.'

'Can't, can't,' replied the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, 'Obliged to breakfast with the King—he won't without me; and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses.'

'There was not much in this conversation that satisfied our hero; who perceived that it was no easy matter to gain the sort of knowledge which he had come on purpose to procure; and in the irksome humour which this reflection produced, he consumed the morning, loitering in the Park and about the Castle, till his usual breakfast hour, when he returned to the inn.'

'During breakfast in the coffee-room, Andrew learned from some of the other strangers, who were similarly employed, that the best opportunity of seeing the Royal Family was when they went and came from church; for it was not always certain that they would walk on the Terrace in the evening.'

'But,' said he, 'how am I to know the King? for I disann suppose that his arms are like two wild beasts, the lion and the unicorn. However, I'll avail myself of your counselling, and tak my stance as ye advise, at the Royal entrance to St. George's Chapel.'

'Accordingly, at the proper time he was at the place; but the moment that the carriage with their Majesties drew up, he saw the old gentleman whom he had met in the Park alone with the Queen. His heart sank within him at the sight, and he fled abashed and confounded; for he discovered that it was the King himself, and he shrunk with alarm at the liberties he had taken.'

'The terrors of this idea, however, abated as he returned to London; and when he recalled to recollection all that had passed, he was satisfied his Majesty was not likely to be displeased with him. By the time he reached home, he could, indeed, scarcely refrain from smiling at the adventure, when he thought how completely he had succeeded in the object of his excursion, at the very time when he was despairing of any success.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*Antoninus* desires to know the meaning of "V. D. M." annexed to a person's name. These letters are the initials of *Verbi Dei Minister*, Minister of the Word of God. They were formerly in general use as part of the official signature of dissenting ministers, but an abbreviation of the word Minister is now for the most part substituted in their stead. They are an unnecessary addition to a name when the designation "Reverend" is prefixed; and "The Rev. _____, V. D. M." is as tautological an expression as "Mr. Jeremy Jonas, M. A."

Antoninus' query suggested the following remarks on the application of the word CLERK.

We often find that words change their signification in a course of years, and come to be used in a sense very remote from that which their etymology indicates. The word *Clerk* may serve for an illustration. It is derived from a Greek work, which signifies *heritage*, and was originally used to designate a clergyman, and from hence, any learned man, because the clergy were supposed to be the peculiar heritage or property of God. In this sense, however, it is now nearly obsolete, except when annexed to the official signature of a minister of the established church. In its common acceptance it is applied to the person who reads the responses of the congregation in church,

and to any secretary or book-keeper, who is employed to write or to keep accounts for another. In these latter acceptations it ought never to be used in addition to a signature, as in that connexion it is the appropriate designation of a clergyman. Through inattention to this distinction, blunders have sometimes been made which were calculated to mislead. An example of this occurred within my own observation a few years ago. An address to his Majesty was handed me for my signature. On glancing over a few of the names which had already been signed, I was surprised to find, as I supposed, such a number of the clergy, and began to wonder how so many could be found in the district from whence the address proceeded. But on farther examination, my supposed clergymen proved to be clerks or book-keepers in a neighbouring manufactory.

V. D. M.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is certainly somewhat singular, that, in the first town in the British Empire, no literary miscellany of a similar description to the *Iris*, has been established, whilst Liverpool, and many other towns of less importance, have long enjoyed their weekly feasts of native literature. To what can this be attributed? Surely not to a deficiency of talent or ability for the undertaking, or to a want of encouragement in my fellow-townsmen. That it does not arise from any contempt of literary pursuits, or apathy in the attainment of knowledge, is, I think, sufficiently evident, from the eagerness for reading displayed by them; from the numerous libraries they support; and from the productions of their literary and philosophical society. I have, however, heard it asserted, that our minds are so absorbed in the arithmetical rule of profit and loss, as to incapacitate them for the production of any composition more refined than a bill of parcel, or more elaborate than a mercantile correspondence; but this is a charge which can scarcely stand in need of refutation, or deserves a moment's serious consideration. Opportunity alone is necessary, to convince the world, that, in talent or genius, they do not fall short of any of their countrymen; that opportunity you have afforded them by your present publication; and, I trust, it is one which they will eagerly embrace.

Approving of your attempt, I cannot but wish it every success; and though a complete novice myself, in the art of composition, yet, I feel confident, that there are talents lying hid amongst us, which need only to be elicited in order to be duly appreciated: there are who can wield the pen in the field of literature, as in the ponderous leaves of a ledger, or the verbose drafts of a lawyer. It becomes such gentlemen to render your paper every assistance, in the pleasing object of affording instruction and amusement to others; and not, like the unprofitable servant, let their talent lie concealed and useless: for the due application of every talent with which he is entrusted, man is an accountable agent, and to what better use can human attainments, in science or knowledge, be applied, than to the improvement or innocent entertainment, of our fellow-creatures. Though of myself, incapable of adding either to the one or the other, yet I have stepped forward to appeal to the candour and liberality of my townsmen; and to call upon those who are competent, to afford you their assistance in the arduous task you have undertaken. Your's I consider as a public cause, in which we are all interested, and as, therefore, being entitled to our warmest support and encouragement. By your paper, will, in general, be estimated the extent of our attainments, and the force of our genius. Mine is a public appeal for the credit and reputation of the town, to rescue it from reflections which I conceive have been unjustly cast upon it, as being devoid of talent or literary merit, and not made from any private motive. Let us convince the insidious slanderers, that there is neither want of genius, nor spirit, to display it. Do not, therefore, by our silence let us give ground to the imputations, when means are offered us of refuting them. It is only necessary for you to step forward,

to shew the world that the charge is unfounded, and teach your calumniators to respect and acknowledge your talents. Surely then, my fellow-townsmen, will not delay doing so; but make your miscellany the vehicle of manifesting their claim to literary reputation.

To one part of my fellow-townsmen, I wish particularly to appeal, on the present occasion. I mean to the junior literary society, as being a society instituted for the promotion and encouragement of literary pursuits; upon them every work which has for its objects the improvement of the fine arts, in their town, or the amusements of its inhabitants, by scientific and literary recreations, has in my opinion a strong claim for support. A claim, I trust, which they will not neglect, but evince their acknowledgment of it, by producing many original criticisms, essays, and remarks, for the benefit of your paper. Though not a member of that society, yet am I sufficiently acquainted with some of them, to feel convinced that the inclination alone must be wanting, if the *Iris* is not considerably benefited by them. Whether they may be displeased, by being thus introduced to public notice, I know not: if they are, the only apology I can make is, that, being confident of their ability, I thought myself justified in calling on them to support the cause of native genius, as well by their public as private productions. At the reading of some of these, before their society, I have been present, as a stranger, and felt myself not only considerably pleased, but instructed by their contents, and then thought, that their publication, in some periodical work, would have a good tendency; more especially so, as I understand they restrict themselves from entering into religious or political controversy. Should they be induced in consequence of my hints, to offer any of their productions to your attention, I doubt not that you will find them well worthy of your patronage, and I shall conceive myself to have done some good by exciting their notice.

MANCUNIENSIS.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Feb. 18th.—King Henry IV: Falstaff, Mr. Dowton; with the Warlock of the Glen.

Tuesday, 19th.—Speed the Plough; with The Jew and the Doctor: Farmer Ashfield and Alednego, Mr. Dowton.

Thursday 21st.—The Jew; with Turn Out: Sheva and Restive, Mr. Dowton.

Friday, 22nd.—Road to Ruin; The Village Lawyer; and Barnaby Rattle: Old Dornton, Scout, and Brittle, Mr. Dowton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PATRIARCHAL CHRONOLOGY is deferred for want of room. The favour of R. B. G. is received, and shall appear in our next.

Zeno, on Poverty;—M—s, on Eloquence;—Lapla, on Volcanoes;—The Lines by J. R.;—The Ode, by F. W. H.;—Pythias, on Lent;—M. A. B.;—Kenilworth Castle;—T. V.;—A. W. G.;—and many others shall have our early attention.

A. ALLDRECH is requested to again glance over the papers of his deceased friend, and to favour us with something more interesting than RONALD.

We have this week received numerous Communications relative to Miss C. Fisher, which, as they would occupy too much of our Miscellany, we decline inserting.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1822.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. London, 1822.

Mr. Milman has attained a very elevated rank among the English Poets. He has undoubtedly a great genius, of which his works display most of the characteristic excellencies, not unmingled with some of its faults. The latter may generally be traced to an exuberance of imagination which dilates his sentiments, and vents itself in a prodigality of language. This sort of extravagance is more remarkable in his early productions; yet, even now, it is frequently to be observed, and exceedingly enervates the vigour of his poetry. The peculiarity becomes more conspicuous from the circumstance that several of our eminent and popular writers have a habit of condensing and compressing their ideas, in such a manner, as often by a single stroke to produce a wonderful association of images, and call up a vast train of emotions in the mind. The artificiality of this way is very apparent, and its pleasing effects on the reader, are, by no means, unworthy of consideration. The sentiments thus generated do not seem the natural suggestions of the poet, but, having an obvious origin in the reader's mind, he is led to regard them somewhat in the light of his own reflections and commentaries on the text. A two-fold gratification is thus operated within him—one which arises from the author who has awakened these emotions, another which has its spring in himself, as being the source of the pleasures they have excited. Mr. Milman either despises or is ignorant of the advantage of thus leaving some circumstances for the imagination of his readers to supply—and he does not administer to their vanity by allowing them to think that they have improved the conceptions of the poet. He rather delights in shewing how far his own excursive fancy can transport him, and he is sometimes borne upon its wing into regions inexplorable by less aspiring spirits.

Mr. Milman has another fault, attributable to the same excess of imagination: His characters have generally not sufficient identity, or rather the sentiments have not the marked applicability which is especially necessary in dramatic poetry. There are commonly some poetick illustrations which do not altogether assimilate to our ideas of the characters which they employ them. This is no trivial blemish; it will always sensibly diminish the excellence of the poem, though it may add strikingly to the beauty of the poetry. Notwithstanding these and some other, slighter, imperfections, Mr. Milman is an admirable poet; he has all the qualities which are requisite to form one. Every thing which he has written attests him to be so; the *Apollon Bivideres*, *Judicium Regale*, *Pasio*, *Samor*, the *Fall of Jerusalem*, and the work which we have now before us are, all, splendid evidences of genius and powers of no common order. For lofty and impassioned eloquence, animated and

glowing description, simple and affecting tenderness, we may place him with the first poets of the day. While he may claim the praise, which many of them cannot pretend to, of being eminently moral and religious.

The story of the Martyr of Antioch is barren, and there are few writers who could have invested it with interest, sufficient for a poem of a hundred lines. A Priestess of Apollo, converted to Christianity, is condemned by her Pagan lover, the Roman Prefect, to suffer death for her crime. Mr. Milman has interwoven some adventitious circumstances with considerable judgement, but the whole does only constitute a scanty and an imperfect subject.

The scene is at Antioch in the reign of the Emperor Probus. The poem opens, after a hecatomb in honour of Apollo, with a hymn to the same Deity. The solemn rites are duly paid save that Margarita Priestess, and daughter of the High Priest Callias, is not present. A messenger is sent into the temple to summon her; but she is not there, and the sacred vestments are found dishonourably scattered on the pavement. Her father suspects the Prefect Olybius of being privy to her absence, knowing that she is beloved by him. At this crisis an Ambassador arrives from Rome, bearing the Emperor's mandate for the extermination of the Christians, and shortly after Margarita herself appears, and hears the sentence of denunciation against the followers of Christ.

MANY VOICES.

Lo, the Priestess! Lo, the Priestess!

SECOND PRIEST.

She hath fall'n down upon her knees: her hair
Is scatter'd like a cloud of gold; her hands
Are clasped across her swelling breast; her eyes
Do hold a sad communion with the heavens,
And her lips move, yet make no sound.

THIRD PRIEST.

Haste—haste—

The laurel crown—the laurel of the God—
She's wrapt—possess'd!

MARGARITA.

The crown—the crown of glory—
God give me grace upon my bleeding brows
To wear it.

There is something highly poetical in a description of the Priestess' Lyre, given at the time they are waiting for her coming from the Temple.

The maid!

Whose living lyre so eloquently speaks,
From the deserted grove the silent birds
Hang hovering o'er her; and we human hearers
Stand breathless as the marbles on the walls,
That even themselves seem touched to listening life,
All animate with the inspiring ecstacy.

The next scene introduces Margarita passing through the Grove of Daphne where she is overtaken by Olybius. She is anxious for him to quit her, being bent, to the Assembly of Christians, to warn them of the approaching persecution. Olybius speaks of his love,

My pearl! my pride! thou knowest my soul is thine—

Thine only! on the Parthians' fiery sands
I look'd upon the blazing noontide sun,
And thought how lovely thou before his shrine
Wast standing with thy laurel-crowned locks.
And when my high triumphal chariot toiled
Through Antioch's crowded streets, when every hand

Rais'd garlands, every voice dwelt on my name,
My discontented spirit panted still
For thy long silent lyre.

MARGARITA.

Oh! let me onward,
Nor hold me thus, nor speak thus fondly to me.

OLYBIUS.

Thou strivest still to leave me; go then, go,
My soul disdains to force what it would win
With the soft violence of favoured love.
But ah, to day—to day—what meant thine absence
From the proud worship of thy God? what mean
Thy wild and mournful looks, thy bursting eyes
So full of tears, that weep not?—Margarita,
Thou wilt not speak—farewell, then, and forgive
That I have dared mistrust thee:—no, even now,
Even thus I'll not believe but thou art pure,
As the first dew, that Dian's early foot
Treads in her deepest, holiest shade.—Farewell!

She arrives at the burial place of the Christians where they have just terminated the obsequies of a brother by a funeral anthem of exquisite pathos. She communicates her sad tidings.

FABIUS (Bishop of Antioch).

Is it so, my child?
Makes the fierce heathen bloody preparation
For slaughter—then thou too for death. His zeal
Doth furbish up his armoury of murder;
We, ours of patience. We must gird around us
Heaven's panoply of faith and constancy,
And so go forth to war.

Charinus and Calanthias express their triumph, at the awful testimony of their hopes which is awaiting them, with some degree of presumption Fabius checks them.

Cease, Calanthias, cease,
And thou Charinus. Oh, my brethren, God
Will summon those whom he hath chosen, to sit
In garments dyed with their own blood around
The Lamb in heaven; but it becomes not man
To affect with haughty and aspiring violence
The loftiest thrones, ambitious for his own,
And not his master's glory. Every star
Is not a sun, nor every christian soul
Wrapt to a seraph. But for thee, Calanthias,
Thou know'st not whether even this night shall burst
The impatient vengeance of the Lord, or rest
Myriads of human years. For what are they,
What are our ages, but a few brief waves

From the vast ocean of eternity,
That break upon the shore of this our world,
And so ebb back into the immense profound,
Which He on high, even at one instant, sweeps
With his omniscient sight.

Night passes and day-break finds Margarita at the front of the temple of Apollo. A soliloquy to her lyre is full of beauty. She is joined by her father, Callias; who tells her that he has commanded the virgins to assemble to sing the triumph of the deity round the pile whereon the frantic Galileans writhe and expire, and that she is appointed to the same service. After some filial and affectionate hesitations at the pain she is about to inflict she confesses her conversion to Christianity.

CALLIAS.

How? what? mine ears
Ring with a wild confusion of strange sounds
That have no meaning. Thou'rt not wont to mock
Thine aged father, but I think that now
Thou dost, my child.

MARGARITA.

By Jesus Christ—by Him
In whom my soul hath hope of immortality,
Father! I mock not.

CALLIAS.

Lightnings blast—not thee,
But those that by their subtle incantations
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul!

Look there!

Dost not behold him,
Thy God! thy father's God! the God of Antioch!
And feel'st thou not the cold and silent awe,
That emanates from his immortal presence
O'er all the breathless temple? Dars't thou see
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns
On his arch'd brow? Lo, how the indignation
Swells in each strong dilated limb! his stature
Grows loftier; and the roof the quaking pavement,
The shadowy pillars, all the temple feels
The offended God!—I dare not look again,
Dars't thou?

MARGARITA.

I see a silent shape of stone,
In which the majesty of human passion
Is to the life expressed. A noble image,
But wrought by mortal hands upon a model
As mortal as themselves.

CALLIAS.

Ha! look again, then,
There in the east. Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path,
From night's dun vapours and fast scattering mists.
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animate things lift up
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude
Of peerless glory unapproachable.
What means thy proud undazzled look, to adore
Or mock, ungracious?

MARGARITA.

On yon burning orb
I gaze and say,—Thou mightiest work of Him
That leane'd thee forth, a golden crowned Bride-
groom,
To hang thy everlasting nuptial lamp
In the exulting Heavens. In thee the light,
Creation's eldest born, was tabernacled.
To thee was given to quicken slumbering nature,
And lead the seasons' slow vicissitude
Over the fertile breast of mother earth;
Till men began to stoop their graveling prayers
From the Almighty Sire of all to thee.
And I will add;

This part concludes with a hymn, by Margarita, to the Saviour, from which we can only afford three stanzas.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs thou healedest brought thee no relief,
The eyes thou openest only view'd thy fate:
Then that wert wont to dwell
In peace, tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of thy celestial state.

They bound thy temples with the twisted thorn,
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood, from all thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;
Whose native vesture bright
Was unapproach'd light,
The sandal of whose foot the rapid hurricane.

Low bow'd thy head convulsed, and droop'd in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, whose veils blaze,
Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

We are unable to do justice to this work in the space which the diversity of our design will allow us in a single number; we must therefore defer the remainder of our review until next Saturday: and we trust, from the specimens we have given, our readers will have no objection to meet Mr. Milman again.

X.

FOR THE IRIS.

AN ESSAY ON THE FUNDAMENTAL OR PRIMARY CAUSES OF THE DIVERSITY OF STYLE.

STYLE was divided by the ancients into three great classes,—the sublime, the simple, and the intermediate. The small number of these classes necessarily occasion'd a very great diversity among the authors who composed each class. Such a classification, therefore, tended rather to increase than to lessen the difficulty of assigning to each author his exact share of literary merit. In modern times, however, this subject has been treated on principles more philosophical. It is found that every author has a style peculiar to himself, and, of styles which are so very different, every classification must be incomplete. An author, therefore, is not now estimated by the place which he holds in any one class;—he is taken by himself, and his own excellencies, and his own defects are pointed out.

But, although it is impossible to give any specific rules for that construction of sentences which is adapted to any one subject, it does not, therefore, follow, that style is unworthy of philosophical enquiry. The great cause of the difference in the style of authors, is, the difference of their minds; and the philosophy of the human mind is universally allowed to be an interesting subject. Its principles may be most usefully applied to the investigation of the fundamental or primary causes of the diversity of style.

The causes which I am now to assign, may be called fundamental or primary, because they have always possessed much influence, and because to them the influence of every other cause may be traced.

I. The first which I would assign is difference of age.

The passions of a young writer being strong, he will enter with keenness into his subject. The interest which he feels in what he asserts will appear conspicuous. Not content with general terms, he

will descend to particular circumstances, and explain them minutely. But, not only does he think it necessary to state the truth; it must be stated in an interesting manner. The truth must not only be brought forward to view, but presented in the most attractive dress. Hence, all the figures of speech which he is able to command, are likely to be brought forward. More than one of them will sometimes be used, in order to recommend a single truth. But, besides stating every circumstance, and, in the most pleasing form of which he is capable, he will sometimes repeat a circumstance in another situation, which he may think likely to give it some additional importance, or to recommend other circumstances with which it is connected.

As he advances in life this tendency to diffuseness will be restrained. Having attained more vigour of mind, he will be more able to examine his subject, and ascertain the dependence of its different parts upon one another. His passions, being now more in his own power, will be less violent. Guided by reason, they will be better proportioned to the importance of the subject, and will appear to be much more the effect of sober conviction. His style will, therefore, be less ornamented and more regular. Instead of leaving us to conclude from the boldness of his assertions, and the warmth with which they are uttered, that his conviction is sincere, he will be anxious rather to shew that it is well founded. Plainness of statement will, therefore, be accounted by him of far greater importance, than the ornaments of language. He will rise gradually from these circumstances which he considers coolly, to those in which he is most interested, and in which he is most anxious to interest his readers. The importance of the subject will regulate the strength of his feelings, and in proportion to his feelings will be the warmth of his language. As he advances to old age, we find a corresponding difference in his style. The passions which are strongest in youth, are most feeble in old age. The aged author views his subject coolly, and expresses his thoughts with plainness. Mere ornament affects him little, and he makes little use of it to affect others. What pleases him most is solidity of thought. That simplicity of expression which is calculated to please the ear only, meets not his approbation. On the contrary, he uses no more words than he finds absolutely necessary to express his meaning. His sentiments are often so much crowded, that the small number of his words is scarcely sufficient to express them. But besides his plain and concise manner of expressing his thoughts, he is distinguished by his manner of thinking. He is not able to support that patience of examination and closeness of argument, of which he was capable in his younger years. He cannot so deeply analyze his subject, nor so accurately determine what connexion it has with others that are analogous.

While strength of feeling, then, and fondness of ornament characterize the young writer; and while the middle-aged is distinguished by his moderate use of ornament, by his command over his feelings, and by the vigour of his mind; we may know an aged author from a decay of sensibility and of mental vigour.

Such are the effects which difference of age produces in the style of authors. These effects are not universal, but the exceptions are few. In speaking, indeed, of the primary causes of the diversity of style, it must not be understood that one of these operates on one person, and one on another. All have some influence on every author, and the influence of each is so far counteracted by that of every other.

II. I proceed, therefore, to mention as a second cause of the diversity of style, the difference of original constitution.

It has been mentioned above, that a chief cause of the diversity of style lies in the minds of the authors. No two minds are constituted perfectly alike, therefore no two minds can perfectly resemble each other in their productions.

In all the powers of the mind men differ much. The mind of one man is penetrating while that of another is slow of discernment. The penetrating

mind is fitted for abstruse subjects, and when directed to those which are common searches them to the bottom. He that possesses such a mind is able to contemplate his subject as a whole, to examine it minutely, and estimate the intrinsic and relative value of each part. From a truth which is simple and easy, he can draw others which are very complex and very remote. The author's penetration must shew itself in the work. Having a correct idea of the whole subject, and understanding perfectly its different parts, he will express himself with clearness. Every idea will be expressed in definite language, and the connexion of the whole will be apparent.

On the other hand, he that is slow in discernment is fitted for those subjects only, which are more ordinary, and even these he is not able fully to comprehend. Being under the necessity of examining the different parts in succession, his idea of the whole is vague. It appears to him, indeed, not as a whole, but as consisting of so many different parts, between which there subsists no very strong connexion. The language of such an author will be like his ideas, indefinite and obscure.

But, even in the writings of those whose powers are extraordinary, obscurity is sometimes to be found. This obscurity occurs chiefly in their abstract reasonings, and is owing, not to a want of precision in their language, but; to the rapidity of their transitions. Many ideas pass through their minds, but it costs them so little trouble to see their connexion, that a great number escape their memory, and those only which are most striking are to be found in their writings. It is for the want of these intermediate ideas, which passed through the author's mind, that the connexion between the premises and the conclusion does not appear sufficiently obvious.

Others differ likewise in imagination.

The use of imagination is not confined to the composition of the *epos*, nor even to poetry. For every species of writing, inventive powers are required. He that is deficient in those powers is so far restrained from bringing to his illustration those ideas which do not bear directly on the point, but which have a very powerful effect in keeping up the attention of the reader. Imagination goes out in quest of the most pleasing objects in nature, and, bringing them to her assistance, renders those subjects attractive, which would otherwise be very unpleasing. When the ideas more closely connected with the subject, and those brought for its illustration, are placed together, and shown to be analogous, the reader fancies that they have some connexion. He finds himself in a pleasant country, and continues his journey with pleasure.

Without imagination, the utmost correctness and precision will often be of no avail. They may force our conviction that the sentiments are just, but they will not engage our interest. A plain discussion of a subject, in itself uninteresting, will inevitably become wearisome.

On the other hand, the most uninteresting subject will gain readers, when it is rendered attractive by pleasing allusions. By enriching the sentiment, the author must enrich his style; for ideas when they get new forms must likewise get new names, and their combinations must also be affected by the analogous ideas which imagination brings.

Again, others differ in sensibility.

We have already found, that the sensibility of every man differs with his age; but men even of the same age differ much in sensibility. This difference will produce effects in the style, somewhat similar to those which we find produced by difference of age.

One man is so constituted that he is able to consider coolly every subject which comes before him. Though it exercises his judgement, it has no effect upon his feelings. That coolness is communicated to his work. He addresses himself not to the feelings, but to the judgement of the reader. Without any attention to ornament, he studies only to make himself understood. If his style therefore rises to plainness it goes no farther.

Another man differently constituted enters with keenness into every subject. Not only his judgement,

but his feelings are engaged. He speaks and writes from the heart. Not content with being plain, he pours out his sentiments with rapidity and warmth. The choice and the management of his words is such as is calculated, not only to convey his sentiments, but, likewise, the impression which they have made on the heart from which they are uttered. He makes use of strong expressions, and those which affect himself most, occupy the most conspicuous place. Between these two extremes, however, as between those of every other quality of mind, the greater number of men are to be found. When we take into consideration the great differences of men in judgement, in imagination, in sensibility, and in every other mental endowment, we find a very important reason of the great difference in style, which is to be found among authors.

III. Another cause of this diversity, is the difference of cultivation which the minds of different authors have received.

Although the cultivation of any one faculty tends to the improvement of the mind in general, the other faculties are improved in a less degree. Every faculty requires a particular mode of cultivation. This mode however, cannot be determined by any precise rules. Great allowances must be made for the constitutional differences of men. But whatever be the peculiar constitution of any man, he will require great attention to the cultivation of his mind before he arrives at excellence. Even great minds are not fitted for accomplishing at once great designs. Their performances may be equalled, if not excelled, by those whose original powers were far inferior, but who had cultivated them with greater carefulness and assiduity. The execution of the performance, however, is affected not only by the general cultivation of the author's mind, but, likewise, by the attention which he has paid to his particular subject. No person, even in the highest state of mental cultivation, is fitted for discussing a subject which he has not studied.

The previous cultivation of the mind affects style, as it contributes to the arrangement of ideas. When the different ideas contained in a work do not occupy their own place, the style cannot be easy. If they are presented in that form which they would have required in their proper place they will appear incongruous; and, if to suit their situation another form is given them, the transitions must be clumsy. But when the subject has been studied by a cultivated mind, the different parts of the work are adjusted, the train of thought is determinate, and one idea follows another in natural order.

The cultivation of the mind tends also to assist in the choice of words. It is impossible for any man to study successfully, without fixing to the words which he employs, a precise meaning; and that meaning which he has affixed to them in his studies, they will bear in his discussions. Precision of language, however, marks not only that the author understands his subject. It is by a correct manner of using words that we discover a cultivated mind. The difference of constitution affects our ideas on every subject, and according to the peculiar ideas of the author will be the peculiar meaning which he attaches to words. An untutored mind is therefore likely to use words in a sense somewhat different from their ordinary one. It is from the man of a cultivated mind, who has studied carefully the ideas and language of others, that we may expect words used with correctness. It is in his writings that we are to look for a discrimination of the nice shades of meaning which different words are calculated to convey.

But copiousness, as well as accuracy of language may be expected from the cultivated mind. For ordinary conversation, very little variety of expression is required; and he who has studied language no more than is necessary to fit him for the ordinary business of life, can have very few words at command. The deeper any subject is, and the more carefully it is examined, the greater need will there be that those ideas, which are only similar, may be distinguished. The difference of ideas cannot be marked without a difference of words. He therefore, who has studied most deeply, and who has been most careful to make

the necessary distinction between ideas, is most likely to possess copiousness of expression.

It is evident, therefore, that the degree of ease, accuracy, and copiousness of language, possessed by any writer, must depend much on that state of mental cultivation to which he has attained.

IV. A fourth cause of the diversity of style is a difference in the genius of languages.

One tongue is scanty, another copious, another dry, and another figurative. This difference arises from the particular genius of the people. On this genius,—this cast of the mind, which distinguishes the inhabitants of one country from those of another, every one of the inhabitants must in some measure participate. The genius of the language, therefore, and the cause of it—the genius of the people, must operate on every author in determining his choice of words, his use of figures, and the cast of his sentences. On this, however, it is not necessary to insist long, since it is a difference not of individuals but of nations. It divides authors into classes, but a great difference among the individuals who compose each class is occasioned by other causes of the diversity of style, some of which have been already enumerated.

V. I proceed to mention as a fifth cause of this diversity, the difference of the subject treated. He that enters into the discussion of any one subject, ranks himself under a particular class of authors. His subject has already been discussed, and discussed in a certain way. From this way he cannot entirely depart, because from those who preceded him he cannot always differ in opinion. Nay, though his opinions be different, he is likely to treat, to illustrate, and to support them, much in the same way as they have done theirs. His style will therefore be somewhat affected by their manner.

Independently, however, of this, there are principles in which a difference of subject must produce a difference of style. This difference may proceed from the particular light in which the subject is viewed, and must proceed from the difference of the effect which the discussion of it is intended to produce. If the writer's object be conviction, he will study plainness of language, and closeness of argument. If his object is only to please, he will pay particular attention to the opinions and prejudices of those for whom he writes. If he means to astonish, he will scrupulously avoid that easy carelessness of manner, which is fitted for treating common subjects, and for relating common incidents. If again, he intends to move any of the passions, the circumstances by which they are in a greater or less degree affected will occupy his attention, and his style will be suited to the tone of his feelings.

These effects, produced on the style by the nature of the subject, will be proportioned to the attention which has been paid to the subject by the author. Whatever engages our attention much, naturally associates with the train of our ideas and gives the mind a particular turn. Long attention to any subject will accommodate an author's style to the tone which it requires, but will at the same time render it more unfit for subjects which require a tone somewhat different. He who has been engaged in treating important subjects, and who has preserved, in treating them, a dignified manner, cannot easily descend to the style of common life. On the other hand, when he whose attention has generally been directed to common and trivial subjects, attempts to be dignified, his dignity becomes him ill.

In addition to the causes which have been already enumerated, I might mention copying of models. This must affect the style: but if the natural style of the author does not appear from an incongruity between that which is his own, and that which is borrowed, it will at least appear from his imagination, his sensibility, or the vigour of his mind.

I shall conclude, therefore, by enumerating again, as the fundamental or primary causes of the diversity of style, the difference of age and of original constitution, and the state of the mental cultivation of the authors, the genius of the languages in which they write, and the peculiar nature of the subjects treated.

B.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES

TO THE REV. H. H. MILMAN;
Professor of Poetry.

Come to my aid celestial muse,
And bring with thee thy fragrant dews,
Thy laurel and thy crown!
The living poet's brow to grace,
And there in dazzling splendour place,
The garland of renown.

Bring me a chaplet wreath divine,
Of heavenly hue and sweet design,
Form'd in Arcadian bow'r,
The leaves and flowers must ne'er decay,
Nor time nor age can wear away,
Nor droop in wintry hour.

MILMAN! thy beauties are sublime!
And majesty's in every line,
Exalted and refined;

Full of bright charms and eloquence,
Soft pathos and pure excellence,
Strike the enraptur'd mind.

'Jerus'lem's fall,' angelic strain!
In ev'ry page how rich a vein,
Of her sad awful fate;
The Christian bears his cross with awe,
For vengeance is the Jewish law,
This corner-stone, their hate.

But heaven in characters of light,
Prophetic truth reveal'd to sight,
Jerus'lem is no more.
Conquer'd by the Christian war,
Glorious shone the eastern star,
Good-will from shore to shore.

Antioch's sons, a race debas'd,
Idolatry the land disgrac'd,
Their god a block of stone.
Dark was the age and dark the mind,
In superstitious fancy blind,
The Prince of Peace unknown.

But soon there shines a glorious day,
Illumin'd with a heavenly ray,
Of everlasting light:
The mists of ignorance now are fled,
And reason rises from her bed,
The day-spring after night.

With holy rapture, heavenly fire,
The muse exulting strikes the lyre,
And sweeps the trembling strings!
Hail! then, sweet bard, immortal fame,
Will ever deck with wreaths thy name,
Fragrant as blooming spring.

T. T. L.

Feb. 26th, 1822.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TEAR.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

There's not on this earth e'en a treasure so dear,
To a bosom yet hallow'd from sin,
As the thought that now hangs in that beautiful tear,
The source of the feelings within.

'Tis a pearl of the soul! sensibility's gift,
And friendship implanted it there;
All brilliant as glistens the orb it has left,
And the lid that o'erhangs it, as fair.

O Anna! all sacred and pure as that gem,
Be the thought that concentrates in thee,
As virtue shall hallow, to thee, and to them;
A hope in that bosom, for me.

M.

[ORIGINAL.]

MORNING.

Come, come, and we'll climb, with day's young
blushes,
Yon hills with purple heather crown'd,
And wet our feet 'mong the dew-dripping rushes,
That skirt their broad bases around.

For nature now from sleep is waking,
And night's dark mantle off is shaking,
And morn has cloth'd yon hills with dress,
Arrayed in all her loveliness.
Tho' night has her in tears been steeping,
She's crown'd with smiles amidst her weeping.

The clouds are ting'd with her orient dye,
And her star shines pale in the western sky,
As the first beams of coming day,
Soft o'er the silent waters play;
And now the blackbird's mellow song,
Is heard his native woods among.

Come ye whose hearts these things can move,
Come with me o'er yon mountains rove.

Come listen to the water rushing,
As from amidst the rocks 'tis gushing,
And hastes to leave its natal dale;
Come now, and court the vernal gale,
Which fraught with fragrance sweeps along,
And bears with it all nature's song.

Then rise, and join this universal lay,
And now with gladness hail the newborn day.

P. W. H.

LINES,

*On witnessing the separation of an African Negro and
his Wife, having been sold to different masters.*

I saw the two parted
That ne'er had been parted before—
They spoke not, but quite broken hearted,
Grasp'd the hand they would never grasp more;—
As the calm the dread torrent concealing,
Subdued was each token of feeling
Save a tear,—but they dash'd it away;
'Twas a moment of torturing sadness,
Too strong for the bosom to bear:
It burst,—and the loud cry of madness,
Was heard through the tremulous air.
As they rush'd from the arms of each other,
I met the poor African's eye:
The remembrance no time can e'er smother,
It reproach'd me that mine was so dry.

Rio, Demerara.

C. S.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Alas! how inconstant the pleasures
That fancy pours into the mind;
We grasp at the shadowy treasures,
And nought but deception we find.

Gay hope, like a gentle deceiver,
Bewitches the world with her smile;
By flattery lull'd we believe her,
Nor once think of sorrow or guile.

But ah! these fair scenes are soon ended,
Disorder'd and clouded by care;
Our joys with our troubles soon blended,
And nothing remains but despair.

Where, where, is felicity's dwelling?
Can I find the blest mansion below?
From my bosom with grief sadly swelling,
A voice gently whispers—ah no!

Misfortune our prospects oft blasting,
For bliss thou must look up to Heaven;
There joys will be found everlasting,
There rest to the faithful be given.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

A sweet and soothing influence breathes around
The dwellings of the dead. Here, on this spot,
Where countless generations sleep forgot;
Up from the marble tomb and grassy mound,
There cometh on my ear a peaceful sound,
That bids me be contented with my lot,
And suffer calmly. O, when passions hot,
When rage or envy doth my bosom wound;
Or wild desires—a fair deceiving train—
Wreath'd in their flowery fetters, me enslave;
Or keen misfortune's arrowy tempests roll
Full on my naked head,—O, then, again
May these still peaceful accents of the grave
Arise like slumbering music on my soul.

X. Y.

WOMAN.

O Woman, lovely Woman, magic flower,
What loves, what pleasures in thy graces meet!
Thou blushing blossom, dropt from Eden's bower;
Thou fair exotic, delicately sweet!—
Thy tender beauty Mercy wrung from heaven,
A drop of honey in a world of woe;
From Wisdom's pitying hand thy sweets were given,
That man a glimpse of happiness might know,
—If destitute of Woman, what were life?
Could wealth and wine thy loveliness bestow,
And give the bliss that centres in a wife,
That makes one loth to leave this heaven below?
Pains they might soothe, and cares subdue awhile,
But soon the soul would sigh for 'witching Woman's
smile.

CLARE.

EPIGRAM.

A certain Monarch amid falling snow,
Descried a Welchman bare from top to toe,—
'Man,' said his Majesty, 'inform me why,
You thus uncovered brave th' inclement sky—
'Sire,' said the Clown, 'if I may be so bold
Inform me likewise if your face be cold.'
'No,' said the King—says Taffy, 'ask no more,
The reason's obvious, for I'm face all o'er.'

JOHN.

VARIETIES.

CHARLES II.

The facetious and merry monarch, Charles II.
being with some of his court at the house of Riley
the painter, who was painting a portrait of his sove-
reign, as faithful as the life, and portraying his own
features with unflattering truth, exclaimed, on seeing
this blunt and veritable likeness, 'Is this like me?
Then, odds fish, I am an ugly fellow.'

DUCHESS DE BERRI.

During the casting of a bronze statue of Henry IV.
in Paris, in 1817, the foundry was crowded with
well dressed females to witness the operation. A
forward Frenchwoman, an entire stranger, without
introduction, forced her conversation on the Duchess
de Berri, and asked her with a silly curiosity, what
they would do if they should be short of brass?
Why, said her highness, let them apply to you, who
are not in the least deficient of that article.

There is a popular story, that about 500 years ago,
the city of Basil was threatened with an assault at sun-
rise. The artist, who had the care of the great clock
of the tower, having heard that the attack was to be-
gin when it should strike one after midnight, caused
it to be altered, and it struck two instead of one:
thinking they were an hour too late, the enemy gave
up the attempt; and, in commemoration of this deli-
verance, the clock ever since has been kept an hour
in advance.

LUSUS NATURÆ.

An extraordinary female twin birth lately took place at Soignies. Both were perfectly formed, but united together from the upper part of the neck to the umbilical region. The heads, shoulders, arms, hands, and lower limbs were in their natural positions, and it seemed as if nothing more was necessary than to cut the skin to separate the bodies and make two individuals. There was but one umbilical cord.—A still more wonderful *Lusus Naturæ*, on the 21st December, is vouched for by M. Denis, of Souilly, who states, that the imagination of a female under his care had been so wrought on by a deformed caricature, that she produced an infant without a head. The face was on the back of the sternum. This monster was still born.

ANECDOTES OF LORD ORFORD.

When Walpole quarrelled with Lord Sunderland, he went over to the opposition, and on the debate upon the capital clause in the mutiny bill, he made use of this strong expression; "Whoever gives the power of blood, gives blood." The question being carried in favour of the ministry by a small majority, Sir Robert said after the division, "Faith, I was afraid that we had got the question;" his good sense (observes Mr. Seward, from whom this anecdote is quoted) perfectly enabling him to see that armies could not be kept in order without strict discipline, and the power of life and death.

Walpole had always very exact intelligence of all that was passing at the court of the Pretender. When Alderman Barber visited the minister after his return from Rome, he asked him how his old friend, the Pretender, did. The alderman was much surprised; Sir R. then related some minute particulars of a conversation which had taken place between them. "Well then, Jack," said Sir Robert, "go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee."

Walpole was accustomed to say, when speaking of corruption, "We ministers are generally called, and are sometimes, tempters, but we are oftener tempted."

ARTHUR ONSLOW.

This celebrated Speaker of the House of Commons, for the purpose of relaxing himself from the multiplied cares of his office, was in the habit of passing his evenings at a respectable country public-house, which for nearly a century was known by the name of the Jew's-harp-house, situated about a quarter of a mile north of Portland-place. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney corner of the kitchen, where he took part in the vulgar jokes, and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family and customers. He continued this practice for a year or two, and much ingratiated himself with his host and family, who, not knowing his name, called him 'the gentleman,' but, from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord was walking along Parliament-street, when he met the speaker in state, going up with an address to the throne, and looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished and confounded at recognizing the features of the gentleman, his constant customer. He hurried home, and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and family, all of whom were disconcerted at the liberties, which at different times they had taken, with so important a person. In the evening Mr. Onslow came as usual, and prepared to take his old seat, but found every thing in a state of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord and his wife changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness. The children were not allowed to climb upon him, and pull his wig as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He, however, took no notice of the change, but finding that his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid the reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

A few weeks since some young ladies who had been taking a walk were accosted by a gipsy woman, who, for a small reward, very politely offered to show them their future husband's faces in a pool of water that stood near. Such an offer was too good to be refused, and, on paying the stipulated sum, the ladies hastened to the water—each in anxious expectation of getting a glance of the 'beloved;' but lo! instead of beholding the 'form, the face,' they so fondly anticipated, they were surprised to see only their own rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes glancing from below. 'Sure you are mistaken, woman,' exclaimed one of them, 'for we see nothing but our own faces in the water.' 'Very true, mem,' replied the sagacious fortune-teller, 'but these will be your husband's faces when you are married.'

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

The freedom and asperity of his various attacks on the character and prerogative of the late King, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious when the Restoration was accomplished. To save himself, therefore, from the fury of a Court which he had so highly incensed, and the vigilance of which from the emissaries employed, it was become so difficult to elude, he connived with his friends in effecting the following innocent imposture. The report of his death was so industriously circulated, that the credulity of the public swallowed the bait prepared for them. The coffin, the mourners, and other apparatus of his burial were exhibited at his house, with the same formality as if he had been really dead. A figure of him, as large, and as heavy as the life, was actually formed, laid out, and put in a lead coffin, and the whole funeral solemnity acted in all its parts. It is said when the truth was known, and he was found to be alive, notwithstanding the most incontestible evidence that he had been thus openly interred, the wits about the Court of King Charles II. made themselves exceedingly merry with the stratagem by which the Poet had preserved his life. The lively and good natured Monarch discovered, too himself, not a little satisfaction, on finding that, by this ingenious expedient, his reign had not been tarnished with the blood of a man already blind by application, infirmity and age, and who, under all his dreadful misfortunes, had written *Paradise Lost*.

Foreigners amaze themselves with describing England as the most gloomy of all nations, and November as the month when the English have no other enjoyment but that of hanging and drowning themselves. The real fact is, that, on a general computation, the English are less addicted to the crime of suicide than any other nation; and that as to the much-abused month of November, it is so far from being the first in the bad pre-eminence of self-murder, that it stands only seventh in the list. We refer to the following account of suicides, during the last ten years, in the city and liberty of Westminster, from 1811.

Years.	Jan.	Feb.	March	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1812	1	3	2	2	1	1	5	1	3	2	0	1
1813	2	1	3	2	1	3	2	2	2	2	0	3
1814	2	1	3	5	1	4	4	0	2	0	3	3
1815	5	4	1	2	2	3	7	0	0	2	1	0
1816	0	3	4	1	0	3	3	1	3	1	0	4
1817	1	1	1	0	1	2	5	1	0	2	5	2
1818	1	1	1	1	3	0	4	1	2	1	5	1
1819	4	3	3	1	0	5	1	4	2	1	2	1
1820	4	1	5	2	1	1	2	2	1	0	1	1
1821	1	2	2	0	4	3	0	3	0	1	0	1
Tot.	21	20	25	16	14	25	33	15	15	12	17	17

Of the above, 163, were males (including four of *felo-de-se*), and 62 were females.

SERPENTS.

The following singular circumstance is related in Campbell's travels, by a respectable person who was eye-witness to the fact:—The serpent was only about twelve inches long, and not thicker than a man's little finger. Having found a hen's egg, the little reptile gradually distended its mouth so as to swallow it whole. When the egg had reached the stomach, the serpent, by twisting himself round, broke the egg, threw up the shell, but retained its contents.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

The position of the nine digits required in No. 3.

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

The arrangement of 100 numbers required in our last.

10	92	93	7	5	96	4	98	99	1
11	19	18	84	85	86	87	13	12	90
71	29	28	77	76	75	24	23	22	80
70	62	63	37	36	35	34	68	69	31
41	52	53	44	46	45	47	58	59	60
51	42	43	54	56	55	57	48	49	50
40	32	33	67	65	66	64	38	39	61
30	79	78	27	26	25	74	73	72	21
81	89	88	14	15	16	17	83	82	20
100	9	8	94	95	6	97	3	2	91

Solution to the question in our last.

Let x = the side of the Pentagon in feet.
Then, $1.7204774 \times 10 \times x^2 = 400x$, by the question.

And $x = \frac{400}{17.204774} = 23.249$ feet, the side of the Pentagon required.

No. 1.

QUERY.—Are liquids and fluids synonymous terms—if not, what is the difference?

No. 2.

To produce the name of an ancient Town in Lancashire, take,—Three sevenths of a command,—Four fifths of a fashionable game,—and one half of a term for fear.—Required its name.

No. 3.

AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX AND QUESTION.

Addition of Numbers may be performed without addition, and subtraction made without subtraction. From the produce of 19 multiplied by 12, subtract 52, and add 19. QUERY,—the total, without the use of the above-mentioned rules, and a demonstration.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, Feb. 25th.—Conscience: with Miller and his Men.
Tuesday, 26th.—The Foundling of the Forest: with the Warlock of the Glen.
Wednesday, 27th.—Rob Roy: with Past Ten o'Clock.
Friday, March 1st.—Honest Quatre: with the Rendezvous.

LITERARY NOTIONS.

An edition of 500 copies of the British poets, in 100 volumes, royal 18mo., which has long been in preparation, is, we understand, on the eve of being published. It includes our most celebrated Poets, from Chaucer and Spenser down to Burns and Cowper, together with the standard Translations from the Classics. The lives of the authors are prefixed to their works; as far as they extend, those by Dr. Johnson are adopted; the remainder, fifty in number, are original compositions. The embellishments are proof impressions of nearly two hundred masterly engravings; and the whole of the typography executed by Whittingham.

The author of the *Beauties, Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature*, is engaged upon a new work, entitled '*The Tablets of Memnon*;' or, *Fragments, illustrative of the human character.*

Capt. Manby, author of the means of saving persons from shipwreck, is about to publish, with graphic illustrations, a *Journal of a Voyage to Greenland*, in 1821.

A new edition of Humboldt's *Account of the Kingdom of New Spain*, with additions and corrections, is announced.—*L. Gas.*

SEA STORIES;

Or the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Shonstone, Esq.

No. III.

Oh, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my heart! Poor souls! they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The freighting souls within her.

The Tempest.

Elia listened, with the deepest sympathy, to the soliloquy of the old man. When he ceased to speak, he changed the tone of his harp to a bold and warlike measure, but in a short time, he fell into another deep reverie, in which he continued for some time. At length he all at once aroused himself from the stupor into which he had fallen, his frame seemed animated with new life, his eye sparkled with fire, and he broke forth into the following strain.

Now shifted is the darkling cloud
That veils from man futurity;
Events unborn distinctly crowd
In visions on my dizzy eye:
And to the wave and rock aloud
I speak with tongue of prophecy.
For though so true, would stranger hear,
Unmixed with scorn, what says the Seer.

A joyous bridal train I see,
Move out from yonder towers;
And laughing mirth and gaiety
Have deck'd the band in flowers.

There is the bridegroom and the bride,
With many a lady fair;
And many a gallant steel-clad knight,
Attends upon the pair.

The pair are wed, and the feast is spread
Within that banner'd hall so wide;
The dance is led, and the wine blood-red
Is quaffed to the health of the bonny bride.

But the laughter loud is changed to shrieks,
The sounds of mirth are o'er;
And many a blade with slaughter reeks,
And the hall is stain'd with gore.

The wild wind raves along the waves,
That hear the bark of the bride;
And the moon riding high in the vaulted sky,
Sees it whelmed beneath the tide.
And for many a day, across the bay,
Shall the ghost of that lady glide.

Here the minstrel suddenly paused, and Elia, terrified with the prophecy respecting herself, which he had uttered, immediately turned towards home, when she was met by Sir Oscar, as before related. On hearing the cause of her fright, Sir Oscar used his utmost efforts to efface the disagreeable impressions left on her mind, by the old man. He succeeded partially, by his smiles, ridicule, and reasoning, but could not wholly remove her fearful forebodings. There was still a cloud of sadness on her brow, a feeling of apprehension in her breast, and both gathered strength as the important day nearer approached. Neither was Sir Oscar, though he endeavoured, as much as possible, to conceal them, free from the same disagreeable sensations.

Ulric in the mean time remained in the deepest seclusion. No one was permitted to intrude upon him without his special order. He held no familiar intercourse with any of his domestics, excepting one. This was a menial in one of the lowest offices of his establishment. With this man he had long and frequent conferences, but the results never transpired his lips, as he maintained a sullen reserve to all his fellow-servants. One day, after being a long time closeted with his master, he came down stairs in a great hurry, saddled a horse and galloped up the avenue, at full speed. None of the servants could conjecture the cause of his journey. The Baron, after he had been gone some time, came down into the hall, and by his frequent gazings out of the window, and hurried paces to and fro, appeared to be in the greatest impatience for his return. It began to grow dusk—he came not—and the patience of the Baron waned fast. He quickened his step, his brow contracted into a deeper frown, and he bitterly cursed his unnecessary delay. The night wind rushed through the forest in fearful murmurs, and the awful voice of the distant thunder was heard afar off. Still he came not.—Suddenly the clattering of hoofs was heard, and in a few moments the messenger entered the hall, leaving his jaded steed to the care of a fellow domestic. 'Ha!' said the Baron, 'have you not brought him?' 'No,' replied the fellow, 'he is out beyond the banks, and will not be in till the morning tide.'—'Eternal curses!'—'But I left my message with his wife, and'—'May withering plagues seize them,' interrupted the Baron.—'But hast thou been to'—'I have.'—'By heavens, 'tis Gundulph.'—At this moment another horse tramp was heard, and old Gundulph, the fisherman, entered the castle-yard, mounted on a lank bony hack.—'Why Gundulph,' said the Baron, 'I thought you were trawling beyond the banks, and would not be in till to-morrow's tide.' 'Yes, your Lordship, I left that word with my dame, but as I saw the scud was coming in, and that there would be a storm, and that I should not make a good trip of it, about noon I made sail for home, and my dame told me I was wanted here directly; so I borrowed Neighbour Cogswell's blind mare, and came as fast as I could.' 'Right, Gundulph; and now in what sort of trim is your boat?' 'Why, your Lordship, a little strained and damaged in her timbers, but stout enough—barring accidents—to weather many a voyage yet.' 'Will she carry twenty men?' 'Why your Lordship, we might manage.' 'Well, I have a party of friends, and to night we are going to have a sail by moonlight; so you must make all speed home, and bring your boat

up the river, and moor her under the trees beside the red rocks; and mind me Gundulph,' said the Baron, more sternly, 'your life depends upon your secrecy.' 'But to night! Sure your Lordship won't go to night.' 'Let my orders be obeyed, and instantly, or you may rue it: I am not used to be trifled with.'—'Well if your Lordship will venture, surely I may, and so I'll go with all speed.'

The other domestics of Ulric heard this dialogue in amazement. There were no guests at the Black Tower, they well knew; and they were quite at a loss to know was the meaning of a *moonlight sail*, on a rough stormy night, in the middle of December. In a short time however, guests began to arrive, some of which the park-ranger discovered to be notorious deer-stealers; and one of the visitors was recognized as the captain of a numerous band of robbers, that infested the neighbouring mountains, and for whose head large rewards had been frequently offered. They were all ferocious looking fellows, well armed, and received from the Baron a hearty welcome.

This had been the bridal day of Sir Oscar and Lady Elia. Their hearts had long been united in the closest union, but this day, the outward ceremony of joining hands, and plighting their vows before the altar, had been performed.

The marriage was celebrated with all pomp and splendour. It was graced by a numerous retinue of knights and ladies; who, after the ceremony, accompanied the pair to the castle, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared, to which they all sat down in high spirits.—The rosy wine flowed profusely. The goblet was often filled and emptied to the health and happiness of the pair. Then was the loud laugh—the ready jest, and the strains of music and dancing. The hall rung with minstrelsy. Far out upon the ocean, the radiance of the windows gleamed upon the surface of the dark foamy waves; and the soft strain of music, wild and irregular, was frequently heard on the fitful blast. The lower orders were equally joyous, and the sparkling bowl banished care from the heart of every one. Thus was the feast kept up till midnight; when, as the bell of the castle tolled one, a band of ferocious ruffians burst into the hall, headed by Ulric. In an instant all was horror and confusion. The lamps were extinguished. One part attacked their unarmed and defenceless victims, and hacked them to pieces with their swords, while the other bore the bride, struggling and shrieking, away. Ulric, satiated with the blood he had ap'd, drew off the ruffians to the beach, where their remaining accomplices had retreated to, with their unfortunate prize. The words of the minstrel now came forcibly to the unfortunate Elia's recollection, and she at once concluded that her husband, father, and friends, were no more, and that she should not long survive them. Ulric now placed her on board the boat of Gundulph, the ruffians embarked, and the vessel set sail up the river. It was now dark as the grave, save when the moon, for a moment, appeared between the huge clouds, which were driven rapidly along the sky by the furious gale that howled incessantly along the wide waste of waters. The tide was ebbing, and much impeded their course, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they kept their vessel from upsetting. After much tossing, they, however, arrived opposite to the old church, on the contrary bank of the river. Here the contending elements seemed at once to conspire their destruction. The waves dashed furiously against the vessel, the wind blew fearfully impetuous, and the murky darkness reigned around.

Terror seized upon the hardest of the villains, and the air was rent with their cries. Just at the moment when the pale moon again appeared from between two large parting clouds, there came a wave more powerful—a blast more furious than any of the former—the vessel disappeared—a few faint and bubbling cries were heard from the drowning crew, and then they all sunk to rise no more.

'Oh Lord!' said the Captain.
'Shiver my timbers,' said Jack Brindle 'but that's a queer trick.'
'That's all a most infernal lie,' said the Captain,

because d'ye see, my masters, the best of it is, there are no castles remaining, that were built to resist the incursions of the Danes;—*Hal! Hal! Hal!*

'Ha, Ha, Ha, re-echoed Jack Brindle;—but come,' said he to an elderly gentleman who sat looting at his ease in one corner, 'come my fine fellows, let us have your tale.'

'Prick up your ears then,' said he, and smothering his chin with his left hand, and twisting the obelisk of his watch round the finger of his right, thus addressed us.

TALE III.

The Apparition.

'My dear friends, the terrible disaster which I am now about to relate to you, is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary circumstances that has happened to the lot of man. Dreadful and appalling in its effects, the impression it has made upon me, time has in vain endeavoured to efface.

'The adventure of which I speak, took place as I was returning home from a visit at a friend's.

'My road homewards led through a deep shady lane at the edge of my friend's park;—it was a stormy night;—the gusty wind rushed violently through the tangled trees, and roared along the deep avenues of the park. The branches crackled and swung against each other, and ever and anon, at some blast wilder and stronger than the rest, clashed and re-echoed with all the noise of a violent clap of thunder. It was towards the latter end of Autumn. The scar and red leaves already fallen, and those which, the evening before, had hung quivering and trembling in expectation of the next gust carrying them away, were whirled and dashed about in the air, in wreathes of various forms. The road was muddy and splashy, and the heavy rain fell in tremendous showers at short intervals. My friend had wished me to stay all night, but particular business requiring my attendance very early the next morning, I set off in despite of all their kind entreaties. My servants preceded me with lanterns, but the wind was so boisterous that it soon extinguished the light, and they were rendered useless. The storm now began to abate, but the hollow piping wind roared on unceasingly. The noise that it made was unlike any sound I had heard before, it was worse than the rude chafing and boiling of the breakers against a rock; louder than the rushing of the strongest cataraet lashing itself to fury. My servants now came to me; they were certain they heard deep groans at a little distance; I myself thought I heard something, but whether it was the wind that made the noise, for it indeed howled strangely, or the groans of a human being, I was unable to conjecture.

'The place we had now arrived at, would indeed of itself, have been, at such a time of night, sufficient to alarm many a stout bosom. It was close bordering the ruins of the old abbey. This, proverbially, was haunted, and few durst stray near its limits after the edge of dark. It was now midnight, and the fitful blasts were whistling through the sombre trees that skirted its ruins. We listened in fear to the terrible sound. The lightning, which had before gleamed athwart the gloomy sky at distant intervals, now shot down in frequent and repeated flashes, and revealed to me the blanched and pallid countenances of my companions. The deep voice of the thunder became deeper and louder, as it rolled in tremendous peals over our heads. The whole heavens seemed in a commotion; vast rifted clouds rolled along, lighted up by the brilliant flashes of lightning that passed through them. The flickering forms of the waving trees, that nodded their gloomy heads at the will of the blast,—the shrieking and screaming of the disturbed rooks, and the roar of the tumbling river at a distance, completed the scene. Ever and anon the moon might be partially visible, as the dense clouds were rent open, and then she appeared of a fiery red colour;—the stars were completely obscured;—the vast clouds curtained up and shrouded them completely. Our way lay through the abbey. I confess

it was no pleasant undertaking, but we were now necessitated to it. We proceeded slowly, for the road was rugged and uneven;—something whirled past us with a screaming noise;—oh, how my heart bounded;—still we kept on: we had not arrived where the largest pile of ruins lay. A many dark deep chambers, choked up with weeds, brambles, and crumbling stones, lay beside us. A deep groan now burst upon our ears, and rivetted us to the spot,—it seemed to proceed from one of the vaults near us;—we listened breathlessly;—it was repeated from a different quarter;—we were almost chilled with horror, and fear rooted us to the place;—presently we heard the clanking rattling noise of chains, and a figure, swathed in the mouldering habiliments of the grave, issued from one of the recesses. My servants gave a convulsive scream, and fell senseless on the earth. I was in a much worse condition: a clammy cold sweat burst from my brow,—my mouth became as dry as dust, and my tongue clove fixedly to my palate. I could not stir;—my eyes were turned with a strong gaze on the spectre,—but I could not move;—every faculty was absorbed in the contemplation of this dreadful object, and I remained rooted to the spot.

But the worst was yet to come. The spectre was of a gigantic size—and flashes of fire darted from its eyeless skull, as it waved its lean gaunt arms to bid me depart,—the blast blew aside its blood-stained garment and revealed what appeared, in the dimness, to be human bones. A smothered diabolical laugh burst from it—it began to move towards me—but I could not stir—when a terrible stream of fire burst from the aperture from which it had arisen. I was amazed at this, and expected to be swallowed up every instant. Two men now sprang up behind the spectre, and they all three took to their heels with a roar of laughter.

'Is that all,' said the captain.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

A laughable story was circulated during the Duke of Newcastle's administration, and which, with whatever scepticism the reader may be disposed to regard it, is too amusing to be past over in silence.

At the election of a borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were so equally poised that a single vote was of the utmost importance, a person not expected to give his suffrage in favour of the aristocratical side of the question, suddenly altered his mind, and by his apostasy turned the tide of affairs completely to the satisfaction of the Duke, whose friend and dependant was elected, and the contest put an end to by the possessor of the casting vote. In the warmth of gratitude for aid so gratuitous and unexpected, the Duke poured forth many acknowledgments and professions of friendship in the ear of the vacillating constituent, and frequently begged to be informed in what manner he could serve him, and how he could repay an obligation he was pleased to acknowledge so important. The happy voter, who was a farmer and petty landholder in the neighbourhood, thanked the Duke cordially for his kindness, and told him that 'the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in their power on any future occasion.'

'My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?' exclaimed his Grace; 'your relation shall have it at a word speaking, the moment it is vacant.' 'But how shall I get admitted to you, my Lord; for in London I understand it is a very difficult business to get a sight of you great folk, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country?' 'The instant the man dies,' replied the premier, used to, and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election, 'the moment he dies, set out post haste for London; drive directly to my house, by day or night, sleeping or waking, ill or well;

thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to shew you up stairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes without fail.'

The parties separated, and it is probable that the Duke of Newcastle in a very few hours forgot there was such a worthy as the Cornish voter in existence. Not so with the place-anticipating elector; his memory, cumbered with a less perplexing variety of objects than the Duke's, turned out to be the most retentive of the two. The supervisor yielded in a few months afterwards to that most insatiable and scrutinizing of all gangers, Death; and the ministerial partizan, relying on the word of the peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and having ascended the steps of a large house (now divided into three) at the corner of Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 'thundered at the door!'

It should in this place be premised, that precisely at the moment when the expectation of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were excited by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart; an event in which all Europe, but more especially Great Britain, was materially interested.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid; wearied, however, by official business, he retired to rest, having previously given instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired that he might be shewn up stairs the moment of his arrival. His Grace had just fallen asleep, when the loud rap of his friend from Cornwall saluted his ear, and effectually dispelled his slumbers.

To the first question of 'Is the Duke at home?' (it was two o'clock in the morning) the porter answered, 'Yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders that come when you will you are to go up to him directly.'—'God for ever bless him, a worthy and honest gentleman!' exclaimed the mediator for the vacant supervisorship, smiling and nodding with approbation at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise. 'How punctual his Grace is! I knew he would not deceive me: let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words—I verily believe they are honest as well as other folk.' Repeating these words as he strided up the stairs, the Burgess of Cornwall was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

'Is he dead?' enquired his Grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain. 'Is he dead?' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise was so fresh in the minister's recollection. 'When did he die?' 'The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff; and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him!'

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. 'Is the man drunk or mad? where are your dispatches?' vociferated his Grace, hastily drawing aside the curtains of the bed; when, instead of a royal courier, he recognized the fat, good-humoured countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows, with hat in hand, and 'hoping my Lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of my son-in-law at the late election.'

Vexed at so untimely interruption, and disappointed of his important dispatches from Spain, the Duke frowned for a few seconds, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of apposite circumstances, and he sunk on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, to the entire discomfiture and confusion of the pliant and obsequious farmer, who very probably began to conjecture, that lords and dukes were not in the habit of testifying that profound respect at the sight of their friends

which he thought consistent with their nobility of deportment. However, though his Grace could not manage to place the son of his old acquaintance on the throne of his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, he advanced him to a post which some persons might consider not *less* honourable—he made him an ex-ciseman.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As I doubt not but many of your readers are well versed in antiquarian lore, in which I confess myself to be a mere novice, I beg leave to send you an inscription which some years ago fell in my way, but which I have not found any one, in the limited circle of my acquaintances, able to explain. I took it to our Parson, in the hope that he would read it for me; but, although I believe he is a very learned man, having studied three years at Oxford, where he was made a Bachelor, (by the bye, I am no friend to the Bachelor system,) he was obliged to confess that it was beyond his comprehension. He declared at once that it was not Latin, which I myself, indeed, had shrewdly suspected, before I consulted him. I suggested to him that perhaps it was Greek, as I had been informed that some of the characters of that language are very similar to ours, only with different powers; (poor ignorant beings! they mistake a P for an R, and after laying M flat on one side they call it S!) but he satisfied me that I was mistaken by comparing some of the characters in question with those in an alphabet contained in an old Greek grammar which he produced, in which nothing like several of the letters in my MS. was to be found. As none of the characters are materially different from those of our common English alphabet, except in their antiquated cast, we concluded that the inscription was written in some European tongue either ancient or modern. Our family doctor, having once been an assistant-surgeon in the army, possesses a little smattering of several of the continental languages. I, therefore, next had recourse to him. He examined my MS. with great attention, (for the benefit of the young folks who occasionally peep into the Iris, it may be proper to say that MS. means Manuscript, and MSS. Manuscripts, that is, something written by the hand, not printed; see Bailey's Dictionary,) and he consulted several vocabularies and dictionaries or worden-boecks, (as he told me the Dutch call them,) which he had collected during his residence on the continent. But the uncouth words of my inscription had obtained no place in any of them. It was certain the inscription was not French; (do you think young Boney has any chance of being King of France?)—for the terminations *-est* and *-or* do not occur in any part of it. Italian it could not be; for it could lay no claim to the soft melodious sounds of that effeminate language. It might be Russian, although this was doubtful. But after all I am disposed to think that it is a dialect of the Gothic or Anglo-Saxon, as I think I can trace some resemblance between several of the words, and the specimens given of those languages in the etymological part of Bailey's Dictionary, a work which I hold in the highest esteem, notwithstanding the ill-natured remark of the stupid carle of Eskdale-Muir, of whom you speak in the 21st page of the Iris, as it gives me more insight into erudite subjects, than any book which I ever met with. Encyclopædias, they say, are useful, but I don't know, and they are very dear. (Pray is not Bailey's Dictionary the principal class book at Oxford and Cambridge?)

Having now detained you so long, I shall transcribe the inscription to which my researches have been so studiously directed. You have no characters in your printing-office which will exactly correspond to the original; but you will come sufficiently near the truth to prevent any misapprehension, by employing the small black sort of letter,* with the strokes all of a uniform thickness, with which you print the titles of the different departments of your paper.

Hoping some of your learned correspondents will

We could not conveniently comply with the wish of *Jeremy Antiq.—Ed.*

pay due attention to this interesting subject, and communicate to me through the medium of the Iris the result of their lucubrations,

I remain, your's truly,
JEREMY ANTIQ.

THEB. OD
YOFBEN. JAM
INFRAN
KLINP
RINT. ERLI. KETHEC. OVERO
FANOLDBO. OKIT
S. C. O. N
TENTSTOR. NOUTANDE
TRIPPEDO. FITSLET
TERIN. GANDGIL. DINGLI
ESHEREF. O. ODFORT (a)
HEW. ORMSY (b)
RT
THEW. ORKITS
ELFS=HALL
NOTBEL. OSTFO. RITS=HALL (c)
ASH
EBELI. EVE. SAPPE (d)
ARON. CEMOR (e)
E
INAN. E. WAND
BEAU
TIFU. LEDI (f)
TION. COR. REC. TE
DAN. DREVIS (g)
EDBYT
HE. AUT. HOR

a This I take to be 'Sheriff of Erfurth,' and my conjecture is, that in the language in which this inscription is written, the plural is formed by prefixing a letter, instead of varying the termination for this purpose, as in other tongues.

b This and the following I suppose to be the names of the worthy 'ESHEREF-O-ODFORT,' the persons whom this inscription is intended to immortalize, and 'ELFS-HALL,' alias *Fairy-Hall*, the place of their residence.

c 'NOTBEL OSTFO RITS-HALL,' I translate 'Not far from Rits Hall,' the head-quarters, I apprehend, of the weird sisters; but in this I will not be positive.

d Are not these the Christian names of some of the weird sisters? *SAPPE* may be translated *Sappho*.

e I opine that this is the name of one of the ardent admirers of the above-mentioned sisters, and what follows is the place of his abode, which I would translate the 'Island of Wands or Staves,' that is, the modern Staffa. 'INAN'—hence probably *Inch* or *Insh*, a word in the Scottish language, signifying an *islet* covered by the sea at high water.

f I am almost confirmed in the interpretation noticed in the preceding note, because this evidently means that he was a great 'Beau' among the 'Ladies, here written 'Ledl.'

g Perhaps this is another of their beaux; but I confess I am very much puzzled to give a satisfactory explanation of this latter part of the inscription, or of the beginning of it.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The recommendations prefixed to the Lectures on Astronomy, which concluded last evening, could not fail to rouse the attention of the literary and scientific; for if the shadow of the genius of a Playfair or a Brewster were to be revived, we were not to be diverted by any casual circumstance, from the intellectual feast. The attendance was, therefore, flattering at the very outset; and it is due, both to the oratory and philosophy of our Lecturer, to concede, that the number of his pupils has been retained, though with considerable variations, to the close of the scene. Whether this circumstance will induce our philosopher to insert the name of Manchester in his recommendatory preface, after the august cities of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, I have not heard, nor do I know whether it would so far affect the credit of our town in the literary world, as to warrant our solicitation of the favour.

With all the charm of these Lectures upon me, you will readily perceive, that I am not enthusiastic in my plaudits; and surely, the consideration of the authority which attends them, will awe my strictures

to bare lightly as they roll. No parent need regret accompanying his child to such instructive exhibitions; for here, science descends to the capacities of all, and imposes upon the notice of the idle and perverse.

The half-untutored mind may here be escorted along the outer boundaries of creation,—may fearlessly drive the chariot of the sun,—may dance with a comet athwart the heavens,—play with planets as with marbles,—and ascertain its own position to be but one mind, in one world, of one system, amidst the myriads of systems floating in immensity. It is hard to tell the thirst for science and the sublimity of sentiment which such a method of instruction might create, in spirits that now grovel on the earth; if, in connexion with a steady and unerring apparatus, every body and its motion were elucidated in a neat and unhesitating manner; and all conjectural theories, long since exploded, were to pass nearly unnoticed. But while there was much to amuse, there was much to bewilder, in the evenings that I spend at the Exchange. If at any time I was annoyed with a false and insinuous intonation,—or surprised at a novel and ludicrous emphasis,—or diverted by the frequent recurrence of a word,—or touched by a burst of eloquence, simultaneous with the Demosthenes of Scotland, though others might enjoy the sallies of imagination over the amplitude and beauties of the universe, my mind, alas! was loaded as with fetters, and, as by a more fearful fatality, could not envy those that did rise.

We were not of course compelled to yield to every statement, as correct; or, to confide in every prominent theory, as precisely conformable to the Copernican or Newtonian system. We were favoured with the hypothesis of the more celebrated philosophers, and left, I presume, to chuse for ourselves. There were however a few philosophical adventures, which forcibly struck me as original. Not to trouble you, Sir, with a list of these, I will merely introduce one instance to the notice of your readers, who may probably throw over it an additional light. The reason why the moon appears so much larger when it verges to the horizon, than when it is more elevated, was accounted for (if my memory does not deceive me) from our comparing it, in the one case, with other objects around us; and in the other, from having nothing intervening with which to compare it. This was more plainly illustrated, by referring us to the difference of the real and apparent size of the ball on the top of St. Paul's, the spectator having, in the one case, other objects around him; but in the other, views nothing but the ball itself. Previously, I had imagined this sensible variation dependant upon the density of the atmosphere, which is always more apparent at the horizon, and renders the sun or moon less bright than when immediately above us. We need only look at the object, in either case, through a tube, so as to exclude all intervening objects, and the phenomenon still remains to be accounted for.

It is much to be regretted, that when a little more accuracy and elegance is nee ded, to set off a public lecture to the greatest advantage, that he should fail for want of a friendly suggestion.

Feb. 28th.

PHILANTHROPOS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZENO.—THE WAY TO LIVE.—M. & several other favours shall, if possible, appear in our next.

ROS ROY has our thanks for his good wishes, but we must refer him to the Manager of our Theatre for an answer to his question.

We perfectly agree with the remarks contained in the letter of J. A. and shall be happy to hear from him in future.—His present communication came too late for insertion this week.—We would suggest to him the propriety of altering the last line of the fourth stanza.

The suggestion of AMICUS has been adopted.

MATHEMATICUS forgot to pay the postage.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London, 1822.

We resume our account of this book without any prefatory remarks.

The progress of the story has now brought us to the Prefect's Hall of Justice, where Diodotus, Charinus, Calanthis, and other Christians, are led forth to answer the charge which is against them 'as guilty of the Galilean faith.' Their offence is summed up in the common accusation against the first disciples of Christianity.

ye serve not in our temples;
Crown not our altars; kneel not at our shrines;
And in their stead, in loose and midnight feasts
Ye meet, obscuring with a deeper gloom
Of shame and horror night's chaste brow.

The answer is exceedingly applicable and just.

DIODOTUS.

Olybius!
Were these foul deeds as true as they are false,
We might return, that we but imitate
The gods ye worship—ye, who deify
Adultery, and throne incest in the skies;
Who, not content with earth's vast scope defiled,
Advance the majesty of human sin
Even till it fills the empyreal heavens. Ye sit
Avengers of impure unhallowed licence.
'Tis well:—why summon then your Gods to answer,
Wrest the idle thunderbolt from amorous Jove,
Dispeople all Olympus,—ay, draw down
The bright-hair'd Sun from his celestial height,
To give account of that most fond pursuit
Through yon dim grove of cypress.

Nor does Diodotus shrink from giving a 'reason of the hope that is in him,' but, though he pleads with something of the spirit of St. Paul, Olybius is not 'almost persuaded' to believe. Charinus defies him with pride and presumption. At this juncture a veiled maiden is brought in, who, in company with a man, has been seized 'pouring upon the still and shadd'ring air their hymn to Christ.'

OLYBIUS.

I seem to see
What cannot be before me—Margarita!
Answer, if thou art she.

CALLIAS.

Great Judge! great Prefect!
It is my child—Apollo's gifted priestess!
Within that holy and oracular cave
Her spirit quaffs th' absorbing inspiration.
Lo, with what cold and wandering gaze she looks
On me, her sire—it chokes her voice—these men
These wicked, false, blaspheming men, have
leagu'd
To swear away her life.

OLYBIUS.

Callias, stand back.
Speak, virgin: wherefore wert thou there? with
whom?

CALLIAS.

Seal, Phœbus, seal her lips in mercy.

OLYBIUS.

Peace!

MARGARITA.

I went to meet the minister of Christ,
And pray——

OLYBIUS.

Now where is he? by all the Gods
I'll rend asunder his white youthful limbs;
I'll set his head, with all its golden locks,
Upon the city gate, for each that passes
To shed his loathsome countenance upon it——
I'll——Now by heaven, she smiles!—Apostate!
still

I cannot hate her. (*Apart*)

Priestess of Apollo,
Advance, and lend thy private ear. Fond maid,
Is't for some lov'd and favoured youth thou'rt
changed?
Renounce thy frantick faith, and live for him;
For him, and not for me.

This is a generous—a noble trait—the
consummation of Roman virtue. It is,
however, no fortunate rival of Olybius,
for whom, Margarita has 'scorned her
father's gods,' and who is now dragged
before the Asiarch's throne. It is the
old and venerable Fabius.

OLYBIUS.

He!—he! that man with thin and hoary hair,
Bow'd down, and feebly borne on tottering
limbs!
Ye gods—ye gods, I thank you!

CALLIAS.

Wizard! Sorcerer!
What hast thou done to witch my child from me?
What potent herbs dug at the fall of the moon.
What foul Thessalian charms dost bear about thee?
Hast thou made league with Hecate, or wrung
From the unwilling dead the accursed secret
That gives thee power o'er human souls?

FABIUS.

Thou'st err'd
Into a truth: the dead hath risen, and walked
The unconscious earth; and what he taught, I
teach.

He afterwards addresses the Prefect,
and declares the solemn truths of his
religion, with the most affecting and im-
pressive eloquence.

The very soldiers lean their pallid cheeks
Upon their spears; and at his every pause
The panting of their long suppressed breath
Is audible.

Charinus again challenges their punish-
ment in haughty and defying language,
and is reproved by Fabius. The following
sentiment, however, is excellently urged.

What, Heathens, shake ye at an old man's voice?
What will ye when the archangel trumpet thrills
Upon your souls.

The morrow is appointed for their
deaths, and the Christians depart, hymning
a hallelujah.

The next scene is Margarita's prison:
her father enters to her. He breaks forth
into lamentations for the fate of his daugh-
ter, not unmingled with some reproaches
of her apparent insensibility to his suf-
ferings.

MARGARITA.

My father,
I could have better borne thy wrath, thy curse.

CALLIAS.

Alas! I am too wretched to feel wrath:
There is no violence in a broken spirit.
Well, I've not long to live: it matters not
Whether the old man go henceforth alone.
And if his limbs should fail him, he may seize
On some cold pillar, or some lintel post,
For that support which human hands refuse him;
Or he must hire some slave, with face and voice
Dissonant and strange; or——

MARGARITA.

Gracious Lord, have mercy!
For what to this to-morrow's scourge or stake?

CALLIAS.

And he must sit the livelong day alone
In silence, in the Temple Porch. No lyre
Or one by harsh and jarring fingers touch'd,
For that which all around distill'd a calm
More sweet than slumber. Unfamiliar hands
Must strew his pillow, and his weary eyes
By unfamiliar hands be closed at length
For their long sleep.

MARGARITA.

Alas! alas! my father,
Why do they rend me from thee, for what crime?
I am a Christian: will a Christian's hands
With tardier zeal perform a daughter's duty?
A Christian's heart with colder fondness tend
An aged father?

Our faith commands us even to love our foes—
Can it forbid to love a father.

CALLIAS.

Prove it,
And for thy father's love forswear this faith.

MARGARITA.

Forswear it!

CALLIAS.

Or dissemble; any thing
But die and leave me.

MARGARITA.

Who disown their Lord
On earth, will he disown in heaven.

CALLIAS.

Hard heart!
Credulous of all but thy fond father's sorrows,
Thou wilt believe each wild and monstrous tale
Of this fond faith.

MARGARITA.

I dare not disbelieve
What the dark grave hath cast the buried forth
To utter: to whose visible form on earth
After the cross, expiring men have written
Their witness in their blood.

She then relates how she first learned
and what prevailed upon her to learn this
faith. It is a tale of sadness and of pity.
It moves the old man's tears—

Thou'rt weeping, too—
Oh Jesus, hast thou moved his heart?

CALLIAS.

Away!
Lacinate of thy father's misery,
Wouldst have the torturers wring the few chill drops
Of blood that linger in these wither'd veins?

MARGARITA.

I'd have thee with me in the changeless heavens,
Where we should part no more; realined together
Far from the violence of this wretched world;
Emparadised in bliss, to which the Elysium
Dream'd by fond poets were a barren waste.

CALLIAS.

Would we were there, or any where but here,
Where the cold damps are oozing from the walls,
And the thick darkness presses like a weight
Upon the eyelids. Daughter, when thou serv'd'st
Thy father's Gods, thou wert not thus: the sun
Was brightest where thou wert—beneath thy feet
Flowers grew.

Callias departs with the purpose of
sueing for mercy to Olybius, and the scene

closes with the evening song to Apollo
which is heard in the distance.

Margarita is next found in a splendid,
illuminated palace.

Am I brought here to die? My prison opened
Softly as to an angel's touch, and hither
Was I led forth among the breathing lutes
Of our blithe maidens, as to lure me on
And still where'er I move, as from the earth,
Or floating in the calm embosoming air,
Sweet sounds of music seem to follow me.
I breathe as 'twere an atmosphere distilled
From richest flowers; and, lest the unwonted light
Offend mine eyes, so late released from gloom,
'Tis soothed and cool'd in alabaster lamps.

And is it thus ye would enameur me
Of this sad world? Your luxuries, your pomps,
Your vaulted ceilings, that with fond delay
Prolong the harp's expiring sweetness; walls
Where the bright paintings breathe and speak, and
chambers

Where all would soothe to sleep, but that to sleep
Were to suspend the sense of their soft pleasures;
They are wasted all on me; as though I trod
The parching desert, still my spirit longs
To spread its weary wings, and be at rest.
Oh, vainly thus would ye enhance my loss,
By gilding thus the transient life I lose!
Were mine affections dead to all things earthly.
As to these idle flatteries of the sense,
My trial were but light.

There's some one comes—

Is it the ruthless executioner?

OLYBIUS.

Fairest it is—

MARGARITA.

Lord Prefect, it becomes
The dying Christian to be mock'd in death;
But it becomes not great Olybius
To play the mocker.

He comes with the temptation of power
and pleasure and with the persuasive ten-
derness of love, if possible, to seduce the
faith of Margarita and to reclaim her to
the world and to himself. There is much
fine and exalted poetry in this part, in a
subsequent interview with her father who
finds her in the palace and thinks that
she is there to become Olybius' bride, in
a soliloquy of Olybius and in another of
Margarita, as also in a chorus of Heathen
maidens in praise of Apollo, which is re-
plied to by the Christians in one to the
glory of God. But we must pass abrupt-
ly over various passages which would
tempt us to quote, in order to come at
the concluding scene. Premising how-
ever that Olybius and Macer have devised
a plan for saving Margarita, by delaying
her execution to the last, thinking that
the sight of her brethren's tortures and
sufferings will shake the firmness of her
purpose. The multitudes are assembled:
The statues of the Pagan deities are
brought in triumphant procession to wit-
ness the vengeance which is about to be
executed on the mockers of their rites.—
Callias appears.

All true, and real all:

My sleep is fled, but not my hideous dreams.
Ah! there they stand, their baskets full of flowers,

The censers trembling in their timid hands,
All, all the dedicated maids, but one.

CITIZEN.

Why doth he gaze around? he seems to seek
What he despairs of finding.

CALLIAS.

No, there's none
That taller than the rest draws all regards;
And if they touch their lyres, they will but wake.
With all their art, the memory of that voice
Which is not of their choir.—

CITIZEN.

Ah, poor old man!

CALLIAS.

What! who art thou that dost presume to pity
The father of the peerless Margarita?
I tell thee, insolent! even beside the stake
I shall be prouder of my single child,
Than if my wife had teem'd like Niobe
With such as thine.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

He hath no children, sir.

CALLIAS.

Would I were like him! Ah,—no,—no,—
I know that I'm come forth to see thee die
For this strange God, thy father never worshipp'd;
Yet all my wrath is gone, and half my sorrow,
But nothing of my love.

Olybius comes on and ascends the
throne—The captives are brought forth
to hear their doom.

The universal yell

Of execration follows them along,
Deepening as it approaches, like the roar
Of thunders travelling up the cloudy heavens,
Till o'er our heads it bursts.

They enter singing a hymn, 'melancholy
yet full of joy'; they all refuse the offer
of life on the terms which are proposed,
viz. 'to renounce their religion.'

OLYBIUS.

Last then to thee, fair Priestess! Art thou still
Resolved with this ungodly crew to share
Our vengeance, or declares that bridal dress
A soft revolt, and falling off to love?

MARGARITA.

To love—but not of man, Oh! pardon me,
Olybius, if my wedding garb afflict
Thy soul with hope; I had but robes of sadness,
Nor would I have my day of victory seem
A day of mourning. But as the earthly bride
Lingers upon the threshold of her home,
And through the mist of parting tears surveys
The chamber of her youth, even so have I
With something of a clinging fondness look'd
Upon the flowers and trees of lovely Daphne.
Sweet waters, that have murmured to my prayers;
Banks where my hands hath culled sweet chaplets,
once
For rites unholy, since to strew the graves
Of buried saints; and thou, majestic temple!
That would'st become a purer worship, thou,
How oft from all thine echoing abodes hast answer'd
To my soft lyre—Farewell! for heav'n I quit you.
But yet nor you, nor these my lov'd companions
Once in the twilight dances and morning song,
Though ye are here to hymn my death, not you
Can I forsake without a bleeding spirit.

OLYBIUS.

Beautiful! what mean'st thou?
Why dost thou look to yon bright heaven? what
seest,
That makes thy full eyes kindle as they gaze,

Undaunted, on the fiery sky?—Give place—
Strike off those misplaced fetters from her limbs:
The sunshine falls around her like a mantle,
The robes of saffron flame like gold—Give place.

MAGER.

Great Phoebus conquers! See, she strikes the lyre
With his ecstasick fervour.

CALLIAS.

Peace—oh peace!

MARGARITA.

What means yon blaze on high?
The empyrean sky
Like the rich veil of some proud fane is rending.
I see the star-pav'd land,
Where all the angels stand,
Even to the highest height in burning rows ascending.
Some with their wings disspread,
And bow'd the stately head,
As on some mission of God's love departing,
Like flames from midnight conflagration starting;
Behold! the appointed messengers are they,
And nearest earth they wait to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still
More lofty natures fill
The jasper courts of the everlasting dwelling.
Cherub and Seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white
shoulders swelling.
From all the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sounds of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er Hosanna louder soaring;
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seem'd the consort sweet of the harmonious
spheres.

Still my rapt spirit mounts,
And lo! beside the founts
Of flowing light Christ's chosen Saints reclining;
Distinct amid the blaze
Their palm crowned heads they raise,
Their white robes even through that o'erpowering
lustre shining.
Each in his place of state,
Long the bright Twelve have sat,
O'er the celestial Sion high uplifted;
While those with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where Life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again—I see again
The great victorious train,
The Martyr-Army from their toils reposing:
The blood-red robes they wear
Embering all the air,
Even their immortal limbs, the signs of wounds dis-
closing.
Oh! holy Stephen, thou
Art there, and on thy brow
Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
When under the heaped stones in anguish lying,
Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,
And thy last accents prayed thy foes might be
forgiven.

Beyond! ah, who is there
With the white snowy hair?
Tis he—'tis he, the Son of Man appearing!
At the right hand of One,
The darkness of whose throne
That sun-eyed seraph-host behold with awe and
fearing.

O'er him the rainbow springs,
And spreads its emerald-wings,
Down to the glassy sea his loftiest seat o'erarching.
Hark!—Thunders from his throne, like steel-clad
armies marching—

The Christ!—the Christ commands us to his
home!
Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come, we come, we
come!

The poem does not finish here, but
here we must conclude our account of
it: the christians are led off to suffer—
all die in triumph—save Charinus, who,
at the stake, forswears his religion, and
and afterward, Judas-like, slays himself
in remorse. When it is told to Callias
that the savage executioner, when he held
the shining axe o'er Margarita's neck,—
trembled

Ha! God's blessing on his head!
And the axe slid from out his palsied hand?
OFFICER.

He gave it to another.

CALLIAS.

And—

OFFICER.

It fell.

CALLIAS.

I see it,

I see it like the lightning flash—I see it,
And the blood bursts—my blood—my daughter's
blood!
Off let me loose.

There are many faults in this poem
which, if we had opportunity we would
point out: the work however sustains
little injury from slight defects, and 'not
to know some trifles is a praise.'

X.

'THE CLUB'

No. III.—Friday, March 1st. 1822.

"He is a man who has seen many changes."

LORD BYRON.
"And marked how wide extends the mighty waste,
O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste."
CANNING.

One of our members, who is a person of some ex-
perience and knowledge of the world, gave us at a
recent meeting, an account of the several Clubs which
he had attended, either as a member or as a visitor,
before his admission at the Green Dragon. He has
permitted us to communicate the whole or any part of
the narrative to the readers of 'The Club.' We have,
therefore, determined to avail ourselves, at intervals,
of this permission. We shall now, however, merely
offer a brief general sketch of some of the Institutions,
with which our informant has made us acquainted,
promising to enter, on some future occasion, more into
detail.

The first club which excited the notice of our friend
was a Musical-Club, of which, being fond of music,
he had formed a very high expectation. But having
been admitted one night as a visitor, he was surpris-
ed to find that the usual practice of distorting the
countenance while singing or playing, had given most
of the members very unseemly visages; and being
himself a single man, and on his preformant, as we
usually term it, he feared that to become an active
member of this institution, might be fatal to his pros-
pects in another quarter! He has, indeed, paid so
much attention to the subject, that he has promised us
a paper, in which he designs to prove that, in propor-
tion as men improve the harmony of the voice they
lose that of the features. He has lately been at the
trouble of going to Liverpool, in order to visit the
Blind Asylum of that town, with a view of trying his
theory under the most favourable circumstances; but,
though it received ample confirmation in the exhibi-
tion which he there witnessed, he finds that the choic-
est illustrations of it might be met with at the club
where it was first suggested.

He was next admitted into a Blue-Stocking-Club,
as it is called, consisting of persons of both sexes,
who profess to meet for the purpose of conversing
about books, but who usually change that topic of
conversation, for one with which they are, in general,

better acquainted. This club was restricted to single
persons. The members, however, paired off so rapid-
ly that our friend, thinking himself in some danger
from such frequent examples, and recollecting that
they who have the first choice seldom leave the best
things behind, thought it prudent to withdraw while
he could do so with safety. He is still fond of allud-
ing jocularly to this club, and of congratulating him-
self on his escape, the ladies, several of whom can
point out the road to Gretna, having not proved to be
such proficient in domestic economy, as they are in
retailing tea-table criticisms on popular novels, and in
deciding upon the merits of the most striking passages
in Don Juan.

He some time after associated himself with a Debat-
ing-Society, at which, however, notwithstanding his
ardour in what he undertakes, he was not a very con-
spicuous member. Some of the members, to display
their knowledge of language, used many hard words
with about the same propriety as my aunt Tabitha in
'Humphrey Clinker;' and others, to shew the extent
of their learning, introduced topics in no respect con-
nected with the subject under discussion, which it
was evident they did not understand, and in which
they expressed themselves with all the elegance and
perspicuity which might have been expected! Our
friend finding that there was but little pleasure or im-
provement to be gained by his attendance resigned
after he had been at a few of the meetings.

He was also once introduced to a tavern society,
called the Kit Cat Club, in which he expected, from
the representations of one of the members, to be highly
entertained. He was, however, woefully disappoint-
ed. Instead of rational conversation, or improving
discussions, he was surprised, after a good deal of
wrangling about rules and fines, to see one of the
members, with a strong Northern accent, get up to
give the company Cato's Soliloquy, after the manner
of Kean, which the members pronounced to be an
excellent imitation. Another member sang 'When
he who adores thee, &c.' to a tune something like
that of Nancy Dawson, and was much applauded.

I shall advert at present to only one more club
which he visited. This was an association which had
no name, and to which, indeed, it would be difficult
to give one. The favourite member was a young
man who assumed no small degree of confidence from
the frequent praises of the rest. It was impossible
to utter the most notorious truism without giving rise
to a paradox in the fancy of this inveterate logician.
He is so much given to investigating causes, that he
has gravely promised the club a theory which, after
much labour, he has lately invented, to explain why a
black cat is more prolific than a tabby, and another
which will shew, why red-haired persons are more
amorous than those whose hair is of a different col-
our. The members in general entertain so high an
opinion of his sagacity that they have no doubt he will
soon be able to clear up these important mysteries
in natural history. I must not, however, omit to
mention that there has been in this club, from its com-
mencement, one young man in whom very superior
learning and talents shine through the veil which a
graceful modesty has thrown over them.

Our informant was connected with a Jockey-Club,
a Bachelor-Club, a Card-Club, a Charity-Club, a
Book-Club, and a number of other clubs before he
was introduced at the Green Dragon. Of his pere-
grinations, from one place to another, with the
dancing at the Book-Club, and the eating at the
Charity-Club, (by which circumstances these two
institutions were most particularly distinguished) we
shall perhaps give a further account in some future
paper. He is a person of some humour, and much
observation; and, though rather taciturn at first, he is,
after a glass or two, exceedingly agreeable. He has
gone through so many scenes, and played a part on
so great a variety of occasions, that an astrological
friend of ours is desirous to examine the horoscope
of his birth, under the persuasion, that some singular
planetary configurations shed their mingled influence
upon his fortune, and, by their position in a moveable
sign, gave him his rambling propensity.

C. L.



POETRY.

SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

Translated from the original Spanish, printed at Buenos Ayres, 1818.

'Tis the voice of a nation waking
From her long, long sleep, to be free—
'Tis the sound of the fetters breaking
At the watchword 'Liberty!'
The laurel-leaves hang o'er her,
The gallant victor's prize :
And see how low before her,
In the dust, the lion lies !

Chorus—Eternal glory crown us !
Eternal laurel bloom,
To deck our heads with honour,
Or flourish o'er our tomb.

On the steps of the heroes treading
See the God of the fight at hand !
The light of his glory shedding
On his own devoted band.
Our lucas tombs before ye
Upheave to meet your tread,
As if that tramp of glory
Had roused the sleeping dead.

Chorus—Eternal &c.

Saw ye the Tyrant shedding
The blood of the pure and free ?
Heard ye his footstep treading
On thy golden sands, Potosé ?
Saw ye his red eye watching
As the ravenous beast his prey ?
And the strong arm fiercely snatching
The flower of our land away ?

Chorus—Eternal &c.

Argentines ! by the pride of our nation,
By the hopes and joys of the free,
We will hurl the proud from his station,
And bring down the haughty knee.
Even now our banners streaming
Where fell the conquer'd foe,
In the summer sun, bright gleaming,
Your march of glory shew.

Chorus—Eternal &c.

Hark ! o'er the wide waves sounding,
Columbia ! Columbia ! thy name,
While from pole to pole rebounding,
'Columbia !' the nations proclaim.
Thy glorious throne is planting
Over oppressions grave ;
And a thousand tongues are chanting,
Health to the free and brave.

Chorus—Eternal &c.

E. T.

Several of the original stanzas of the above song are omitted as containing chiefly a bare enumeration of towns and provinces in any way signalized during the contest. The music adapted to it is extremely beautiful and animated, and the translator regrets it has never yet been published in England.

DISCONTENT.

The mariner whose little bark is toss'd
Upon the rude ungovernable waves,
'Midst rocks and quicksands, often toils and slaves.
Uncertain if he shall, or not be lost,
And buried in the mighty deep he cross'd
So often and so safe—in vain he craves
Assistance, whilst the foaming ocean laves
His labouring vessel—thoughts which once engross'd
And cheer'd his brighter days, are now forgot,
Or, if remember'd, tend to aggravate
The dreadful scene—'How wretched is my lot !'
He cries :—the danger o'er, he tempts his fate
Again. Thus weak repining man doth sigh,
And discontented lives, yet fears to die.

W.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

O, DEATH ! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease, gently, oh ! gently come
To me, and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless and breathless :—And thou, sickly life,
If the decree be writ that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight ;
To—whither ?—Holy Pity, hear, oh ! hear,
And lift me to some far-off skiey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light !—
Might it be so,—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved when seen,
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green,
Knowing how few would shed one common tear,
Or keep in mind that I had ever been.

C.

LINES

Suggested by an Evening's walk on the banks of the Humber.

Ὡς χρόνος εἰς ἡβης καὶ βιωτοὶ ὀλιγὸς θνητοίς.

SIMONIDES.

The sun has sunk beneath the trembling wave,
To gild another heaven with orient light,
And nought is heard amid the stiffness, save
The lonely whisper of the conscious night.
How sweet to rove when veiled from human sight
By the dark curtain which enwraps the sky ;
How sweet to drink from thought the pure delight,
Which ever shuns the gay, and still must fly
The fickle sons of wantonness and vanity.

Where are the hopes of childhood—where of youth,
The jeyous vision which encharmed the view ?
Where are the friends whose constancy and truth
Would fresh for every scene our strength renew ?
Our fathers where are they ?—Beneath the yew ;
The mould'ring turf entombs their sacred earth ;
Their clay unconscious drinks the evening dew,
And left behind with aught that gave them birth,
Their weariness and pain, their hopes and noisy mirth.

And haply soon o'er my departed dust,
The lonely cypress will its branches wave,
And soon, at most, receive its fragile trust,
The narrow precinct of my humble grave.
O God ! and is there nought on earth can save—
Nought that can teach me to avert the blow ?
And is it vain a longer stay to crave ?
And wilt thou surely lay thy creature low ?
Beneath thy chastening rod, O let me humbly bow ?

Hull.

Ὀντις.

The reproach under which our language labours of harshness, arising from the frequent recurrence of hissing sounds, is well known. Mr. Thelwall has given us a curious specimen of 'an English song without a Sibilant,' as a proof that this fault might partly, at least, be avoided. As it may be considered a kind of poetical novelty, it is subjoined.

No—not the eye of tender blue,
Tho' Mary, 'twere the tint of thine ;—
Or breathing lip of glowing hue
Might bid the opening bud repine,
Had long entrall'd my mind :

Nor tint with tint, alternate aiding
That o'er the dimpled tablet flow,
The vermilion to the lily fading ;
Nor ringlet bright with orient glow
In many a tendril twin'd.

The breathing tint, the beamy ray,
The lineal harmony divine,
That o'er the form of beauty play,
Might warm a colder heart than mine,
But not for ever bind.

But when to radiant form and feature,
Internal worth and feeling join
With temper mild and gay good nature,—
Around the willing heart they twine
The empire of the mind.

ON READING 'CAIN, A MYSTERY.'

Poet of Darkness ! 'twas thy former plan,
To teach mankind t' abhor the race of man ;
More darkling now the path thy muse has trod,
It leads the race of man t' abjure their God !

Z.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.

Some like to be seated to hear a good play,
And some a good concert delight to attend,
Some count with their feet the swift moments away,
And some join the fire with a true hearted friend ;
In the leisure of evening, the break of the morn
When the birds are in song and the hounds are
awake,
Some follow alertly the wind of the horn,
While others secluded excursions will make.

We have heard the old toper sing tipsily home,
Seen the beau, like a moth, fondly trifling with light ;
We have watch'd the wild fugitive frantically roam,
And view'd the full shallop receding from sight ;
Thus all to their taste for a passage of mirth,
To assist them through life and be socially free
But my choice, my pursuit, my enjoyment on earth
With my wife and my children, are dearest to me.

Like the vine that is cultured, the bee that is hived,
The flowers which are tended by tender controul,
Our state is so aptly, so dearly contrived,
The seasons in placidness over us roll ;
Old bachelors laugh and shrewd maidens avow
To be wed is dependence, or lottery, at best ;
They may laugh and may shun, but for me, I allow,
I am peacefully gay and contentedly blest.

Islington.

J. R. PRIOR.

SONNET.

ANGELO DI COSTANZO.

'Qualor l' eta che si veloce arriva.'

When the cold touch of withering Time comes on,
To shake the frame, and dull the cheek's pure dye—
And reason, arm'd with thoughts sublimely high,
Expels the vanquish'd senses from their throne—
When strength the nurse of vain desire, is gone,
In every breast love's fading fire must die,
And those who dearly loved must deeply sigh
O'er erring hopes and years untimely flown.
Then all amidst this stormy sea must strain
To gain the welcome port, ere evening close
And heaven grow darker in the coming night.
My love alone must even in death remain :
The flame divine that in my spirit glows,
Is one where reason may with sense unite.

VARIETIES.

BURKE.

Being asked for a motto to a publication, in which the subject of discussion was the Isle of Man, jocosely replied :

'The proper study of Mankind is Man.'

THE DUGONG.

Sir T. S. Raffles has sent to England several skeletons of animals from Sumatra ; among these is the Dugong. This creature grazes at the bottom of the sea without legs ; and is of the figure and form of the whale ; the position and structure of its mouth enables it to browse upon the fuci and submarine algae like a cow in a meadow, and the whole structure of the masticating and digestive organs, shows it to be truly herbivorous. It never visits land, or fresh water, but lives in shallow inlets, where the water is two or three fathoms deep. Their usual length is eight or nine feet. But a curious, and to some perhaps, the most interesting part of the detail of the history of this animal is, that the flesh resembles young beef, being very delicate and juicy.

SUPERSTITION.

At Wavertree, near Liverpool, is a well which during many ages has borne, and still bears, the following Monkish inscription :

Qui non dat quod habet,
Demon infra ridet.

The language is not very courtly, and joined with the sentiment, imports that every wise man will readily give something—who does not, let him be devoted to destruction.

Alms were formerly solicited here—and the *devil below* served all the purposes of a loaded pistol, to the ignorant traveller, who was thereby intimidated out of his money.

George II. had implicit faith in the German notion of vampires. This is affirmed, with the dry precision of historical truth, by Horace Walpole.

A young gentleman who had invited a morose old Bachelor to his wedding, was rallied by a friend on the impropriety of asking such a person, who, he observed, would be quite out of place. 'Nay,' said the other, 'he will be as much in place as the epithalamium, if we have one.'—'How so,' was asked at once. 'Why, you know,' replied the bridegroom, 'it is a *verse to matrimony*, and so is he.

ANTIENT CAVE.

Last autumn, through the activity of Mr. Harrison of Kirby Moorside, an horizontal Cave or opening was discovered, in working a stone quarry a little below Kirkdale Church, Yorkshire. On the 2nd of August, it was explored to the extent of 100 yards or more in length; from two to seven feet in height; and from four to 20 in width; but contracting and expanding its dimensions as it advances Eastward under the adjacent and incumbent field. The present opening is estimated to be about four yards below the surface of the ground, on the side of a sloping bank, and the cap or covering is principally rock. On the floor of this Cave or opening was found a considerable quantity of loose earth, chiefly calcareous, amongst which were animal remains, much decayed. Several bones of immense magnitude, teeth, horns, stalactites, &c. were collected, which appear to have been those of the bear, the rhinoceros, the stag, &c. &c. Whether these remains are to be referred to the Antediluvian world, or the Cave may have been subsequently the resort of the above animals, if they ever existed in this island, it is for geologists to consider.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, March 4th.—Fazio; Bianca, Mrs. Bunn; with, For England, Ho!
Tuesday, March 5th.—Isabella; Isabella, Mrs. Bunn; with, High Notions.
Wednesday, March 6th.—Provok'd Husband: Lady Townley, Mrs. Bunn; with, No Song no Supper.
Friday, March 8th.—A Bold Stroke for a Husband; with Three Weeks after Marriage; Donna Olivia and Lady Racket, by Mrs. Bunn.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Preparing for Publication.

A new volume of Poems under the title of 'Napoleon, and other Poems.' By B. Barton, one of the Society of Friends.

The Works of Dr. James Arminius, formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin.

A Translation of Cottu's admirable Work on the Criminal Jurisprudence, and the Manners and Society of the English,

A Life of Oliver Cromwell. By Mr. Southey.

The forthcoming publication by the author of The Mystery, and of Calthorpe, is entitled the Lollards. It is a tale founded on, or rather fashioned out of, the persecutions which marked the opening of the fifteenth century, when the subjects of this country, who presumed to read the Bible in their vernacular tongue, were liable to be hanged as traitors to the king, and burned as heretics to God. It is stated to us, that it will furnish some local curiosities, describing, from authentic sources, London as it then was, with sketches of the manners, customs, and mode of living of its inhabitants; and that a minute description of the pageant on the return of Henry the Fifth after the battle of Agincourt, a singular penance performed at St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and authentic pictures of old English fare, amusements and prices, with a detailed representation of the splendid spectacle near Melun, where king Henry First met his future consort, are among its contents. *L. Gaz.*

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

[From 'Ackerman's Repository of Arts, Fashions,' &c.]

PROMENADE DRESS.

A poplin high gown, made tight to the shape: the collar is very deep; it falls over, and is finished at the edge by a satin trimming, resembling shell-work: the long sleeve is rather tight to the arm; the epaulette is loose and shallow, and is finished at the edge to correspond with the collar; the bottom of the long sleeve has also a similar trimming; the skirt is moderately wide, and less gored than they have lately been worn; it is trimmed at the bottom with three deep flounces, placed near each other, disposed into the drapery style, and headed by a wreath of shell-work in satin, to correspond with the *corsage*. The pelisse worn over this dress is composed of dove coloured lutestring, lined with rose-coloured sarsnet, and wadded: the fulness of the skirt is thrown very much behind; a broad band of ermine goes round the bottom, and an extremely novel trimming goes up the fronts; the back is tight to the shape; the collar falls over in the pelerine style; the long sleeve is finished at the hand with ermine. Slashed epaulette, with satin folds down across the slashes. Head-dress, a bonnet of a new cottage shape of rose-coloured lutestring, turned up in front: a bouquet of Provence roses goes round the crown: rose-coloured strings. Very full lace ruff. Black shoes and Limerick gloves.

FULL DRESS.

A white satin gown, cut low and square round the bust; the *corsage* is fastened behind, and draws in with a little fulness at the waist. The front of the bust is composed of alternate bands of white satin and lace, which forms the shape in a very new and graceful manner: the upper part of the bust is cut round in points, and these points form a narrow blond tucker into plaits. The sleeve is of white lace intermixed with satin: a row of deep points, composed of the latter material, goes round the top of the shoulder, in the epaulette style; the lace is disposed in *cravats*, each of which is ornamented in the middle with a full bow and ends of satin. The trimming of the skirt consists of a deep fold of satin at the bottom: it is wadded, and surmounted by a net *bouillonné*, interspersed with narrow satin rouleaux disposed in chains, each connected by bows, and finished by bouquets of heath blossoms of different colours. Head-dress, a blond net hat: the front of the brim is cut in scollops, and turned up: round crown, of a moderate size; the net is disposed over it in a little fulness, and spotted with gold beads; the top is embroidered in white silk and *chamille*, intermixed with gold beads: the front of the crown is adorned with short full plumes of marabouts, with a bouquet of heath-blossoms between each. Neck-lace and ear-rings pearl. White satin shoes.

The favourite colours are pink, violet, amaranth, and bright olive green.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Solution of No. 2, in our last.

Manchester is the place intended.

Man—date.

Ches—a.

Ter—ror.

No. 4.

Required to arrange 25 numbers on the principle of the 9 digits, (for which see our last), so as to give a sum of 65 in any direction;—49 numbers to give a sum of 175;—and 81 to give 369.

Required also a formula for arranging any numbers on this principle.

No. 5.

Take three-fifths of two score—five hundred—and one half of a kiss—and you will have the name of a populous town in Lancashire.

No. 6.

What four weights are those, by which a person may weigh any weight from one to forty pounds.

No. 7.

How in two parts must I divide
A board that's just nine inches wide,
And sixteen long, I pray declare,
To fill a hole just one foot square.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of February, 1822, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.80
Highest, which took place on the 27th.....	30.54
Lowest, which took place on the 5th.....	28.76
Difference of the extremes.....	1.78
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 5th.....	.84
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	4.1
Number of changes.....	14

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	44.1
Mean of the 33rd. decade, commencing on the 3rd.....	42.3
" " 34th " ending on the 22nd.....	44.5
Highest, which took place on the 25th.....	68
Lowest, which took place on the 6th.....	31
Difference of the extreme.....	27
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 20th.....	18

RAIN, &c.

2.981 Inches.

Number of wet days.....	13
" " foggy days.....	0
" " snowy ".....	0
" " haily ".....	1

WIND.	
North.....	1
North-east.....	0
East.....	0
South-east.....	3
South.....	0
South-west.....	5
West.....	6
North-west.....	11
Variable.....	2
Calm.....	0
Brisk.....	1
Boisterous.....	1

REMARKS.—February 2nd, a strong west wind during the day, which increased to violent gusts in the evening, attended with rain:—5th, a very low state of the barometer, being the minimum of the month, no remarkable change of the weather, except a little fall of rain during a strong north-west wind.—10th, incessant rain all day.—20th, sharp frost, although the reporters' thermometer only indicates 35 degrees.—26th, gusts of wind towards evening, from the south-east, with a little hail and rain.

Bridge-street, March 5th, 1822.

FOR THE IRIS.

THE WAY TO LIVE.

I have a friend advanced in years, whose life presents so much of the pleasing and the instructive, and exhibits a character so consistent with the purposes for which it is demonstrable the Creator bestowed it, that I shall conceive I am performing a not unaccept-able office, in introducing it to public notice. When the ways of living are so various, when so many false lights are thrown out, and when an anomalous refinement in learning has perverted the right way, or offered in itself a new one, the man who points out the true and legitimate path, and establishes the means recommended upon sure, easy, and undeviating rules, does a service to society at large. In this, as in all other cases, examples are more efficacious than precepts.

Atticus (for that is my friend's name) was the son of regular and exemplary parents, who did their part in superintending his childhood, and in rightly forming his habits. As soon as he became possessed of the use of reason or judgement, (for I reckon little of the preceding period), he applied himself to this design of living while he lived, and of steering a course conformable to the combined relations of virtue and happiness. He meant not stoically to debar himself the enjoyments of life, but to crop them passing along as they lay beside him; not to make them the objects of his journey, or to dwell on them too long or too intensely. Taking then a comprehensive view into future consequences which was little to be expected at an age so green and tender, he saw at once the propriety of applying himself to the acquisition of information in its most general sense. He listened with deference to the precepts of his tutors, he sought for instruction by questions upon every point that occurred to him, and he imbibed, with a docility of a sacred and venerated cast, the great and lasting principles of religion which were addressed to him. He was at the same time obedient to his natural and adopted parents and instructors, and cherished a kind and ingenuous affection beyond that which duty requires. His general character, at this early period of his life, was marked by diffidence and good nature, a voracious appetite for reading, and a scrupulous care of the books which contributed, either in school or at leisure hours, to his improvement.

As his childhood grew, and his years exulted in having brought him with safety over the second climacteric of life, his ideas proportionately expanded; and while he congratulated himself on the direction which his early pursuits had received, he looked forward with new vigour, to plans proposed for the continuance of so laudable a system. He persisted in applying himself to the great and useful branches of learning; he attached himself to science, laid the ground-work of natural philosophy, and made the attainment of solid information his principal object. To this he intended to devote his labours, prior to any attempt at the ornaments of character, which require a prepared basis; and, like the gilded devices in the province of art, can not be stuck, with any firmness, upon a body that is not already hard and solid.

As he advanced from this period to the third stage of life described by Shakespeare, and which is the bridge standing between boyhood and adult life, he first felt the gentle alarms of our nature, which startle the unsuspecting boy, and puzzle him with reflections on the cause of so strange an influence as that which he acknowledges in the company of the other sex. He did not forbid access to its first approaches, though he investigated the claim which it had to the entire possession of his mind. When he saw it, as I conceive it truly is, a feeling justified by nature in its origin, and entitled to respect by the designs for which it had existence, but requiring the controul of reason, and subservient to custom, the laws, and sound prudence, he determined to cherish

the delicacy of refinement, the polish of manner, and the humanity in feeling, to which it gives birth; while he ruled with an iron hand its excesses, and restrained, during the continuance of present impediments, the impetuosity and the fire which mark its character. "Let be," said he, "till prudence warrants and fortune favours, till the frame receives strength, and the mind acquires vigour and confidence, the indulgence of the passion which I perceive within me. The feeling will not be extinguished or impaired by the delay, nor lose any thing of either its brilliancy or ardour, while it is really increased in its resources, and improved by moderation. Meanwhile frown not on the gentle emotions of nature, or the blandishments of life, only regard that while you encourage the savviness and gentleness, you sink not in the effeminacy of love. I will not blast," he added, "the formation of an attachment for some deserving object, even during the period at which I am really subject to others, since it will refine my thoughts and stimulate my exertions; but I will forbear making any disclosure or declaration of my love, till I am established in business, and have the prospect of competence before me." I dwell with the greater minuteness on the sentiments and conduct of my friend in this particular, because it is one on which it is most important that right opinions should be held. He now perceived, too, the necessity of guarding against the attractions held out by the speculative and glowing plans of the moment, and against suffering his judgement to elope with the gay and gawdy objects which indeed flatter the imagination, and win the heart of youthful enthusiasm, but seduce the attention to shadows from the substantial realities of life. A man must live, and act, and make a respectable appearance in society, but he need not glitter in the sun, or flutter about, or compose declamations. My young friend's situation was one belonging to mediocrity; he saw it and profited. He had been put to an occupation which requires much mechanical labour, as well as intellectual application. He devoted, therefore, to the service of his employers, that proportion of his time which was their due, and laid down the most prudent plans for the employment of those hours which were at his own disposal. The study of the business in which he was engaged, was his primary object, from which he suffered nothing to divert him: next to that he allowed himself to beguile the cares of life, by catching up the literary pleasures that floated round his path.

Manhood came, and with it the steadiness, the firmness, the consistency of character, and the habitual integrity of mind, which make a member of society, at this period, truly respectable. Atticus had now completed the institutional plans of youth; had laid the foundation of knowledge, and entered on a line of life which held out the prospect of independence, and turned to his own benefit the acquirements and the maxims which he had derived, while engaged in the service of his former masters. With a good business in his hands, and a heart overflowing with benevolence and love, he turned his attention to the subject which had long been nearest his heart, of calling some dear object by the name of wife. He had some time since formed an attachment, which, as founded on virtue, was deeply engrafted in his heart, but which, if fortune proved unpropitious, he intended not to disclose, relying on the energies of his nature to conquer it in his own soul, and resolving not to wound the peace of an innocent lady, by prematurely involving her in the same hopeless situation with himself. He was a sworn foe to the cold and calculating doctrine which advises to wait till fortune has principally realized the expectations of life; till the glow of passion is extinct, and till advancing years have cooled the temperament, and sobered the sensations of the breast. He cheerfully acceded to the maxim, that late marriages make early orphans; and he knew the difficulty with which, at the age of thirty, the tastes and habits of two persons accommodate themselves, and the affection of the husband is brought exclusively to centre in the wife. He resolved to begin the world, as it

is called, early; and often repeats his conviction of the uselessness of single life, and the increased value and importance, as well as respectability, conferred on a man by marriage, in the relations of society. With the prospects then which he possessed, and at the age of two and twenty, whither did he direct his eyes?—To a lady distinguished for beauty and fairness of complexion—to the lineal representative of an ancient family known in the records of hereditary grandeur? to the heiress of vast possessions and untold wealth?—No. I feel a proud triumph in being able to assert, that my friend, in his choice of a consort, disregarded the petty considerations of worldly policy, and looked only to purity of heart, stability of principle, and ornament of mind. He made a declaration of his sentiments to a lady of this character, which, as he had been known and respected before his attentions presented him as an object of love, was accepted and returned.

The sober age of forty now stamped my friend's history; and behold him a man possessed of strength of body and vigour of intellect, and standing, as it were, in the very prime of life. He was the father of a family which would generally be considered large, but to which his industry was adequate, and which conduced to shed an additional lustre over his character as a member of the community. It had been at once his greatest care and highest delight to train them in principles which he knew would secure their permanent good; and the influence of his bright example continually before their eyes, gave an efficacy to his precepts, which alone they could not have attained. The economy of his family was a model of good management, regularity, and prudence; no levity, no envy, no obstinacy, no waste of time, no squandering were found there. He was as hospitable as he was discreet and domestic; he relieved, therefore, the train of business, by the occasional company of some friends, selected from those whom he could most approve. His manner of giving an entertainment was strikingly delicate, and worthy of admiration. His manners were always pleasing and affable, and his mind being filled with the choicest stores of classic elegance, and his taste liberalized by the most gentlemanly sentiments, were diffused through all his actions with a delicacy and effect that invariably won the hearts of his guests. His conduct was marked by a watchfulness to supply all their wants, and by an equal attention to their feelings with regard to any thing that was unpleasant to them. He never pressed them with rudeness to replenish their glasses to an excess that violated their taste, or put their health in jeopardy. The words with which he was in the habit of prefacing his bounteous repasts, were generally such as these:—"Gentlemen, I have invited you from personal esteem to enliven my board this evening, and my efforts will be directed to making it as thoroughly pleasing to you as possible. Liberty is the watchword here; every gentleman must consider himself at perfect ease, and take as much as he pleases, without exercising my compulsion on his neighbour. I shall be happy to propose any number of toasts and sentiments, in succession, and assist in the circulation of the joke and the circulation of the bottle, as long as reason justifies us. Some constitutions are suited to take more than others, and I should wish all to be satisfied; but when our entertainment has reached a certain height, you must excuse me if I omit to drink to your head, and partake in your mirth, and my cellars shall be at your service to the utmost extent; only as I mean to make you free agents here, you must be so kind as to leave me in possession of the same freedom." I need not say that this conduct procured him the admiration and love of his guests.

Atticus is now, ordinarily speaking, in the decline of life; he has lost the great and overwhelming strength of manhood, and the sportiveness of youth; but he retains all his faculties, his senses are unimpaired, his constitution is sound and healthful. Having been uniformly temperate, for he never remembers being in a state of intoxication, his frame is vigorous, and his brain unclouded, and he seldom

feels the symptoms of illness or decay. His senility exhibits more of the calm and quiet stillness of the evening of life, than the records of real existence generally afford. He still, however, lives to active purposes, displays the same observance of method in his actions, and relaxes in none of the higher duties of social-intercourse.

Such a man, who has spent his life in the constant employment of time, in the performance of important trusts, and with an uniform attention to the dictates of conscience, may well be said to have lived up to the designs of his MAKER, and to have existed to some purpose. Had he been cut off in the very prime of his days, his life, though short in the numerical proportions of time, would have been remembered as one long in virtue, and have been proposed as an example to some who, in the course of an extended existence, spend two years with as little to mark them as one, and fall into the grave at last, leaving nothing to preserve their memory among their descendants.

Bene vivere vivere bis est,

DOMINIC.

THE POVERTY OF GENIUS.

THE Spaniards say, that 'poverty is not in itself a vice, but that it borders very closely upon one,' our poet has gone farther, he tells us

'Poverty is the only vice we own.'

The truth is, that if poverty be not criminal, it frequently excites those who have not fortitude to withstand temptations, to be guilty of crimes in order to alleviate their distresses. It too often prevents men of real genius succeeding in those pursuits for which they seem destined by nature; whilst it eclipses the most brilliant virtues, and may be considered as the grave of the greatest projects. It stifles in their very birth the noblest ideas, and covers with contempt the finest sentiments of the soul; for the greatest and most shining parts are thereby often interred among the living, or rather buried alive in the obscurity of distress. What light can issue from a taper, enclosed in a clouded lantern?

Dum dives loquitur, verbum Salomonis habetur.
Dum pauper loquitur, tunc barbarus esse videtur.

The poets have very fancifully conceived that the muses are virgins, because they are generally so poor, that they have not portions to recommend them to husbands. As a proof of this, Homer was compelled to go about the streets, and recite his verses for bread. Plautus, the comic poet, got his livelihood by turning a millstone. Xilander, the Greek, sold his notes upon Dyonisius Cassius for a mess of pottage. Sigismund Gelenius, Lelius Gregorius, Giraldi, Ladovius Castelvetro, the bishop of Uzerius, and many more, died in indigent circumstances. The famous Agrippa ended his days in an hospital. Paul Borghese, the Italian poet, knew fourteen different trades, and could not get bread. Michael Cervantes, the ingenious author of Don Quixote, died for want at Seville, where his tomb may still be seen. Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and the Belles Lettres, did not leave enough to bury him. Vaugelas, the great French genius, lived at Paris in the hotel of Solasons, whither he had retired, as to an asylum, to avoid his merciless creditors. The divine Milton was obliged

to sell Paradise Lost for ten pounds. Dryden, one of the most sublime poets this or any other country ever produced, felt the effects of poverty. Otway, our greatest tragic genius after Shakespeare, lived and died in the utmost distress; and Lloyd departed this life in the Fleet.

Many others might be enumerated, amongst the first rate geniuses, who, notwithstanding their merit, their capacity, nay their virtues, have perished literally for want, surrounded by the greatest misery. How shall we reconcile this with that celebrated thought of Varro, 'Dii laboribus omnia vendunt, faciunt Deus adjacet?' Might we not rather say with Brutus, 'Oh! virtue, I cultivated thee as a divinity; but, alas! I find thou art nought but an empty sound.'

I think I have read somewhere, that the reason why we more readily assist the lame and the blind than a poor man of genius, is, that every one is sensibly affected with the apprehension of those calamities; whilst few, if any, are in the least dread of the accidents incident to merit.

Feb. 21st. 1822.

ZENO.

PETER KLAUS.

The Legend of the Goatherd.—Rip Van Winkle.

The following legend is offered to our readers, not only on the score of its intrinsic merit, but as being the undoubted source from which Geoffrey Crayon drew his *Rip Van Winkle*.

This story of The Goatherd is to be found in Büsching's Popular Tales, page 327, where it is followed by a second legend on the same subject; both have reference to the celebrated Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, in fact, is the subject of many a winter's tale amongst the Germans, but all springing from one and the same source. According to this primal story, the Emperor once took refuge, with a party of his followers, in the Kyffhäuser mountains, where he still lives, though under the influence of magic. Here he sits, with his friends, on a bench before a stone table, supporting his head on his hands, and in a state of apparent slumber. His red beard has grown through the table down to his feet; while his head nods and his eyes twinkle, as if he slept uneasily or were about to wake. At times this slumber is interrupted, but his naps are, for the most part; tolerably long, something about a hundred years' duration. In his waking moments, he is supposed to be fond of music, and amongst the numerous tales to which his magic state has given rise, there is one of a party of musicians, who thought proper to treat him with a regular concert in his subterranean abode. Each was rewarded with a green bough, a mode of payment so offensive to their expectations, that upon their return to earth, all flung away his gifts, save one, and he kept the bough only as a memorial of the adventure, without the least suspicion of its value; great, however, was his surprise, when, upon showing it to his wife, every leaf was changed into a golden dollar.

But even the first tale of the Emperor's prolonged slumber can hardly be deemed original; and perhaps, to speak it fairly, is nothing more than a popular version of The Seven Sleepers, not a little disfigured by time and the peculiar superstitions of the country. It is, indeed, surprising how small a stock of original matter has sufficed for all the varieties of European legend; the sources are remarkably few to him who has sufficient knowledge of the subject to follow up the various streams to their fountain head; and it is a task which, if ably executed, might prove both curious and instructive.

PETER KLAUS was a Goatherd of Sittendorf, and

tended his flocks in the Kyffhäuser mountains; here he was accustomed to let them rest every evening in a mead surrounded by an old wall, while he made his muster of them; but for some days he had remarked that one of his finest goats always disappeared some time after coming to this spot, and did not join the flock till late: watching her more attentively, he observed that she slipped through an opening in the wall, upon which he crept after the animal, and found her in a sort of cave, busily employed in gleaning the oat-grains that dropped down singly from the roof. He looked up, shook his ears amidst the shower of corn that now fell down upon him, but with all his enquiry could discover nothing. At last he heard above, the stamp and neighing of horses, from whose mangers it was probable the oats had fallen.

Peter was yet standing in astonishment at the sound of horses in so unusual a place, when a boy appeared who by signs, without speaking a word, desired him to follow. Accordingly he ascended a few steps and passed over a walled court into a hollow, closed in on all sides by lofty rocks, where a partial twilight shot through the over-spreading foliage of the shrubs. Here, upon a smooth, fresh lawn, he found twelve knights playing gravely at nine-pins, and not one spoke a syllable; with equal silence Peter was installed in the office of setting up the nine-pins.

At first he performed this duty with knees that knock'd against each other, as he now and then stole a partial look at the long beards and slashed doublets of the noble knights. By degrees, however, custom gave him courage; he gazed on every thing with firmer look, and at last even ventured to drink out of a bowl that stood near him, from which the wine exhaled a most delicious odour. The glowing juice made him feel as if re-animated, and whenever he found the least weariness, he again drew fresh vigour from this inexhaustible goblet. Sleep at last overcame him.

Upon waking, Peter found himself in the very same enclosed mead where he was wont to tell his herd. He rubbed his eyes, but could see no sign either of dog or goats, and was, besides, not a little astonished at the high grass, and shrubs, and trees which he had never before observed there. Not well knowing what to think, he continued his way over all the places that he had been accustomed to frequent with his goats, but so where could he find any traces of them; below him he saw Sittendorf, and, at length, with hasty steps he descended.

The people whom he met before the village, were all strangers to him; they had not the dress of his acquaintance, nor yet did they exactly speak their language, and when he asked after his goats, all stared and touched their chins. At last he did the same almost involuntarily, and found his beard lengthened by a foot at least, upon which he began to conclude that himself and those about him were equally under the influence of enchantment; still he recognised the mountain he had descended, for the Kyffhäuser; the houses too, with their yards and gardens, were all familiar to him, and to the passing questions of a traveller, several boys replied by the name of Sittendorf.

With increasing doubt he now walked through the village to his house: It was much decayed, and before it lay a strange goatherd's boy in a ragged frock, by whose side was a dog worn lank by age, that growled and snarled when he spoke to him. He then entered the cottage through an opening which had once been closed by a door; here too he found all so void and waste that he tottered out again at the back door as if intoxicated, and called his wife and children by their names; but none heard, none answered.

In a short time, women and children thronged around the stranger with the long hoary beard, and all, as if for a wager, joined in enquiring what he wanted. Before his own house to ask others after his wife, or children, or even of himself, seemed so strange, that, to get rid of these querists, he mentioned the first name that occurred to him; "Kurt Steffen?" The bye-standers looked at each other in silence, till at last an old woman said; "He has been in the churchyard these twelve years, and you'll not go there to-day." "Velten Meier?" "Heaven rest his soul!"

replied an ancient dame, leaning upon her crutch; "Heaven rest his soul! He has lain these fifteen years in the house that he will never leave."

The Goatherd shuddered, as in the last speaker he recognised his neighbour, who seemed to have suddenly grown old; but he had lost all desire for farther question. At this moment a brisk young woman passed through the anxious gapers, carrying an infant in her arms, and leading by the hand a girl of about fourteen years old, all three the very image of his wife. With increasing surprise he asked her name: "Maria!"—"And your father's?"—"Peter Klaus! Heaven rest his soul! It is now twenty years since we sought him day and night on the Kyffhäuser mountains, when his flock returned without him; I was then but seven years old."

The Goatherd could contain himself no longer; "I am Peter Klaus," he cried, "I am Peter Klaus, and none else," and he snatched the child from his daughter's arms. All for a moment stood as if petrified, till at length one voice, and another, and another, exclaimed, 'Yes, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, neighbour!—Welcome after twenty years!'

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The inscription of Mr. Jeremy Antiq. in your last number, has pleased as well as puzzled me a good deal. I have, from early youth, devoted much time to the prosecution of that delightful study. 'Many a time and oft,' have I pored over an old inscription, till I could scarcely discern a single letter, endeavouring to find out the proper connection between each sentence,—to ascertain the probable meaning,—or else, if unable to do this, giving a loose run to my imagination, in order to supply a lamentable *hiatus*, that now and then (as if on purpose) appeared to vex me. This has been done, *con amore*, and no one, but a professed antiquarian can conceive the exulting joy which arises, when the efforts of perhaps weeks are crowned with success. It is matter of regret that Mr. Jer. Antiq. has not stated where the inscription was found, whether copied from stone or from metal,—if the letters were much defaced,—or if the periods (·) marked in his copy, were in the original. Antiquarians know, that all ancient inscriptions are in Uncial or Capital letters, without stop or break between the words. My opinion on the subject is, that these points are the remains of letters, but effaced by the injuries of time, and I shall prove this, by shewing that the addition of such letters will give the real meaning. Information of this kind often saves much trouble, and furnishes a clue towards the elucidation of the mystery. It may not be desirable to give in detail the labour it has cost me, to translate this very curious inscription. Let it suffice, that I at last found it buried deep 'mid Hyperborean snows.'

History brought to recollection

'In days of yore, when time was young,
And birds conversed, as well as sung;

that the seas which 'girt our favoured isle,' were infested by bands of Danes and Norwegians, who also formed establishments in many of the smaller isles, where their descendants remain to this day—the Isle of Man, for instance. The inscription may be, either Danish or Norwegian, but more probably Icelandic, from the peculiar endings of some words—(you may consult Mackenzie and Henderson on this point). It will, however, occupy too much room in the Iris, to give an entire translation, I can only add,

that it commemorates the death of some chieftains, slain at a battle in Scotland, probably the one fought anno. 1087, in the reign of Duncan, at Drumlaum, now Drumlaw, in Fifeshire, where his general Banquo, defeated Sweyn King of Norway, and slew many of his chiefs. It is related in the *Berum Scotticarum Historia Georgii Buchananii*, lib. vii.

This, to me, is confirmed by the text itself. '*Hifere primores gentis erant; reliqui facile ad naves compulsi. Bancho magna potentia casorum sepulchrum vendidisse dicitur, quorum sepulchra aiant adhuc in Æmona insula ostendi.*' Now Sir, the '*Æmona insula*' where these chiefs were buried, is the present Inch-Colme, or Columb's Isle, situated at the estuary of the Forth. I take 'CEMOR E. I N A N.' to be the identical spot, but corrupted to Inch-Colme. The 'A R O N.' can only mean the Forth, as the River Carron runs by Stirling. I would read, 'F A R O N,' as being its true name. I also suspect that by 'D I N G L I E S H E,' is meant the distinguished chief who carried the 'R E F A O N,'—Refain, or great military standard of the Danes, as we find Alfred the Great captured one from them. It is likely that the Scottish cognomen of Dalgleish is derived from the above name. This alteration of names has been prevalent in every language—I will only give a few of rivers from the Latin.—Scotland, Glotta, now the Clyde: Latea, the Lochty: Taichus, the Teith. England, Avus, the Ouse: Sabrina, the Severn: France, Matrona, the Marne: Ligeris, la Loire. Spain, Iberus, the Ebro. I could refer your readers to many others.

Buchanan afterwards relates the appearance of the three Weird Sisters to Macbeth; they were no doubt beautiful, and of no common appearance. '*Tres fœminas forma augustiore quam humana,*' so that Mr. Jeremy Antiq.'s supposition in note d, is probably correct.

Yours,

R. P. B.

March 4th, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

'That melancholy bell
Proclaimed his funeral.'

SIR,—In reading over your valuable miscellany, which by the by you will please to accept my best wishes for its success, I was surprised to find (in page 5) mention made of the Bells of St. Ann's being subjected to perpetual silence, on account of their once ringing a welcome peal in honor of the Pretender. Never having heard that the Church ever possessed a peal of bells, I have been led, by the singularity of the circumstance, to make particular enquiry respecting them, and am informed, that the said Church never had more than one bell. I imagine the *welcome peal* would be rung, if ever rung, when his army arrived here; now it is a curious circumstance, that at the time when the first division of the rebel army came to Manchester, they marched into the Square, and the said bell was tolling a *mournful peal* for the soul of the Rev. Joseph Hoole, who died November 27th, 1745, several of the officers came to the grave side, took off their bonnets, and behaved with the greatest attention and decorum.

W. H.

Chorlton, March, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been favoured through the medium of the Iris, with a Criticism upon my Lectures, by one of my auditors, who has substituted for his name the term 'PHILANTHROPOS.' With your permission, I beg leave to inform your correspondent, through the medium of the same Miscellany, that on the most careful examination, I can find no analogy between the spirit of his strictures and his signature. But as I am open to conviction, and always prefer truth to victory, if he thinks proper to give his real name and address, he is at perfect liberty to point out to the public all the obscurities, and the false Philosophy which he observed in my Lectures, reserving to myself however, the liberty of replying; and if I cannot demonstrate the truth of the philosophy I have advanced, I hope I shall find no difficulty in acknowledging my obligation to your correspondent, for pointing out my errors.

The *philosophical adventure* on the Horizontal Moon, with which he has charged me, and which forcibly struck him as original, is by no means mine. It appears in many Scientific works of the first celebrity, and if any deference is due to authority, the opinion which he is combating is DR. BREWSTER'S.

I am aware that there are persons in Manchester well able to instruct me, both in Philosophy and Elocution; but as it is universally acknowledged, that in teaching Elocution, example is infinitely superior to precept, and as PHILANTHROPOS appears extremely anxious for my improvement, if he will oblige me, by going through the illustrations in any of my proposed Lectures, in that accurate and elegant manner which is so necessary to set off a public lecture, (and to which I have no pretensions,) I will cheerfully and willingly become his auditor, and I have little doubt but society may thus derive considerable benefit from the effects of his example.

I am, yours, &c.

T. LONGSTAFF.

52, Dale-street, March 7th, 1822.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Essay on Elocution:—See Stories, No. 4;—and several other favours, intended for this week, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

We feel obliged to E. V. for his very polite letter, and shall be happy from time to time to insert his communications.

The Poem by Beppo, is not rejected.—From the number of anonymous articles we receive, it is impossible to satisfy the wishes of every writer, as we must claim the privilege of selection.—We are not at all fastidious.—There are many passages in the poem which please us, and the whole, with a little alteration, would suit our pages.—If the writer will favour us with a call, or establish a confidential intercourse, so as to ensure the remainder of the Poem, we shall insert it.

Various explanations of the inscription in our last, have been received; which, for obvious reasons we postpone until next week.

The lines 'To a gossiping Apothecary,' will be thought personal.

Communications have been received from Julia.—Alberto.—Poldore.—A Thinker.—S. W.—P. W. H.—T. T. L.—A Reader, and J. B.

The communication from Liverpool, in answer to the inscription in our last, has been returned to the Post-office, as the writer did not pay the postage.

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FOR THE IRIS.

ON THE FATE OF GENIUS.

*'Calliope longum culebs ear vixit in seculum
Nempe nihil dotis, quod numeraret erat.'*

*'Why did Calliope live so long a maid?
Because she had no dowry to be paid.'*

WHEN we take a view of former times, and turn over the pages of history, recounting their progress, how often do we find cause to regret the clouds which have hung over, and burst with almost unceasing rigour upon the sons of literature. If the research be continued to the present period, our grief is heightened,—not, perhaps, that the lives of ancient literary characters have been less subject to misfortune than those of modern days,—but that our accounts of the latter are more correct and particular than of the former. Were it possible that the records of time could be fully revealed to us, we should, doubtless, find the distress of genius very little, if any thing, different.

Of authors it has been justly observed, that they had the whole world to contend with, and were destitute of any to plead in their favour. Though possessed of all the learning possible, they must have kept it to themselves,—have lived in bare esteem, and famished, instead of being rewarded for the pains they bestowed in endeavouring to enlighten their illiterate contemporaries. Learning was scorned by the wealthy, and the warrior despised it as being beneath him, and incompatible with his profession. In the feudal æra they seemed to have had a sort of contention amongst themselves who should do most injury to literature, and to have striven to completely exterminate it. When the Goths overwhelmed different parts of the learned world, they destroyed all the literary stores they met with. We are told of one, who, when his countrymen came into Greece, and would have burnt all their books, exclaimed against it,—‘by all means’ said he, ‘leave them that plague, which, in time, will consume all their vigour, and martial spirit;’ and in the dark and obscure age of our own country, no person durst introduce improvements in any art, or science, lest he should be persecuted, or accused of being a sorcerer. As light began to dawn, the schoolmen likewise, fancying themselves pre-eminent in knowledge, allowed no work to possess merit, unless constituted of the subtle dogmas and intricacies as their own. When Aristotle was beyond their comprehension they decried his philosophy, and what they were conscious they had not ability to understand, they pretended to be no longer worth studying.

*'A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finished, what the Goths began.'*

We read of authors indeed, upon whom, whilst living, fortune smiled; and who were courted and caressed by an obsequious multitude. But, as of such their works were works of a day;—like a meteor they

appeared with brilliancy, then quickly vanished and are now forgotten. If they could at the outset introduce themselves to the notice of some potentate or statesman, they immediately became the oracles of their age, and their efforts were cried up, not because of the judgement, beauty or sentiment displayed therein, but because of the patronage gained, the stratagems of intrigue, the prejudice of faction, or the servility of adulation. If the great man said that such effusions possessed merit, they soon attained perfection, and were dispersed by his flatterers and dependants, whose interest it was to repeat their master's opinion, not regarding truth so much as a show of reverence towards his affectedly pre-eminent wisdom. The popularity of these works is commonly limited to their author's lives and not unfrequently to a shorter date, when they experience a total neglect.

Those authors, however, whose labours now, and will hereafter, shine with increasing lustre,—

*'Whose mortal being only can decay;
Whose nobler parts, whose fame shall reach the skies,
And to late times with blooming honours rise;'*

have been suffered to be

*'—blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world;'*

and to pine away in obscurity, when probably a solitary dollar might have purchased for them wherewith to have satisfied nature. How many have taken a distinguished part on the theatre of life, who with all the talents fitted to guide or to instruct mankind, have from some secret misfortune, had their minds depressed, and the fire of their genius extinguished.

The poet and his garret,

'How small to others but how great to me,'

were proverbial, as also that poverty was the muse's patrimony. Yet the laurel has always been accounted honourable. Our pedant king, James I, esteemed it so much so that he waved the crown, which his two and twenty shilling pieces bore for the impression of a laurel on his twenty shilling ones. This did not escape the notice of the wits of his time. A wag passed the following jest thereon; ‘that poets, being ever poor, bays were rather the emblem of wit than wealth, and this appeared more plainly, since king James no sooner began to wear them, than he fell two shillings in the pound in public estimation.’ It is related that pope Urban VIII, founded an hospital for decayed authors, and called it the ‘retreat for incurables;’ intimating that it was equally impossible to reclaim the patients from poverty or from poetry.

As I enter into a library, and look at its walls furnished with productions of intrinsic value and deserving the utmost praise, frequently do I picture to myself the countenances of their authors. Some would be covered with rays, whilst a death's head would be concealed underneath, grinning at the prize it was about to make;—some would be debilitated with disease, or groaning under the frowns of booksellers, and others would be confined in prison, or be in a state of starvation. Whilst reading these pro-

ductions methinks I am conning red letters instead of black ones,—such a stain do I fancy they bear on them.

I am aware that as there are exceptions to every rule, so are there to the subject on which I have been treating. There have been authors whose lives and works have been equally propitious, and which latter will be esteemed by the latest posterity.

What a difference though, in the condition of authors, do we notice in these times. The publishers of ‘Lalla Rookh’ gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem, which, with all its beauties, and they are numerous, is certainly not worth one single book of Milton's ‘Paradise Lost.’ The great Scottish novelist, as it is reported, netted nearly £100,000 by his works. Nor is this liberality confined to any particular branch of literature; a successful tragedy, for which, in the days of Tonson, fifty pounds was thought a sufficient remuneration, will now produce the author from six to seven hundred pounds.

So little are literary men in our day ‘in danger of starving, that, if to true talent they add an ordinary portion of prudence and industry,’ and they can raise themselves above the often too severe lash of the critic, ‘there is scarcely any class of men that has less to fear from the caprices of fortune. The announcement of a work from the pen of at least a dozen of our living authors, excites nearly as much interest as the news of a great battle; and for every poem of a few hundred stanzas, London or Edinburgh sends back what the lottery agents call a golden shower, to refresh, with all the luxuries of life, the retirement of a Scott, a Campbell, a Moore, or a Crabbe; or, peradventure, to furnish the noble minstrel with a large letter of credit on some Greek or Italian banker. But for this happy revolution in the republic of letters, the literati of the present age are in a great measure indebted to those who have gone before them. The growth of taste, like the progress of liberal opinions, with which it is inseparably connected, is uniformly slow and gradual; and had not the ‘Paradise Lost’ sold for the paltry sum of ten or twenty pounds,* and the ‘Task’ and some other works presented as a gift to the publishers, ‘Lalla Rookh,’ ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ or even a single canto of ‘Childe Harold,’ never could have been purchased at the extraordinary price of three thousand guineas.

‘Genius, in fact, must precede taste; and, consequently, the early writers, who dealt in a commodity of which not one man in ten thousand understood the value, were sure to find themselves in the predicament of those who let down buckets into empty wells, and spent their days in drawing no water. But this evil has at last worked its own cure. By indulging, in despite of poverty and privation, the natural bent of their minds, men of genius have at length enlarged the circle of readers; and having created a demand for the beauties of literature, have placed it within the reach of their successors to amass fortunes by their skill and address in supplying it. In a word the fathers of literature in a country may be compared

* I have heard it sold for £5 only.

to a capital rank in some great national undertaking, which, although ruinous to the first projectors, is destined to enlighten posterity by scattering over the community all the blessings of extended and extending cultivation."—*Extract from a late biographical Account of Cowper, by Mr. Mc. Diarmid, of Dumfries.* J.

ON ELOQUENCE.

It is to me a matter of surprise, that mankind in general should not endeavour to acquire the art of Eloquence; more especially, that it should be neglected by those gentlemen who are brought up to any of the learned professions, for certainly there is no acquirement which goes farther in gaining the good opinion of the world. How often do we find a man of inferior judgement, leaving behind him competitors at the Bar, by the mere force of Eloquence;—a minister of the Gospel attracting by his elocution crowded congregations, though his doctrines be repugnant to many of his auditors! A senator commands the attention and respect of his opponents by this all-powerful art. In religion, legislation, and law, how strongly is exemplified the great utility of this acquisition: we find its possessors obtaining the esteem, admiration, and respect of society; rising to the most elevated stations in the empire, and acquiring immense riches. In every situation of life has it a pervading influence; under all circumstances does it command attention. Not only in public characters, but in every private individual, is it considered as a most enviable acquisition. Not alone in the pulpit, senate, or at the bar, but in the social intercourse of life does it obtain for itself pre-eminence and distinction, for how gladly do we listen to, and hang on the words of the eloquent. It is a talent which displays itself in the most momentous affairs, and can descend even to the lowest. How capable are the eloquent of insinuating themselves into the favourable regard of those whom it is their wish to please, even when possessed of no outward advantages, but loathsome to the eye; yet they overcome the prejudices or dislike of their hearers, and command their esteem—of all the talents possessed or acquired by man, there is none which has led to such important results, or so much agitated or influenced the opinions of the world. Though often, alas! too often applied to the promotion of evil, yet how easily may it be rendered productive of good; for what can be more advantageous to its spread than the eloquence of its advocates, by which truths divine, come mended from their tongues; what can make instruction more beneficial or acceptable, than coming clothed in a pleasing dress;—virtue, more lovely, than when described in the glowing language of feeling;—or what can more influence, or operate upon, the passions and motives of man! It is adapted to promote every great and noble design, to command the attention of listening senates, and rule the fate of empires; to lead us to the love and practice of virtue, to defend the innocent, and punish the guilty. And, if we descend to meaner considerations, we find it a most powerful assistant in acquiring for its owner, a reputation to which his natural talents may not entitle him, for superficial observers (of which class consist the majority of mankind) are ready to allow to those who please them, more merit than they deserve. They generally estimate every man's abilities by his conversation; and, as that is more or less splendid, do they rank him in their opinion; and his title to learning, or knowledge, will rise or fall in their estimation, as he is distinguished by this acquirement.

Eloquence being of so much importance, why then should it be so generally neglected? Are we to attribute this to a want of capacity in mankind, or from what other cause does it proceed? I, for my own part, ascribe it to our viewing it as being of less importance than it really is, for we see that no efforts are made to acquire it, unless absolutely required by particular professional pursuits, and even then no greater degree of excellence is usually sought, than is necessary to prevent obloquy and derision. It is sel-

dom aimed at as an ornament by the erudite scholar, who rests satisfied with his store of learning, though for want of this accomplishment, they lie unheeded or unknown. Some are prone to think, that, if they can string together a few common-place expressions, though, perhaps, without any order, or talk a long time though they tire the patience of their hearers, they have acquired this highly useful art; but it is not an attainment so cheaply purchased, it can only be obtained by determined perseverance, and will yield only to resolution. Let those who wish to be distinguished by this talent, consider the celebrated example of Demosthenes, and they will see how far perseverance alone may carry them in the improvement of their elocution, even in opposition to the strongest natural defects: his life will at the same time afford a sufficient lesson to demonstrate the importance of eloquence in the most momentous affairs.

If the reasons I have before pointed out, are not sufficient inducements to lead to its study, it will, I fear, be totally useless to mark the disadvantages resulting from its neglect: but I shall, notwithstanding, distinguish a few of them. Frequently are men of the greatest talent, deprived of that influence which they ought to have in society, from a want of eloquence; often do they make themselves appear ridiculous, by their uncouth manner of expression, and a deficiency of language in which to clothe their ideas. And this we even find to be the case with men, who are able to write in the most nervous and eloquent style; yet when they are called upon to express the same sentiments in public, forfeit, in a great measure, the good opinion they may by their writings have obtained. How often does the monotonous cadence of the preacher lull his congregation to repose, however beautiful may be his composition, or instructive his discourse. How little are the best moral discourses attended to, unless dressed in refined language, and delivered in an impressive manner. In parliament, how impotent is the voice of the inelegant orator; and at the bar, how trifling the business of the barrister who is deficient in eloquence. Nothing indeed, tends more to prejudice us against another on his first appearance, than a want of address, by which we may properly understand a deficiency of expression. Is it not therefore incumbent upon us, if we wish to obtain the good opinion of the world, to cultivate this admirable talent? not that we should be continually making speeches upon every trifling occasion, though at the same time, upon every occasion, to be able to express ourselves in neat and appropriate language. For a man to congratulate a friend when he finds him in good health, by entering into an elaborate dissertation on the blessings derived from its possession, the means of preserving it, and the debt of gratitude due for so great a favour, would be ridiculous and absurd: yet it would be gratifying to the friend, to have such congratulations conveyed in a feeling manner. If a man really feels what he wishes to impress upon others, he will always find himself more competent to express his ideas upon those occasions, than when he is uninterested in the subject. It divests him, in a considerable degree, of that diffidence which he might otherwise feel, and increases his confidence. The attempt once successfully made, all future endeavours are pleasing and gratifying to the mind, and every future slight adds to the improvement of the art. Like that of the unfledged bird, the first attempt is made in fear, but encouraged by success, man feels the powers of his tongue; that which was at first an object of terror, becomes a most pleasing source of enjoyment, and we then wonder at our first sensations. If a man resolves to attain the art of speaking, let him use diligence and perseverance, and he will seldom fail in its attainment.

Of all nations, however, the English seem to me most defective in this necessary quality. Not but that our country has produced orators, who, for eloquence, may vie with the finest models of antiquity, and far surpass them in the strength of reasoning: yet, taken as a people, I think it must be admitted, that we are deficient in this most important talent: that talent by which Demosthenes was enabled

to excite the enervated Athenians to arms, and long oppose the power and ability of Philip;—by which Cicero acquired for himself that unfading reputation, to which his character does not altogether entitle him; and by which, our immortal Chatham awed and commanded the British senate. This may, perhaps, be in some measure attributable to that reservedness of disposition attendant on the character of an Englishman, which generally leads him to avoid appearing conspicuous, or intruding upon the attention of others. Though this disposition is fast wearing away by the diffusion of education, and our continued intercourse with foreign countries, yet still we seldom find the English adopting those means which are most likely to conduce to its attainment. We have no such inducements amongst us, as parties for conversation, where we may enjoy the feast of reason in the mutual communication of sentiment. No, ours are dinner-parties, tea-parties, card-parties, or drinking-parties, or any kind of parties but rational ones; in them, the sole object is to pass away time, not to improve it: not to enjoy our mental faculties, but to gratify our sensual appetites. How often have I, in societies of this nature, been nauseated with the frivolity of our pursuits, and lamented hours passed in scenes of dissipation, which might have been much more usefully employed in the cultivation of the mind, by the discussion of literary and scientific subjects. The English rank first in real and sterling genius, but then they too frequently let their talents lie dormant, satisfied with the consciousness of possession, nor endeavour to make them useful. Nothing can more tend to make our knowledge useful, than reducing it into practice; by imparting his acquisitions in learning, every man indeed increases his store of wisdom, and becomes a benefit to society. No means can, in my opinion, be so efficiently resorted to for increasing the effect of learning and wisdom, as eloquence in writing and speaking. The art of writing is more boundless in its application, by the invention of the press; but the art of speaking is far more effective in the limited circle to which it extends; it makes a deeper impression on the mind, and may be more frequently applied to useful purposes. One is a talent, which may be applied to such purposes every day, hour, and minute, without any expence or labour to the individual: the other can only be brought into exercise occasionally, requires more labour in the composition, and is more subject to animadversion and censure. We can never feel the same delight in reading the speech of a celebrated orator, as his auditors must have experienced in listening to it;—nor in reading the drama, even of Shakspeare, as in listening to its recitation by our O'Neill, Kemble, and Kean. In the closet we may admire both, but if our hearts must be affected, we ought to hear the orator and actor. The cultivation of the art of speaking with eloquence and propriety, will naturally lead to the art of writing with elegance and perspicuity, but I much doubt whether any study of the latter talent, would ever make a man speak eloquently.

M———.

Manchester, Feb. 19, 1822.

ACCOUNT OF A GREAT AND EXTRAORDINARY CAVE IN INDIANA.

In a Letter from MR. BENJAMIN ADAMS to JOHN H. FARNHAM, Esq. of Frankfort, Ohio*.

THE cave is situated in the north-west quarter of section 27. in township No. 3. of the second easterly range in the district of lands offered for sale at Jeffersonville.

* The above is the title of a very curious paper, published as an Appendix to the first volume of the *Archæologia Americana*, which we have just received from the American Antiquarian Society. Mr. Adams, the author of the letter, is the proprietor of the cave.—DR. BREWSTER.

The precise time of its discovery is difficult to ascertain. I have conversed with several men who had made several transient visits to the interior of the cave about eleven years ago, at which time it must have exhibited a very interesting appearance, being, to use their own phraseology, *covered like snow* with the salts. At this period some describe the salts to have been from six to nine inches deep, on the bottom of the cave, on which lumps of an enormous size were interspersed, while the sides presented the same impressive spectacle with the bottom, being covered with the same production. Making liberal allowances for the hyperbole of discoverers and visitors, I cannot help thinking that the scenery of the interior, at this time, was highly interesting, and extremely picturesque. I found this opinion upon conversations with General Harrison and Major Floyd, who visited the cave at an early period, and whose intelligence would render them less liable to be deceived by novel appearances.

The hill, in which the cave is situated, is about four hundred feet high from the base to the most elevated point; and the prospect to the south-east, in a clear day, is exceedingly fine, commanding an extensive view of the hills and valleys bordering on Big Blue River. The top of the hill is covered principally with oak and chestnut. The side to the south-east is mantled with cedar. The entrance is about midway from the base to the summit, and the surface of the cave preserves in general about that elevation; although I must acknowledge this to be conjectural, as no experiments have been made with a view to ascertain the fact. It is probably owing to this middle situation of the cave, that it is much drier than is common.

After entering the cave by an aperture of twelve or fifteen feet wide, and in height, in one place, three or four feet, you descend with easy and gradual steps into a large and spacious room, which continues about a quarter of a mile, pretty nearly the same in appearance, varying in height from eight to thirty feet, and in breadth from ten to twenty. In this distance the roof is, in some places, arched; in others a plane, and in one place, particularly, it resembles an inside view of the roof of a house. At the distance above named the cave forks; but the right hand fork soon terminates, while the left rises by a flight of rocky stairs, nearly ten feet high, into another story, and pursues a course, at this place, nearly south-east. Here the roof commences a regular arch, the height of which, from the floor, varies from five to eight feet, and the width of the cave from six to twelve feet; which continues to what is called the *Creeping Place*, from the circumstance of having

to crawl ten or twelve feet into the next large room. From this place to the 'PILLAR,' a distance of about one mile and a quarter, the visitor finds an alternate succession of large and small rooms, variously decorated; sometimes mounting elevated points by gradual or difficult ascents, and again descending as far below; sometimes travelling on a pavement, or climbing over huge piles of rocks, detached from the roof by some convulsion of nature,—and thus continues his route, until he arrives at the pillar.

The aspect of this large and stately white column, as it comes in sight from the dim reflection of the torches, is grand and impressive. Visitors have seldom pushed their inquiries farther than two or three hundred yards beyond this pillar. This column is about fifteen feet in diameter, from twenty to thirty feet in height, and regularly receded from the top to the bottom. In the vicinity of this spot are some inferior pillars, of the same appearance and texture. Chemically speaking, it is difficult for me to say what are the constituent parts of these columns, but lime appears to be the base. Major Warren, who is certainly a competent judge, is of opinion that they are satin spar.

I have thus given you an imperfect sketch of the mechanical structure and appearance of the cave. It only remains to mention its productions.

The first in importance is the Sulphate of Magnesia, or Epsom salts, which, as has been previously remarked, abounds throughout this cave in almost its whole extent, and which I believe has no parallel in the history of that article. This neutral salt is found in a great variety of forms, and in many different stages of formation. Sometimes in lumps, varying from one to ten pounds in weight. The earth exhibits a shining appearance, from the numerous particles interspersed throughout the huge piles of dirt collected in different parts of the cave. The walls are covered in different places with the same article, and reproduction goes on rapidly. With a view to ascertain this fact, I removed from a particular place every vestige of salt, and in four or five weeks the place was covered with small needle-shaped crystals, exhibiting the appearance of frost.

The quality of the salt in this cave is inferior to none; and when it takes its proper stand in regular and domestic practice, must be of national utility. With respect to the resources of this cave, I will venture to say, that every competent judge must pronounce it inexhaustible. The worst earth that has been tried, will yield four pounds of salt to the bushel; and the best from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

The next production is the Nitrate of Lime, or saltpetre earth. There are vast quantities of this earth, and equal in strength to any that I have ever seen. There are also large quantities of the Nitrate of Alumina, or nitrate of argil, which will yield as much nitrate of potash, or saltpetre, in proportion to the quantities of earth, as the nitrate of lime.

The three articles above enumerated are first in quantity and importance; but there are several others which deserve notice, as subjects of philosophical curiosity. The Sulphate of Lime, or plaster of Paris, is to be seen variously formed; ponderous, crystallized and impalpable; or soft, light, and rather spongy. Vestiges of the sulphate of iron are also to be seen in one or two places. Small specimens of the carbonate, and also the nitrate of magnesia, have been found. The rocks in the cave principally consist of carbonate of lime, or common limestone.

I had almost forgotten to state, that near the forks of the cave are two specimens of painting, probably of Indian origin. The one appears to be a savage, with something like a bow in his hand, and furnishes the hint, that it was done when that instrument of death was in use. The other is so much defaced; that it is impossible to say what it was intended to represent.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

When Garrick visited the continent, he was received every where with the most distinguished marks of honour and esteem. Even crowned heads vied with each other in the attentions they paid to him. Neither were those of his own profession slow in profiting by the lessons which he gave them in the dramatic art. Preville, the best actor of France, acknowledged him for his master, and looked upon him as a model for imitation. With this actor, he once made a short excursion from Paris on horseback, when Preville took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture—he did not *make his legs drunk*. 'Hold, my friend,' said he, 'and I shall show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening, to go to his box in the country.' He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication; he called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropped from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties; finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Preville gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked him again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt? Garrick, whose eyes were closed, half opened one of them, hiccupped, and with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Preville was astonished; and when Garrick started up and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed, 'My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him!'



POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Please to admit the following Biblical Specimens, which may, perhaps, appear a somewhat new walk in Poetry, possessing the singular advantage of combining the melody of versification with the sacredness of Scripture.

They may not be inappropriate at a period when the very truths and tendencies of the sacred pages are perverted and profaned, and particularly when a popular writer has ventured to bring forward a new argument, defamatory of Revelation, by insinuating that there is no allusion to a future state in the first records of the Bible—the Old Testament.

The text of the Prophet, of which one of the following is a transcript, will at least demonstrate a day of Judgement, and, as a legitimate conclusion of general Scripture evidence, and connected with the revelations of succeeding inspiration, will obviate (from the natural connexion between a day of judgment and a future state) the difficulty which the Poet alluded to has started.

March 11, 1822.

I am, Sir,

R. G.

SACRED TRANSCRIPT, FROM MALACHI IV.

For lo! the judgment of the Lord will come,
And dread and terror of the day of doom.
Like fiery oven that awful day will burn,
When all the proud in misery will mourn;
Yea all the wicked sons of sin and shame,
Shall like the stubble, perish in the flame.
That awful day will dreadful be to them,
Thus saith the Lord, nor leave them root or stem.
But you, ye dutious ones, my name who fear,
To you will th' Sun of Righteousness appear,
While he is blissful healing of his wing
To you will raptured joy and gladness bring.
You all will prosper and in strength go forth,
And grow like calves of stall upon the earth.
Then ye condescend, the wicked down will tread,
Beneath your feet to lie like ashes dead.
Even in the day these fearful works are done,
Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the holy one!
Remind ye, that from Horeb, sacred law,
I gave my servant Moses in dread awe;
Even that I gave it there, in high command,
With fear and judgement to all Israel's land.
Behold, Elijah, Prophet, I will send
To you, before this dread and awful end;
Then he shall fathers' hearts to children turn,
That kindred may no longer kindred spurn;
Lest dread I come, and in deserved ire,
The earth with curses smite, and fearful fire.

THE HAPPY STATE OF THE REDEEMED:
A SACRED TRANSCRIPT FROM ISAIAH.

Then will the desert's solitary bourn
Be glad for them, nor longer sorrowing mourn.
The wilderness then rescued from all woes,
Will high rejoice and blossom as the rose.
While plenteous odours will its lonely air
Make glad, all breathing from the blossoms fair:
And in a joyful strain and happy voice
Will in the great deliverance rejoice.
The glory of Lybania's favored hill,
Will the far bound in happy influence fill.
And then will flow'ry Carmel's towering pride
And Sharon's beauties excellent abide.
They in the happy solitudes abide
Will hail the glory of the heavenly God.
And the excelling goodness of the Lord
Will long in blissful strains of praise record.
The feeble hands, O kindly strengthen ye
And vigorous power impart to sinking knee,
Encourage them who be of fearful heart,
O soothe the timid, bid their fears depart:
For lo! th' Almighty's vengeful ire will come
And in his Justice recompense your doom.
He'll sure descend and his fond people own,
In all the grace of his salvation.

And lo! the blind will ope the closed eye,
The silent ear will listen gratefully.
Then will those members leap that once were lame,
And even the dumb relieved their joy proclaim.
For in the desert will the waters mild
In streamlets flow, and cheer the thirsty wild;
The parched land fair pools will soon confess,
And gurgling rivelets seek their fair egress:
And in the dreaded Dragon's hated den,
Will verdure flourish, as in haunts of men.
There will a public way be 'stablish'd sure,
And named as meet the holy and the pure.
Licentious vice will never o'er it tread,
But still with those who follow leader spread;
The lonely traveller, tho' journeying there,
Even tho' infatuate, may never err.
No lion or dire ravenous beast of prey
Will daring o'er infest the happy way:
No savage claws will there again appear,
Protected path for the redeemed dear.
And there the ransomed favored of the Lord
Will turn to Zion's hill in one accord,
And sing glad praise, the wail of woe instead,
With ever during blessings on their head;
They shall maintain the long and gladdened day,
And sighs and sorrows all will fly away.

An Answer to an Enquiry whether I had ever seen a Corpse.

Yes! I have often seen the dead, and thought
That but to see them, is to profit nought;
For death indeed a lesson always gives
To hale, or sickly, every one that lives.
For who can view, without a tear or sigh,
The pallid cheek, the sad, the sunken eye;
That cheek, that oft portrayed the soul's delight,
That eye, that sweet affection oft made bright,
Those lips that once such fervid kisses press'd,
That tongue that once kind friends and kindred bless'd;
If scenes like these can ever fail to move
The latent embers of a friend's last love,
If scenes like these can pass without a tear,
Then love and friendship dwell no longer here.

R. R.

Liverpool, March 8th, 1822.

ONE O'CLOCK.

I sing of noon, yes, noon, god wot,
When all the town to dinner trot,
The clock struck one, impatience hot!

For knife and fork.

Delightful note! of pond'rous sound,
The sweetest of thy numbers round,
To Cannon-Street's wide spacious bound,
Is Old Church bell.

At ev'ry door with list'ning ear,
Stand hungry souls, who wish to steer,
When thou command'st, to beef and beer,
Angelic bell!

Ye gods! behold their rapid pace,
And Jockies, wonder at the race!
Sportsmen look on! was ever chase
More swiftly run?

Mark each PHIZ, as I'm a sinner!
Muscles move as if at dinner;
Anxious to become a winner,
They run, they fly!

Now counsel take, ye gentle fair,
And walk the streets with special care,
Or you'll be jostled—I know where,—
Flat as flounders.

And much I marvel, nay opine,
So eager are the sharks to dine,
Unheeded there you might repine,
God help ye!

Greatly I ween, that I disclose,
Truths, that may bring me num'rous foes,
Such as would like to TWEAK my nose,
Good gracious!

Yet I fear not the little mind,
Nor still their frowns, bows'er unkind,
But treat them like the idle wind,
That passeth by.
Yet, 'by my valour,' who's afraid!
Attempt my honour to degrade,
I'll run them through with rapier blade,
Quick as light'ning!

No more of this,—I'll to my tale,
Like magic goes the beef and ale,
Swift as a ship in heavy gale,
Prodigious!

The clock strikes two,—the dinner done,
Again they move, (but do not run)
They walk; as stiff as loaded gun,
Up to the muzzle.

In one short hour, how chang'd each face!
'Tis steady now,—before grimace,
And christian-like the streets they pace,
Quite sedately.

Henceforth, I pray your nimble shanks,
No more are us'd in grotesque pranks,
If so, you'll gain sweet dulcet thanks,
You will, I'll swear!

Then now dear muse, 'twixt I and you,
We'll bid these gentry all adieu!—
To them may fortune ever strew,
Her richest blessings!

Manchester, March, 1822.

T. T. L.

VARIETIES.

DISPARITY OF PUNISHMENTS.

At a sessions in Charleston, in the United States of America, a man for killing a negro was only fined £50; while two other persons for negro-stealing, were sentenced to be hanged. The disproportion of punishment in other states of the union, is not less remarkable. In the district of Ohio, one man for the frequent embezzlement of letters from the United States' Mail, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Another man convicted at Richmond of stealing a missal from a church, was condemned to three years, confinement in the Penitentiary.

MAGNANIMITY OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.

The following anecdote, says a correspondent in the American 'Village Record,' comes from a source entitled to perfect credit. During the revolutionary war, two British soldiers, of the army of Lord Cornwallis, went into a house, and abused the inmates in a most cruel and shameful manner. A third soldier in going into the house, met them coming out, and knew them. The people acquitted him of all blame, but he was imprisoned because he refused to disclose the names of the offenders. Every art was tried, but in vain, and at length he was condemned by a court martial to die. When on the gallows, Lord Cornwallis, surprised at his pertinacity rode near him.

'Campbell,' said he, 'what a fool are you to die thus. Disclose the names of the guilty men, and you shall be immediately released; otherwise, you have not fifteen minutes to live.'

'You are in an enemy's country, my Lord,' replied Campbell, 'you can better spare one man than two.'

Firmly adhering to his purpose, he died.

Does history furnish a similar instance of such strange devotion for a mistaken point of honour?

LEGAL DESPATCH.

Although the law's delay is often complained of in civil cases, yet in criminal ones it is speedy enough. An instance of summary punishment occurred at Derby, in 1814. A man was detected picking a gentleman's pocket, of his pocket book. He was taken into custody, the property found upon him, carried before a Justice, committed, a bill found by the Grand Jury, which was then sitting; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation; and all this was done in the course of two hours.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, March 11th.—Jane Shore: Alicia, Mrs. Bunn; with The Warlock of the Glen.
Tuesday, 12th.—The Jealous Wife: Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Bunn; with Tom Thumb.
Wednesday, 13th.—The Way to Keep Him: Mrs. Lovemore, Mrs. Bunn; with The Weathercock.
Friday, 15th.—Kenilworth: The Recruiting Sergeant; and The Day after the Wedding; the parts of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Free love, by Mrs. Bunn.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

No. 4.

For a solution to No. 4. we are referred by our correspondent, Amicus, to the article Magic Squares, in Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, or to Saunderson's Algebra.

Solution to No. 5, by X. Y. Z:

For half of a kiss, take half of sal-ute,
 From forty take for, and leave the rest mute;
 Then in lieu of five hundred you substitute D:
 And the name of the town surely Salford will be.

Solution of No. 6.

With four weights of 1, 3, 9, and 27 pounds any quantity from 1 to 40 pounds may be weighed as follows:—

To weigh 2lb place 3lb in one scale, and 1lb as a counterpoise in the other.

To weigh 5lb place 9lb in one scale, and 1 & 3lb in the other.

And so for the rest.

Solution to No. 7, by L. N.

At the distance of 12 inches from the nine inch side of the board, cut zigzag through the board, parallel to the respective sides, 3 inches, 4 inches, 3 inches, 4 inches, and 3 inches. The two pieces will then, when slid together, form a square of 144 inches.

No. 8.

How must a diamond figure be divided into four parts (each two parts to be equal) so as to form a square.

MATHEMATICS.

No. 1, by R. B.

Given, $y^4 + 2y^2\sqrt{x} + x + 2y^3 + 2y\sqrt{x} - 22y = 121$. And, $\sqrt{x^3 - \sqrt{x^2}} + \sqrt{x - \sqrt{x}} = 7\sqrt{x - \sqrt{x}}$ to find x and y ?

PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW DEPARTMENT, TO BE CALLED
THE MUSAEID.

The Editor of the Iris having politely conceded a certain portion of his paper to our superintendence and direction, we mean to dedicate it exclusively to the service and entertainment of the ladies. But we have too much regard for good manners to obtrude ourselves on the presence of the fair without first sending in our names, to know whether it be agreeable to admit us; and have, therefore, drawn up the following account of our pretensions to their favour, and of the manner in which it is our purpose to amuse them.

We are a party of four bachelors and in lack of pleasant engagements we generally play whist at our own houses. Two of us have nothing to do and are tolerably independent in our fortunes. A Clergyman and a Physician complete the number:—but perhaps a more particular presentation will be pleasant.

The eldest of our company is Frederick Tacit; he is somewhat above thirty years old, and five years ago was certainly the greatest beau in the town. Of late, however, his habits are much changed and though at present he has not quite relinquished either society or his toilette there is certainly every indication of a disposition to abandon them both. The gay scenes in which he has mingled have taught him some knowledge of the world. Indeed, if he had not entered into life, rather with the view of indulging in its pastime-pleasures than of studying the inclinations and characters of mankind, there are few whose opportunities could have been turned to more profitable account than those of our friend. He is essentially a philosopher: and though many have attributed the recent turn of his disposition, 'from gay to grave from lively to severe,' to disappointment in a tender and at one time absorbing passion, those of nicer discernment perceive in it only the development of a latent humour, which the aforesaid circumstances may probably have tended to accelerate. Tacit, however, is still an agreeable fellow: his former vivacity and wildness are finely tempered into a conciliating yet manly gentleness, which is equally engaging to every variety of age, temper and rank. He is an unimpaired favourite with the women, in fact it may be said that his influence among them is greater than ever. The serious and mild deportment, which he has blended with the more violent qualities of his earlier days, at once wins the regard and confidence of the young, retains the estimation of those of his own standing in life, and secures the countenance and favour of the older and more prudent.

The next of our party is the Doctor. He is a man of very considerable attainments, and has the admirable art of displaying them to the best possible advantage, without seeming to assume the slightest superiority over those with whom he converses. He is now in the progress of examination before the College of Female Society, as a necessary and final preparative for a full diploma of practice. His success may be looked upon as certain; he has already proceeded through three classes of enquiry, and has proved himself thoroughly proficient in the mysteries of cards, scandal and gossip. The art of paying impartial attention to every lady of a company, and at the same time of seeming particular to each, has puzzled him exceedingly: yet he does not despair. But accepting four or five invitations for an evening, and waiting upon them all, is not a whit more difficult than it would be to call on the same number of individuals in a professional capacity.

In point of seniority the Parson is the third, but in point of honour we always reckon him the first. Homily Orthodox has just taken his Master's degree, and though he never manifested any deficiency of spirit, was always noted as a steady fellow at Oxford. Indeed it is remarkable, that, without entering into the extreme either of hard reading or extravagant joviality, he has managed to keep in with both sets and to be as hand and glove with them as if he were one of their own. Orthodox has brought several serious notions into the church which young men do not often entertain, but which are certainly the best security for obtaining respect and approbation from all classes of society. He is a punctilious observer of all the duties of his religion, without any portion of ascetic ansterity; and though he considers the title of a fine gentleman, in the ordinary signification of the phrase, as little better than a gloss for infidelity, he does not perceive any necessary reason why a good christian may not be both fashionable and polite.

Will. Volatile is the fourth of our community. He has just entered on the great stage of the world and is beginning to tread it with ease and self possession. His cast of character has hitherto been various, but high comedy seems most peculiarly his talent, and that to which he will ultimately incline.

Will. does not seem to be wanting in any principles that are good; but he has acquired some wrong ideas of applying them. He is certainly both liberal and honest; praterpluperfect of the one and future imperfect of the other. He does not act without thought—but the acting is precipitate and the thinking at

leisure. He has generally some good object in view; but when he fires at it he mistakes the distance. Will. however has certain qualities of generosity and spirit which make him a high favourite with the ladies; and, in return, they are all eye-favourites with him. Lately, he has been observed, more than commonly attentive in a particular quarter: add like the sun, having attained his meridian, he begins to indicate in what point he will descend.

These constitute our regular corps: in addition to which we shall occasionally have the assistance of Paul Forense, Esquire, Barrister, and formerly of our fraternity. We have had some deliberations on the propriety of a general retainer, but although our 'abstract and brief chronicle' has something in common with the profession we have thought Paul not quite a case in point to our undertaking.

We have now introduced ourselves, or more properly introduced each other, to our readers; and as we have shown that we are really very genteel young men whom it will be perfectly proper for them to acknowledge, we shall throw aside all further reserve and converse with them familiarly of our project.

We mean then, dear ladies, to publish the most delightful and charming paper you can possibly imagine. It shall be about every thing:—new books and old books—worth reading and not worth reading—the best poet and the worst poet,—we will be serious and sentimental, witty and wise, clever—and not too clever, moral and not didactic, amusing and not light, 'familiar but by no means vulgar.' Our criticisms will be very short and very candid: we shall be nice and discriminating in our recommendation of books, but we trust nothing like prudery will ever affect us.

We shall have a poetical department, for which we must depend a good deal on correspondents: for we are not poets ourselves. The Parson and the Doctor never composed a couplet in their lives: and poor Tacit, who never did much in poetry, excepting a few sonnets to his mistress which it would be cruelly to ask him for, is now the most unimaginative being in the universe. Volatile, we may say though, has prosody at his fingers' ends; for he assuredly has no other notion of measuring a verse than that of counting his digits. With the assistance of a rhyming dictionary he has managed to compose some stanzas of tolerable merit; and as he becomes more deeply in love we may expect a consequent improvement. We shall, therefore, occasionally rummage his portfolio for the entertainment of our friends. After all, we must be chiefly indebted to supernumerary aid: and we solicit contributions from our fair readers and townswomen, many of whom, we know, are 'framers of the feeling line.' Souvenirs, Albums, Books of Follies, and all the numerous et cetera of feminine wit, are hereby put in requisition. Brevity and originality—not more than three stanzas nor fewer than three novelties can possibly be accepted.

We intend to take the fashions entirely under our superintendence; the London list will be regularly corrected by our own standard, and no one must venture to appear in any mode which we have sealed with reprobation. The manners and pursuits of the ladies will likewise come under our cognizance. We intend to publish a code of duties and proprieties from which no deviation will be permitted. In the mean time, not to excite unnecessary alarm, we assure them that we are by no means rigid in our opinions. We have sometime had our eye on several very prevalent errors which it will be our first business to correct. The misapplication of time is a very grievous offence, especially among the young, it will come under our early consideration.

Our advice will always be open to any one who may choose to apply for it. Our very general intimacy and acquaintance will give us an advantage, in this respect, which may prove of the greatest utility: and, if by chance, we should come at some secret which it was desirable to conceal from us, the strictest confidence may be placed in our integrity.

Every communication intended for us must be addressed to the Editors of the MUSAEID, at the Iris Office.

WEEKLY DIARY.

MARCH.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 17.—*Mildest Sunday.*

The middle or fourth Sunday in Lent was formerly called the Sunday of the Five Loaves, the Sunday of Bread, and the Sunday of Refreshment, in allusion to the gospel appointed for this day. It was also termed *Rose Sunday*, from the Pope's carrying a golden rose in his hand, which he exhibited to the people in the streets as he went to celebrate the eucharist, and at his return.

—17.—*Saint Patrick.*

The tutelary saint of Ireland was born in the year 371, in a village called *Bonaven Tabernie*, probably Kilpatrick, in Scotland, between Dunbriton and Glasgow. He died at the good old age of 123, and was buried at Down, in Ulster.

THURSDAY, 21.—*Saint Benedict.*

Benedict, or *Bennet*, founded the monastery of Cassino, in 529: it was built on the brow of a very high mountain, on the top of which there was an old temple of Apollo, surrounded with a grove. The Benedictine order of monks, first instituted by our saint, was, in the ninth century, at its height of glory.

SEA STORIES;

Or the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Shenstone, Esq.

No. IV.

"Oh morning, fair art thou; to thee the flowers
Unfold their dewy leaves, and nature all
Beams her most pleasing smile."

The Fisherman.

"My senses now began in some degree to return to me," continued the antique personage "and I endeavoured to collect in my mind all that had passed. My servants too, began to recover, and my courage to shake away the disgraceful torpor which hung upon it. The flame roared and blazed out of the apertures, and the gorse weeds and dry brambles taking fire made a tremendous spectacle. It 'was highly picturesque,' as *** would say, to see the flame reflected upon and illuminating the dim recesses of the shattered fane—the dusky objects appeared horribly fantastic in this light, and again a shudder crept involuntarily over my frame. Presently lanterns were seen emerging from the distant cottages, the hum of voices was heard, and shouts and the noise of people advancing grew more distinct. The blaze had attracted the cottagers, and upon search, we discovered that the dreadful apparition was no more than a simple contrivance of some poor illicit whiskey makers, to deter any 'rash and daring spirits' from penetrating into their sanctum sanctorum. Their performance had partly succeeded, and but for the unlucky accident of a spark catching some of the 'real,' which betrayed them, might have entirely taken. Being fully satisfied with this denouement, I escaped as soon as I could, and relieved my weary wayworn and dripping frame with a comfortable bed, which soon expelled all disagreeable recollections of the apparition."

I now requested silence, and begged as a peculiar favour that the young gentleman who had favoured us with the tale of the 'Water-wraith,' would also let us have another of his songs—he complied as follows:—

Serenely bright is her azure eye,
And soft as the mellowing evening sky,
Light as the zephyr her streamy hair,
As the young winds sigh o'er forehead fair.

The waving looks o'er her temples stray,
As the new sun streaks the opening day,
And round and round they encircling twine,
As do the fond tendrils of the vine.

Her smile is as sweet as the pale moon beam,
That dances and sports on the rippling stream,
And her sigh is as soft as the midnight breeze,
That gently sighs 'mid the leafy trees.

And her voice is gentle, and low, and faint,
And like the sweet Bulbul's lone complaint,
For it charms the ear with its soft distress,
As her form, the eye, with its loveliness.

But the rose may wither, the lily may die,
The drooping snowdrop unnoticed lie,
And the heavenly blue of the violet fly,
For her charms their splendours all outvie.

For not so lightsome can trip the fay
The dew-gemmed grass at the dawn of day,
Nor the hart bound o'er the flower-speck'd lea,
With a step as light or as soft as she.

In beauty and splendour to her most o'erdo
The young, the fair-hair'd Ganymede,
Nor was the fond Dardan's favourite,
So beautiful or so exquisite.—

The Scotch broker who had been long hemming and hawing, desired us to keep silence for he was going to favour us with his tale.

'Good,' said the Captain,

'Bravo,' said Jack Brindle,—

'Silence,' said the elderly gentleman,—

'Presto,' said the Scotchman, and accordingly thus commenced.

TALE IV.

The Test of Affection.

"I rose early in the morning, and after taking a good breakfast set out from home. I was furnished with an oaken cudgel which I deemed, might, towards the latter end of my journey, be useful.—On the end of it was slung a small matter of provision, packed up in a handkerchief, and then hoisted over my left shoulder. A good quantity of rain had fallen in the night. It was, however, fair when I commenced my expedition, and I wished it so to remain; for it was no pleasure to anticipate a wet day, and a journey of thirty miles on foot, before me.

"The morning was still and beautiful; it was at the early hour of four; I could not yet distinguish the sun, though I was sensible he had left his ocean bed from the beautiful streaks of colouring in the eastern sky. 'To express the softness, mildness, and calmness of the scenery, at that hour, I cannot find adequate words, those only can conceive it who have witnessed the same. I had not proceeded more than two miles, before a few drops alarmed me with apprehensions of a soaking shower, from a heavy black cloud that was slowly sailing over my head, and my fears were soon realized by a very thick descent that followed, on which I betook myself with all speed to a thatched cottage, that I saw at some distance, for shelter. Its humble inhabitants were not yet risen, and the only shelter I could obtain was that which the eaves of the dark brown thatch afforded. Partially screened, I there watched the progress of the shower, which alternately abated a little, then increased with redoubled fury, then slackened, until the dense cloud totally diminished, its heavy dark colour gradually changed to a livelier hue, the drops grew smaller and fell at wider intervals, and the sun burst forth in all the glorious refulgence of unclouded splendour. I then pursued my journey, it was now lighter, and the feathered warblers were chaunting melodiously among the dripping leaves and branches of the tress, and flitting from spray to spray, seemed to rejoice at the approach of morning. I now and then met a solitary rustic just issuing from his cot, and hastening to his

labour, which interrupted my meditations no longer than while I returned his friendly salutation. For two hours I proceeded on in this manner, when thinking it time for another breakfast, my former being pretty well digested, and my appetite being sharpened by the 'caller air,' I turned into a pot-house, hard by the way side, '*Keep it by Maggy Donaldson*,' noted for selling good auld Scotch drink, a tap o' the right sort, a house where there had been many a good *splore* kicked up by the devotees of the above liquor. On entering, Patty, who had cleaned up the house, and who was now busy at the kirk, left her task, lowered the tone with which she was singing a song of *Buras*, to attend to me—though while she placed an old three legged worm-eaten oak table by the side of the settle, on which I had placed myself, and furnished it with a foaming jug of nut brown, I caught the following:—

But wearily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett be a jee,
Syn'e up the back stile and let nae body see,
And come as ye were nae comin, to me.
Oh whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mother an a' should go mad,
Oh whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk, or at market whene'er ye meet mee,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a fie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were nae lookin at me."

Old Maggy, who sat by the ingle, with a pipe in her mouth, now accosted me with 'how far cam ye this mornin' gude man. When I had satisfied her in this particular, she enquired 'where I was gaun,' and when I told her that I was going to visit old Andrew Gillespie, my uncle, who was supposed to be near death, she broke out 'what auld Andrew Gillespie, that dwells at Flinty Knowe, among the mairs, sure he's nae ill, I should amaisht greet up haith o' my e'en if we were to lose him, there is nae a far-ranterlyer fallow in a' the kintra, than honest auld Andrew Gillespie, I kent him lang syne, an a his kith an kin. He ne'er cam to the town but he ca't for a cog o' my nappy, for he was a canty auld earl, shame fa the rogue that would injure him in word or deed, an I hope the tale ye hae heard is na true, an that ye'll find him hale an weel, and as canty as ever; but if ye are gaun to Andrew Gillespie's the day ye'll find it a lang step tillt, and sae far's I can see ye'll hae a wet day o't, I was much pleased with this eulogium on my relative, and I could have stayed with the auld hostess much longer very willingly, for I love auld Scotch songs and Scotch tales, and auld Scotch drink, the one of which auld Maggy was well noted for singing, the other for telling; and the other for selling, but it was absolutely necessary I should proceed, which I did, after exhausting the last drops of the precious exhilarating nappy! gathering up the relics of my repast and wishing my hostess a 'gude mornin'.

Refreshed with my rest, I now travelled on with great vigour, until another shower drove me for shelter into a blacksmith's shed. After conversing awhile with honest Burnewin, about the 'wee dwarf Davie,' or 'canny Elshie,' of Muckelstane Muir, who sat for his picture to the author of the *Popular Novels*, and seeing no signs of better weather I again set forward.

Nothing further occurred on my journey for some time, nor was the scenery such as to tempt me to give a description of it. One reason, however, may be, I was anxious to arrive at my journey's end, and the day was not such as would permit a minute examination of many a fine scene, my course of travel I am sensible displayed.

It was lowering dark, the whole atmosphere was loaded with immense watery clouds. The wind was wild and boisterous, and, with short intermissions, the rain descended in torrents, so that I was soon thoroughly drenched to the skin. I now stopped again for another refreshment, as I was arrived at the last inn before ascending the mountains, through which

I had yet a long journey, and not one of the best roads. After leaving the inn, I began to ascend a very steep path, which led several miles through a wild range of heathy hills and barren moors; and while on this part of my journey, frequently those fumes of Burns forcibly impressed my recollection;—

'Admiring nature in her wildest grace,
Those northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of hevey & grouse and timid sheep.'—

The scenery before me was majestic and sublime, not from extent of prospect but the height of the black hills—the depth and gloominess of the vallies—the ruggedness, barrenness, and desert-like silence,—reigning all around. The whole country was rent and tossed into mountains sublime in barrenness, and that more particularly impressive under its present appearance; a thick mist or rain fog sat sullenly upon the summit of every hill, and obscured with its murky mantle, much of the heathy declivities.

The weather in a short time cleared up, and the sun broke out again in his meridian splendour; cheered with the aspect of the day, I quickened my pace and soon gained the top of a hill, when I had a grand and extensive prospect of country before me for many miles.

Although in such haste to arrive at the end of my journey, I could not forbear stopping now and then to contemplate the charming scene, which was not, however, remarkable for fertility or luxuriant clothing, but chiefly for its bold outline and natural though rather naked features. The coats of the peasantry were, in general, scattered at a good distance from each other, and defended in some degree from the rude mountain-winds by a few trees, which towered high above the humble roof of faded thatch, and surrounded with the necessary appendages of a barn and a byre. I proceeded on and soon descended the steep hill. At the bottom was a small clachan or hamlet, containing a pot-house, where I devoured the remaining fragment of provision, and, after washing it down with another pot, again set forward with renewed vigour.

Crossing the narrow stone bridge at the extremity of the village, I entered a deep and most romantic glen, on the edge of which at the distance of four miles, was the humble mansion of my uncle Andrew. The vale wound about in a serpentine direction, and from the various aspects of every turning point, which when at a distance it displayed, much was given for speculation as to the course which it would take among the labyrinth of mountain vases, where other dells or glens opened from this. I, however, gained point after point, until I saw, with mingled sensation of pleasure and pain, the stepping-stones over the brook, and the steep zig-zag path by which I must leave the valley. By taking this path,—passing through the little hamlet at the top,—mounting another hill,—descending on the other side of it, till I came to the level,—then clambering down another immense abyss,—gaining its opposite side, whence it was but a few fields length of a gentle ascent up to my uncle's, I should out my journey shorter a few furlongs. When I arrived at the hamlet, I enquired of a shepherd, the nearest way to the 'Flinty Knowe.' 'Ye maun gae back the gae ye cam again,' said he, 'down the brae and ower the burn, an' kep the left han', and when ye are by th' Meikle-stane, gae through the wee yett and follow the burn till ye get to the mill, and thin ye'll be at the bottom o' the Flinty Knowe.' 'Thank ye friend,' replied I, 'but I'm noe for gangin' that gae sae lang as I can fin' a shorter way, ye ken there is a nearer way gif ye wad tell. Come now, just show me the road.' 'Weel,' answered he, 'ye maun gang through the stile, out o'er the ground, an' by the thorn, an' then ye'll see its a thick house among the trees, ye canna mis't.' 'Thank ye,' said I, and away I went. In a quarter of an hour I found myself going up the field that led to the house, and a crowd of sensations rushed into my mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE EDITOR.

'Remansat quod esse intelligunt.' CÆS.

'Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true.'

PORP.

SER.—I have been highly entertained in observing the career of a new self-created body of critics, or censors, whose proceedings hold so conspicuous a place in your Miscellany. From what small beginnings may not great results proceed, and the world need not be surprized, if they find 'the Club' at the Green Dragon become the model of elegant composition, the ne plus ultra of wit, and the arbiter of taste. It may already be perceived that they begin to imagine themselves possessed of power, which they are determined to exercise; and, in order that they may be uncontrolled in the use of it, they are proceeding to destroy every club which might oppose their views. Ambition, it is well remarked, can bear no rival near the throne, and envy delights in the destruction of whatever is excellent or useful. To what important ends their views are directed, it is scarcely possible for me to imagine, nor perhaps may it be known to themselves; for, as their power increases, so may their aims extend: for when we perceive, that, in the course of so short a period as has been that of their public existence, they have proceeded from censuring individual merit, to immolating whole Clubs, or Societies, as victims to their own interests, we may reasonably imagine that they are of a very important nature. Should their love of power proceed after the same ratio at which it has commenced, we may shortly expect 'the Club,' to be the sole judge of genius, literature, and taste; not only for your present circle, but for the whole kingdom; their judgments will shortly become infallible, and we shall have the novelty of beholding the frequenters of a pot-house, become the dispensers of literary fame, at whose bar all candidates for literary reputation must bow; and a Club to whom all other societies must yield the pre-eminence. I delight to contemplate the period, which I perceive is now fast advancing, when we shall have no farther occasion for Northern Reviews, or for laws to put down improper societies; when 'the Club' at the Green Dragon, by their genuine talents, will supply the place of the one, and by their satirical genius, render avugatory the others;—when the Iris shall, by their means, distribute the laurel branches of Parnassus, to the skilful riders of Pegasus, and have established its reputation in the reading world. How great, Mr. Editor, will be your obligations and those of the town, to 'the Club,' when these important objects are effected, and they surely cannot be long in the accomplishment, if it but holds out with half the speed at which it has commenced its operations. There is, to be sure, an old proverb, which says, 'the more haste the less speed,' but this musty piece of ancient wisdom cannot be applicable to any thing so out of the common way as 'the Club,' and I trust ere long it may attain the height of its critical ambition, having such indelible proofs of its originality, superior wit, and judgement.

To me, however, it appears rather ominous, that 'the Club' should have its origin at an alehouse, and take for its tutelary genius, so outré a creature as the green Dragon. The latter, indeed, some persons are pleased to say, is a very appropriate emblem for so formidable a body as 'the Club,' and that the only good hit they have made was in the choice of their guardian. Both, they say, are alike creatures of the brain, or airy drawn visions of the imagination; but, so far as they are each portrayed to the mind's eye, in the forms under which they are represented, there is a marked similarity between them: they are both frequenters of alehouses and alike venomous in their nature: the one was the terror of olden times, and the other will be of modern days: that was the destroyer of virtue and beauty, and this is the foe to knowledge and truth. How natural then was it (they observe) that 'the Club' should shelter itself under

the wings of the Dragon, whose propensities they so closely imitate. These representations it must, however, be evident to your readers, are the offspring of some envious disposition, whose spleen is excited by the success of 'the Club,' and have not the slightest foundation in truth, for as Pope very beautifully observes, in one of my mottoes (which, in imitation of 'the Club,' I have placed at the head of my letter, but whether appropriately or not, your readers must be the judges) 'envy will merit as its shade pursue,' and the envious 'damnant quod non intelligunt.' However, in regard to 'the Club' meeting at a public-house, I find much might be said in extenuation of this practice, as in this they do but follow the example of other learned men in former days. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and characters of equal celebrity, enjoyed the feast of reason o'er their cups in a tavern, and why then should not the same enjoyment be extended to 'the Club,' who as far surpass their great precursors in sound criticism, as in solid judgement; and as far excel them in wit, as in classic elegance; and in knowledge, as in learning.

If, then, 'the Club' do but follow, when they are entitled by their merits to set an example, their modesty ought to be duly appreciated; and their motives should not be unfairly condemned in having chosen so humble a mansion for the display of their talents. Let the members not, therefore, be discouraged by any reflections that may be cast upon them, or on that account be deterred from animadverting on any other club that may think proper to take the same liberty; for what are very just reflections when used in regard to others, ought to have no influence on themselves, for the infallibility of 'the Club' must be the fundamental article of their creed.

No one, who possesses a grain of judgement, can refrain from admiring the peculiar modesty and unaffected simplicity of that member of 'the Club,' whose adventures are narrated in the last number of the Iris; nor at the same time from bestowing the due meed of praise on the attic wit of the narrator. It is not presumption in an individual of so sound a judgement, as must be every member admitted into 'the Club,' to condemn by wholesale musical, debating, literary, or scientific societies; for his admission into that celebrated body, must be a sufficient guaranty of the correctness of his views, for a man 'noscitur a sociis.' Therefore, any Club, (if such there be) whose hopes have been blasted and whose fame has been destroyed by the withering touch of this offspring of the Green Dragon, cannot reasonably complain, as they must feel confident, it is done for the wisest purpose, and from the best motives. Indeed, the amiable dispositions of 'the Club' are too self-evident, to stand in need of argument, and it would but be a waste of words to make the attempt. On the other hand, the want of talents in all the clubs, societies, or associations, which the constant member has attended, must be equally apparent, from his short continuance in any of them; for certainly a man of his settled habits and steady pursuits, would not so soon have deserted any Club which was in its nature or tendency calculated to produce good effects. No! forbid the intruding thought; let every thing be condemned rather than any part of the Club be suspected of misrepresentation; there seems indeed so natural an air of truth spread through the whole of the adventures; so earnest a desire is manifested to point out whatever is excellent, rather than to hold up to public view what is ridiculous, that no one can seriously entertain a doubt of the pure intentions of the writer. If we take a short view of the progress of the adventurer, we must be satisfied that he was actuated by a love of truth, and a spirit of candour, when he detailed his adventures to 'the Club,' and a wish to portray the excellencies of the different institutions of which he had either been a member or a visitor.

It is highly natural that a being so 'fond of music' as the adventurer, should be deterred from the prosecution of that enchanting art, by the 'unseemly visages' of its students; as it was a matter of so much greater importance that he should not sacrifice his chance of preferment, nor destroy his prospects in

another quarter, by spoiling his pretty face. Yet, after having sacrificed his musical propensity to the preservation of his beauty, it was somewhat unfortunate for him that he should have so long remained in the Blue-Stocking-Club, without having been enabled to pair off with some other member. His fear, whilst in this Club, of falling into that preferment for which he had been so eager in the former, shows the natural disposition of man, who too highly appreciates that which he cannot obtain, and when the object is within his reach, under-rates its value, and therefore evidently displays the correctness of his story. It appears to me probable, that the same reason which induced the *adventurer* to forsake the Musical-Club, must also, in some degree, have actuated him in retiring from the Debating Society, as it would be no recommendation of a man 'on his preferment,' to be a great talker, as the wife might wish to keep that department of the matrimonial state to her own province; and if that was the real cause, it evidently keeps up the consistency of his tale. It does not surprise me so much, that he should be so woefully disappointed in his expectations of hearing rational conversation, or improving discussion at a Tavern, as that he should, after so grievous a disappointment, and with an insight into the nature of such bodies, venture to join himself to the Green Dragon Club; but such is the inconsistency of human nature, that we one day prize what we have before thrown away from us. As to the association without a name, I hope that the member, of whom the *adventurer* makes such honourable mention as a *logician*, was not too personal in investigating the cause of his visit, as it appears from subsequent circumstances that he would have been perfectly justified in doing so. Of this Institution I should have wished to hear some further account, as I am inclined to think that the young man of learning, talents, and industry, must be one of 'the Club,' at the Green Dragon; who all of them appear so eminent for those qualities. Thus, throughout the whole of this narration, there seems to be displayed such evident marks of modesty and candour, that we cannot for a moment doubt of its truth.

Yet, notwithstanding all this strong internal evidence of the truth of the *adventures* which I have before endeavoured to point out, there are still some malicious enough to say, that the *adventurer* himself is a well known *spouting* character of this town. That he is in the habit of frequenting every Club or Society where he can gain admittance, and procure listeners to his empty declamations, and tinsel eloquence; but that he is frequently obliged to change his quarters, as he soon tires the patience of his auditors, which accounts for his having been acquainted with so many Clubs, and, as they insinuate, for his having so egregiously misrepresented them. I shall be obliged, therefore, to any of the Club to inform me if these things be so, as I cannot but believe that they are unfounded assertions, proceeding from malice and ill-nature. AN OBSERVER.

Manchester, March 12, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Jeremy Antiq.'s communication, inserted in No. 5, of the *Iris*, no doubt will cause the whole host of Antiquarians to have recourse to their various Dictionaries, MSS. Notes, &c. &c. for the purpose of decyphering the Inscription: now, these kind of monumental tributes are not uncommon; and frequently when the votaries to antiquaries have failed to elucidate, it sometimes falls to the lot of the unlettered to discover, though often attended with some whimsical or curious transposition, as in the example of the Countryman some years since in Shude Hill. Soon after the tax was put upon one horse cars, the owners of which were obliged to have their names and places of abode affixed in a conspicuous part, a Farmer attending this market possessing one of these vehicles, had it marked behind in Roman capitals all of one size, AMOSTODD A CTONATA XED CART: but the countryman made it out to be 'A most odd act on a Tased Cart,' though the story is old the readers of your valuable miscellany will pardon the repetition.

In the Town and Country Magazine, 1771, are some papers respecting an antique stone being found on a heath, in Northumberland, with the following inscription, which from the ravages of time, and an unskillful graver, was scarcely legible.

KEEP ON THE HIS SIDE

It was said that it was sent to the society of Antiquarians, and three of that learned body gave in their reports, the first of which made it out to be 'Clemens pontifex biojaent, sanctus servus Dei, the second letter, said he, being evidently an L, and the I · D · E a transposition of Dei, from the ignorance of the sculptor: a stone erected to the memory of one Clemens, a dignified brother in the convent, the stone being found about a mile from the ruins of an old priory.' The second was much surprised that the other should give such a 'forced construction' and 'a preposterous idea' in attempting the solution. His explanation was, that the stone was found near an old Roman military road, close by an extensive morass; he granted that K was on ancient monuments often substituted for C; but, 'how in the name of wonder,' could the two letters which were plainly E be imagined to be L · E, but the creame of the jest I · D · E, being construed into a transposition of Dei! *Risum teneatis!* he could have helped him to a better exposition, if nothing but a monkish origin would content him, viz. S · S · I · D · E · *sanctissimus in Deo*, but he contended that it was more ancient than the days of Popery, and gave his determination as follows: K often found instead of C, and C for *Celsus*: E, *edilis*, an officer whose business was to see the roads kept in good repair, P · O · N · T · pontem, H *Hadriani*, he who built the Picts wall, I · S · S · I, *jussu* (the first n, and the former part of the letter u, being obliterated, D · E, *demoluit*:—*Celsus edilis, Hadriani jussu, pontem demoluit* when by draining the morass the bridge became unnecessary.—The third gave the other two great merit for their ingenious solutions, but was sorry that the latter should betray such egregious ignorance of the Roman state, add a want of being versed in the *monumenta veterum*: in short he gave the initials to be 'Caesaris ex edicto per orbem nuntietur templum hic innotatum sacrum sibi ipse dicatum esse. So that like Hercules after having finished the greatest of his labors and extended his conquests over the *feros et indomitas Britanno*, we find him erecting a temple on the limits of his ambition, and flushed with conquest assuming the honors of a God. As I have wrote more than I intended, I shall briefly state that these luminous displays of learning and antiquarian research were at once raised by the oral tradition of an old greybearded schoolmaster, whose memory unluckily informed him (when the affair became public) that this invaluable inscription was neither more nor less than 'KEEP ON THIS SIDE,' an instance of the benevolence of some unlettered cottager, to warn the traveller of his danger, and prevent him riding into the quagmire.

But to conclude without cherishing the least disrespect towards those who study to rescue the 'remains of our forefather's works' from oblivion, I cannot make out Mr. Jer. Antiq.'s inscription to be any other than the well known Epitaph that if I mistake not was wrote by Benjamin Franklin for himself, viz. 'The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for the worms: yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it shall (as he believes) appear once more in a new and beautiful edition corrected and revised by the author.' L

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When I was apprized of Mr. Longstaff's intention to repeat his course of Astronomical Lectures, I regretted that my strictures had not been reserved for the present number of your Miscellany, lest I might be supposed to deter any from the laudable design of favouring him with their attendance. Our Philosopher, however, has been pleased to address me in so unphilosophical a manner, that I only regret the trouble, of what may seem incumbent upon me, to write somewhat in the shape of an answer.

Had I been able to attend any of the succeeding Lectures, I should have risen with pleasure at Mr. L.'s request, to state what appeared to me erroneous;—and if he consciously wishes me openly to defend, by fair polemic discussion, whatever I might advance contra to his performance, I should doubtless accede to the proposal. For the sake of truth I could sacrifice the diffidence of declining age, and could, I trust, cheerfully submit to the sway of conviction. As Mr. L. is also enamoured of truth, he cannot much desire my name and address, because truth is the same under every pen, and remains unaffected by casual circumstances.

It is, to say the least, anomalous for a public Lecturer to concede that he has no pretensions either to accuracy or elegance of manner; but here I believe Mr. L. to be too modest for himself. I never doubted the accuracy of nearly all his statements, nor the elegance of most of his descriptions, but surely such exhibitions are free for public disquisition, and are to be determined philanthropic or not, by the discerning reader, and not by the parties concerned.

The hypothesis concerning the horizontal moon, may not be novel; but this does not remove the difficulty. I had rather have been induced to acknowledge my obligation to Mr. L. for a fair confirmation of the phenomenon. As my signature was not assumed for the present occasion, and I am unwilling to resign it, until it has been shewn more dissonant with my nature, allow me still to subjoin,

March 12, 1822.

PHILANTHROPOS.

This Day is published, price 4s. a Second Edition, in 12mo. of

A VINDICATION of the Character and Writings of the HON. EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, against the Slanders and Misrepresentations of the Rev. J. G. Pike, of Derby, including a Refutation of the False Reports propagated by the late Rev. John Wesley, respecting the same pious and illustrious author, with Brief Remarks on the rash censure pronounced on Baron Swedenborg and his Writings, by the Editors of the Evangelical Magazine. Almost all the objections that have been, or can be brought against the writings of Baron Swedenborg, are in this work completely and satisfactorily answered; By ROBERT HINDMARSH, Minister of the New Jerusalem Temple, Bolton-Street, Salford, Manchester.

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LECTURES ON POETRY.

On Monday, 1st. of April, at seven o'clock in the evening, the REV. J. J. TAYLER, A. B. will begin a COURSE OF LECTURES, at the Rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, George-Street, Manchester, on the HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.—Further Particulars may be learned by applying to Messrs. Robinson and Ellis, 5, St. Ann's Place; Messrs. Clarke's, Market-Place; or Mr. E. Thompson, Market-Street; who will also receive the Names of Subscribers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OBSERVER is requested to be more concise in any future communications, as, in complying with his request this week, we have deferred several interesting and esteemed favours.

INLAO will oblige us by sending the remaining part of the Biographical Sketch;—we consider that to divide, would be to injure it.

The Essay by Marophilus has been received.—K.'s Letter on the Astronomical Lectures duly came to hand.

We are obliged by the offer of T. C. but must decline accepting it.

The length of B. G.'s Letter precluded its insertion. The 'Adventures of a Guinea' cannot be inserted—the writer is advised to adopt subjects more consistent with rectitude and decency.

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TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The translation which I inclose was made from the French by an ingenious and excellent Lady for her own amusement, and put into my hands by a friend, with permission to use it as discretion might direct. The simplicity, piety, and feeling, with which this little sketch is drawn, render it, in my view, a beautiful piece of biography; whilst the character portrayed, is assuredly of that rare and admirable class, which it imports the best interests of society should have all possible publicity given to it. It is on these grounds that I offer it for insertion in your agreeable publication.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. FRY.

Translated from Mad. Du Thor's history of the Quakers.

"Courage may be praised, glory may be extolled, but when we talk of piety, virtue, and humility, we should make use of other language; and it would not be understanding Mrs. Fry to give her one of those cold, formal, *academical* phrases, which apply to all the world, because they express no sentiment. Here, my task is easy; I have but to relate, and am only afraid that the truth may appear an exaggeration. Admitted to Mrs. Fry's intimacy, a sort of *diffidence* hinders me from *betraying* her domestic virtues; but her public character will declare what I must conceal.

"Elizabeth Gurney, third daughter of John Gurney, of Eastham Hall, in Norfolk, was born in 1780. She lost her mother early, and was then left very young to herself. Her father, though a member of the sect of Quakers, was not a very strict one, and allowed great liberties to his children. Elizabeth Gurney, brought up in the world, enjoyed all the advantages which birth, fortune, and education can give. She was taken to London, where she wished to see every thing, partook of all the gay diversions, and returned into Norfolk—she was then seventeen. A short time after her return,

according to the custom of the society, some ministers came to make what is called a *family visit*; the house seemed then altered in appearance, every one became grave, and every thing bore the impression of this holy visit. Elizabeth Gurney was particularly struck at this time, with the evangelical instructions which she received. In a soul like hers, religious impressions could not be transient. Too pious and too enlightened to content herself with an *useless* devotion, she proved her faith by her works; and very soon afterwards she requested her father would allow her to change one of the drawing-rooms, at Eastham, into a school-room. She received eighty poor children there. Every day she passed some hours with them, in reading and explaining the Bible to them. She adopted the simple dress of the Quakers, and renounced the dissipated pleasures of the world. In 1800 she married Mr. Fry, whose generosity and goodness justified the preference she had shewn him. Instead of opposing her charitable endeavours, he assisted her in them; giving her the means of relieving the unfortunate, by settling a considerable annual sum at her disposal, which she spends entirely on the poor.

"The life of Mrs. Fry is a series of good actions—her time is divided amongst daily acts of charity—she makes no distinctions—the unhappy are brethren, whatever difference there may be in country and religion. Grief is every where the same; benevolence should therefore be universal. Mrs. Fry is equally the physician of the mind and body—she comforts, she feeds; she gives the Bible and clothing; and thus practically explains the doctrines which she teaches. She refuses not her assistance to the guilty; she treats vice like an illness, and never avoids the sick.

"Always employed about the unhappy, and endeavouring to do them good, Mrs. Fry having heard of the deplorable state of the female prisoners at Newgate, resolved to visit them. She addressed her-

self to the governor for permission to be admitted—he answered, that it would be really dangerous to go into such an asylum of vice and disorder, and that he himself did not dare to do so;—that the conversation she would hear, and the horrors she would witness, would disgust her, and he thought it his duty to dissuade her from such an undertaking. Mrs. Fry said, she knew very well to what she was exposing herself, and only asked for leave to go into the prison. The governor advised her not to take either her watch or purse: Mrs. Fry's answer was, 'I thank thee, I have no fears, I shall keep both my watch and purse.' She was taken into a room of the prison in which there were about 160 women—those that were condemned, and those that were not tried, all mixed together. Children, brought up in this school of vice, hearing and uttering nothing but blasphemy, added to the horror of the scene. The prisoners eat, dressed their victuals, and slept in the same room. Newgate resembled a den of wild beasts. Mrs. Fry was not discouraged; the grace of God is infinite; the true christian never despairs. Notwithstanding her delicate state of health, (at that time particularly so) she persevered in her pious design. These women listened, and looked with astonishment at the calm serenity of her fine figure, which seemed to soften their ferocity. It has been said, that if virtue would shew herself, she would be irresistible; and it is from this cause that I explain the extraordinary ascendant which Mrs. Fry gains over every one. Yes, virtue is visible; she inhabits the body of that benevolent woman who, like prayer, is the support and consolation of men.

"Mrs. Fry thus addressed the prisoners. 'You appear to be unhappy; you are in want of clothes; would you not wish for a friend to attend to you, and to relieve your wants?' 'Certainly,' said they, 'we should desire nothing better; but nobody cares about us, and where should we meet with a friend?' 'I came from the wish of being of use to you,'

said Mrs. Fry, 'and I think if you will assist me, that I may be so.' She then spoke words of comfort to them, and gave them rays of hope. She did not talk of their crimes—the minister of a God of love, she went there to console, and to pray, and not to judge and condemn. When she was going away, these women crowded round, as if to detain her, saying, 'you will not return any more to us;' but Mrs. Fry promised to come again, which she did very soon. She entered the prison with the intention of passing the day in it—the doors were shut upon her, and she remained alone with the prisoners. 'You cannot think,' said she, 'that I came here without having an order to do so. This book, (she held a bible in her hand) the guide of my life, led me to you: it commands me to visit the prisoners, and to have pity on the poor, and the afflicted. I am ready to do all in my power, but my efforts will be vain, if you will not second me.' She then asked if they would wish her to read some passages out of that book, which had sent her to them. They consented. Mrs. Fry chose the parable of the householder, in the 20th chapter of St. Matthew, and when she came to those that were hired at the eleventh hour, she said, 'the eleventh hour is now striking for you; the greatest part of your lives has been lost, but Christ came to save sinners.' Some asked 'who Christ was?' others said, 'that surely he did not come for them; that the time was passed, and they would no longer be saved.' Mrs. Fry replied that 'Christ had suffered; that he was poor also, and that it was specially to save the poor and the afflicted that he came into the world.' Mrs. Fry procured the establishment of a school in the prison itself, for the religious instruction of the children; the prisoners, notwithstanding their own disorderly lives, seized with eagerness the idea of improving their children: this was gaining a great point. When Mrs. Fry had made the rules for the management of the prisoners, a day was fixed, when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen being present at Newgate, she read them aloud; asking the prisoners if they would follow them; in which case they were to hold up their hands as a sign of approbation. This was done unanimously; so great was the respect and confidence which Mrs. Fry had inspired them with. Thanks to her perseverance, and the years she devoted to it, the prison has changed its appearance—the influence of virtue has softened the horrors of vice—Newgate is become a school of penitents.

"Fridays are the public days on which the prison is visited; when Mrs. Fry reads the bible to the prisoners, and often

explains different passages in it. Her voice is very sweet; you feel that it is the expression of virtue, its tones are so mild and pure.

"The city of London has voted Mrs. Fry its thanks, and there is not an Englishman who does not bless her name. But is there any country except England, where a woman, who did not possess the religion of the state, would have been allowed to interfere with the prisons, and to make rules for them? Every where else, party feuds, and private animosity, would have been offered to the success of persevering virtue.

"As useful to her sex, as she is to Newgate, Mrs. Fry shews in her evangelical ministry, the indulgence which proceeds from real piety, and a pure conscience. Her eloquent morality impresses so strongly, that you feel better, or at least, that you may become so by listening to her. She is loved, not feared; and is the example of all her precepts. What interesting details I could give! but I must conclude this little sketch, happy in thinking that Mrs. Fry is still young, and that her family and friends, the poor and the world, may hope to keep her long amongst them!"

Such is MRS. FRY's account of the life and labours of MRS. FRY,—which bears internal evidence of its fidelity, and, in all that has relation to the public, enjoys a testimony as glorious as it is undisputed. Who, that reads this sketch, joins not in the hope expressed by the writer, that such a life and such labours may long be continued to the world! Those who remember the visit of this extraordinary woman to MANCHESTER, and are aware of her truly christian anxiety to do for the inmates of our crowded jail, what she had with so much admirable prudence effected in Newgate, may be pardoned for a natural solicitude to know why that rare and benevolent talent, which gained the grateful thanks of the city of London, and the cordial sanction of its highest authorities, was not permitted to exert itself here? With all the reverence which is due to magistrates (and none can be more disposed than the writer to pay it) we are not debarred, I hope, from expressing a respectful wish to know the grounds of a proceeding, in which the public have an interest so deep and general. It is understood that the answer returned to Mrs. Fry's application, was to this effect; that 'there was no occasion for her services.' If this be correct, two inferences will obviously suggest themselves:—

First,—Is our prison really in that high state of moral discipline as to make the labours and assistance of such a person unnecessary?

Second,—If it be, would it not be a high gratification to the public, to have this certified to them in a regular report, and are they not entitled to the satisfaction?

HMLAC.

THE CLUB.

No. IV.—Friday, March 15th, 1822.

"Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

SHAKESPEARE.

The letter of 'An Observer,' which appeared in the last number of the *Iris*, has naturally engaged the attention of 'the Club,' and was the first subject of conversation at our meeting this evening.

Our friend the Schoolmaster, who was in the chair, begun by remarking that it was much to be lamented that the writer of the letter had not devoted that time to the study of English grammar, which he appeared to have spent in learning the rudiments of Latin. 'If' continued he, gravely, 'the parents of this gentleman had confided him to my care, even for a very short period, his composition would have been the better for it; for I think, I may say without vanity, that I have not a boy, who has been six months in my grammar-class, who would have made so many blunders in the use of pronouns as are to be found in the first paragraph of this gentleman's letter.'

The rest of the members could not forbear smiling at the professional importance with which Mr. Observer's violations of grammar, were noticed by the chairman. We reminded him that some of the most promising geniuses in the town (that is to say in the opinion of their several admirers) were eminent for a truly original disregard of the rules of syntax; as well as for using many words in senses which no writer of English had even discovered to belong to them. We thought it not impossible that the writer of the letter was a disciple of this school, and as such, entitled to write false English as the strongest proof he could give of his claim to mental superiority. Dismissing therefore, all consideration of his style, as a matter to which the laws of the 'olden time' were not applicable, we had merely to consider the subject of his letter, and the charges which he has brought against 'the Club.'

And, truly, to find ourselves, at the end of our third number, obliged to enter into a defence of what we have already written, is by no means agreeable to persons of a disposition so thoroughly pacific as ourselves. We never dreamt that the club would be thought sufficiently conspicuous to deserve the honour of an attack; and not having expected to enter the field of literary warfare, we are quite unprovided with weapons for the contest. Whatever terrible notions Mr. Observer may have formed of our dragon, however formidable he may appear to the waking visions of that gentleman, we beg to assure him, that, to say the least, the poor animal is quite as harmless, and has just as little venom as himself. We fear, he has taken his notions of our dragon from his acquaintance with the Boa Constrictor, which, in Blackwood's magazine, is said to be capable of swallowing a Rhinoceros! Now, if this is the case, we entreat permission to undeceive him. We do solemnly protest that our dragon never intended to eat the club of which Mr. Observer is a member; nor did we ever purpose to destroy either that or any other association. How, indeed, could either we, or the dragon, hope for

success in such an undertaking? The green wings, gilt tail, rose coloured eyes, and arrowy tongue, of our poor harmless reptile, would be no defence against the tremendous gripe of the great northern serpent. And as for us, who aim at nothing but to express plain sense in plain English, how could we expect to make any impression upon the favorites of that Goddess, whom the writer * who has furnished Mr. Observer with a motto, has so happily described? Upon writers and speech-makers whose language is so profound as to be unintelligible even to themselves, and whose understandings, to use one of their own happy illustrations, 'resemble grinding engines.'

To be serious; it is evident that Mr. Observer has completely mistaken our intentions. Whether the gentleman has a meretricious oddity of face, or recites in company with an accent rather different from the English: whether he has married a blue-stockings, or has framed an hypothesis which nobody can understand; whether any, or all of these circumstances have induced him to believe that he is alluded to in our papers, it is not for us to determine. Perhaps, without having any personal concern in the affair, he has drawn a pen in the service of others, and generously offered himself for immolation to save his friends. Or, it may be, that he is a sort of literary knight errant, who wishes to prove his courage by tilting at our signs, as Don Quixote did at the Windmill. It is not possible for us to say what motives have induced him to set other people's Latin, and his own English in array against us, but we repeat that he has evidently mistaken our intentions. We have painted such scenes and characters as are of general and frequent occurrence. If Mr. Observer, or his friends, have discovered any thing applicable to themselves in our delineations, we advise them to profit by the discovery, and get rid of the foibles of which they have in this manner become conscious. Let them not imitate forward children who throw the medicated cup at the physician because the draught which it contains is bitter. Let them, however, remember that many persons besides themselves are connected with ridiculous clubs, or exhibit laughable peculiarities. And, while they benefit by the addition to their self-knowledge which we have enabled them to make, we advise them to keep their own counsel, lest that ridicule, which is at present general and unapplied, should by their imprudence, be fastened on themselves.

We beg them also to consider, that if they really think the designs of our Club so dreadfully ambitious as they have stated, they would do well to conceal their opinion. The letter of Mr. Observer will cause more persons to read our paper than the best written essay we could any of us produce. If by this means the readers of the Iris should happen to discover (as we think they will) that instead of being the enemies of truth, of knowledge, and of merit, we are the advocates of rational opinions, and the cheerful coadjutors of real excellence; our sentiments will doubtless be received with more attention than if Mr. Observer had never uttered the war-whoop, and lifted the hatchet against us.

We take leave of this gentleman with perfect good humour. We pity the terror with which he seems to look upon us and the dragon; and we readily pardon

*See the Duncald.

the accusations which, in the delirium of his fear, he has brought against 'the Club.'

When he gives another public exhibition of his skill in riding Pegasus, we hope he will be better able to manage his course, lest the laurel branches, which are the object of his ambition, should, by some strange necromancy, be converted into the twigs of that tree whose pendant boughs are the terror of school-boys.

R. H.

FOR THE IRIS.

ON READING POETRY.

TO read poetry with proper effect, is a task of no easy attainment. Among ordinary readers there are few who can do any thing like justice to the most common pieces of metrical composition. It is easier in general to read rhyme than blank verse; but even in rhyme there is a strong propensity to overlook the proper pauses, and to pay little or no regard to the punctuation of the piece. In this way, not only is the beauty of the composition marred, but in some cases it is rendered altogether unintelligible.

The following stanza is frequently quoted as a burlesque example of the manner in which many persons mangle a piece of poetry. When properly pointed, and read according to the punctuation, it is intelligible; but when it is read, as many would do, with a total disregard to the pauses, it forms a species of enigma with which I have frequently puzzled my juvenile friends—

'A certain lady in this land
Has twenty nails; on every hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet,
This is a truth and no deceit.'

Instead of reading the lines as here pointed, some would make no pauses whatever, except at the end of each line; and the seeming paradox which is then delivered in the second line, appears altogether inexplicable to the tyro.

RHYTHMUS.

VARIETIES.

PROTESTANT SUFFERERS.

When the English court interfered in favour of the protestant subjects of Louis XIV. of France, and requested his majesty to release some who had been sent to the galleys, the king asked the ambassador angrily, 'What would the king of Great Britain say, were I to demand the prisoners of Newgate from him?' 'Sire,' replied he, 'my master would give every one of them up to your majesty, if you reclaimed them as brothers, as we do your suffering subjects.'

AVARICE OUTWITTED.

The case of John Eyre, Esq. who, though worth upwards of £30,000, was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation, for stealing eleven quires of common writing-paper, was rendered more memorable, by the opportunity which it gave Junius to impeach the integrity of Lord Mansfield, who was supposed to have erred in admitting him to bail. An anecdote is related of Mr. Eyre, which shews in a striking manner the natural depravity of the human heart; and may help to account for the

meanness of the crime of which he stood convicted. An uncle of his, a gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favour of a clergyman, who was his intimate friend, and committed it, unknown to the rest of his family, to the care of the divine. However, not long before his death, having altered his mind with regard to the disposal of his wealth, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only £500, leaving the bulk of his large fortune to his nephew and heir at law, Mr. Eyre. Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre rummaging over his drawers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of £500 in it for the clergyman, without any hesitation or scruple of conscience, put it in the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle's being supposed to have died intestate. The clergyman coming to town soon after, and enquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked if he had made any will before he died. On being answered by Mr. Eyre in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, in which Mr. Eyre had bequeathed to him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of £500 to his nephew.

LANCASHIRE SINGERS.

The ancient concerts at the Argyle Rooms, London, have the aid of Female Chorus Performers, who are annually engaged by this town's old favourite Mrs. Shepley; a few years since, one of the Ladies engaged in London, complained to the late Mr. Bartleman that the country singers who were placed immediately behind her, sung so loud that she could not make herself heard, and with a great deal of affectation begged that he would remonstrate with them, to which Mr. B. replied in a very polite manner, declining to interfere, and concluded by saying 'Madam this I can assure you, that you London Singers, sing as if you were paid for it, but the Lancashire Singers, sing as if they liked it;' which was paying no mean compliment to our fair warblers. L.

BRAN BEER.

To a quarter of a peck of sweet wheat bran, add three handfuls of hops and ten gallons of water.—Boil the whole together in a copper, until the bran and hops sink to the bottom; then strain it through a hair sieve into a cooler; and when lukewarm add two quarts of molasses, or three pints of treacle, if thick. This will be sufficient for a nine gallon cask. Before you pour in the liquor, which must be done as soon as the molasses or treacle is melted, put two table spoonsful of good yeast into the barrel. When the fermentation has subsided, bung the cask close up, and in four days it will be fit to use. If you should choose to bottle any part of the beer, it will be much improved by so doing, and will be ready to drink in six or seven days.

AN AFFECTIONATE MONKEY.

On a shooting-party, one of his friends killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by 40 or 50 of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed, and seemed perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously: the sportsman did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gestures to beg for the dead body. It was given him: he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of the extraordinary scene, resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.—*Forbes's Oriental Miscellany.*



POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you an old French Epigram by the Chevalier d'Acelly, who died in 1674: with a translation of it: after reading which, it may perhaps be a question with many, which ought to be considered most venomous, the serpent, the lady, or the writer.

EPIGRAMME.

Un gros serpent mordit Aurèle.
Que croyez-vous qu'il arriva?
Qu'Aurèle mourut? bagatelle!
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

TRANSLATION.

A monstrous serpent bit Miss Prue.
What think you did from that ensue?
The lady's death.—You quite mistake!
Her stronger venom kill'd the snake.

February, 1822.

T. V.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOVER TO HIS HEART.

I find, my heart, thou art not mine,
Thou dost not care about me;
Those sensibilities of thine,
To serve me once did all combine,
Now move and feel without me.

Methinks I know whose heart thou art,
No hard thing to discover;
When forced from Lucy to depart,
Why didst thou throb, and grieve and smart?
Thou, more than me, dost love her.

Then, prithee, heart, forsake my breast,
And find in her's thy dwelling;
With me, it seems, thou canst not rest,
And I no longer hold thee, lest
Thou 'scape while I'm compelling.

W.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO MY TOWNSMEN.

From evil sometimes springeth good,
This maxim plain
I will maintain
May be both felt and understood.

An envious blast came from the north,
Where many a sneer
In spite sincere
Was level'd at your fame and worth.

One of your body was retained,
Who, like a spy,
With many a lie,
The fairness of his paper stained.

These heightened up with northern gail,
And quantum suff;
Of other stuff
Flew back; and here astonish'd all.

This rous'd you to bestir yourselves;
And pen in hand
You shew'd the land
The malice of these treach'rous eyes.

And having stemm'd their filthy flood;
This thing I trow
You must allow
From evil sometimes springeth good.

March, 1822.

GRILDRIG.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE.

And art thou gone, thou man of might,
To whom the nations bow'd;
And is that form which shone so bright
Envelop'd in a shroud.

In distant land thy relics lie,
No tears bedew thy urn;
From foes away who triumph o'ry,
And far from friends that mourn.

No host again by thee'll be led,
No clarion rouse thee more;
Nought break thy rest, tho' round thy head
The stormy billows roar.

The veteran oft shall think with pain,
(Who saw thy flag unfurl'd)
How small a space doth now contain
The troubler of the world.

Ambition! thus thy dreams do fade,
The Hero's head is bow'd,
The grave his lowly dwelling made
His last reward—a shroud.

J. A.

SONNET.

FRANCESCO REDI.

'Era 'l mio animo rozzo e selvaggio!
My mind was like a rugged soil that lay
With thick and cloudy darkness overspread,
Which chilling skies and iron seasons made
A sterile waste, with their ungente sway.
Warm'd in the light of Beauty's genial ray,
Its icy bands were loosed, its rigour fled,
And many a budding flow'et rear'd its head,
As blooms the meadow in the prime of May.
Then came Love's gentle summer breath, to form
Flowers into fruit: and soon his fostering care
Had to a golden Autumn led the way;—
But ah! fell Jealousy's untimely storm
Stirr'd by my lovely foe, soon fill'd the air,
And swept the harvest of my hopes away.

ON LENT.

The Miser fasts, because he will not eat;
The Poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The Rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare;
The Glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The Hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy;
The Righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

R. HERRICK TO BEN. JONSON—1648.

Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.
My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus:
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it:
Lest we that talent spend;
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

TO A LADY.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee,
But that I found the slightest prayer,
That breath could make, had power to move thee;
But I can leave thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets:
Then since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The virgin rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briars, how sweet it smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd thro' ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells,
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves drop from it one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
With scar flowers to be thrown aside:
And I shall sigh; while some will smile,
To see; thy love for every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

THE AUTOMATON ARTIST.

Among the various novelties that occasionally lay claim to the curiosity and admiration of our readers, we may class this unique specimen of mechanism, with the highest efforts of human ingenuity. Where a connexion by machinery, however complicated, exists between an Automaton and the effects produced, conjecture may come near the causes; but when it achieves, as this little mechanical man does, a task, in which living genius frequently fails,—that of producing a fac-simile of the features, although at a distance from any contact with the countenance, the circumstance becomes truly interesting, and baffles the acuteness even of scientific enquiry: nor can we withhold the praise of perfect liberality from the young gentleman, since to all his visitors he gives, what they no doubt deem a handsome equivalent for the admission—THEMSELVES.

STEAM ENGINES OF ENGLAND.

A French writer, M. Dupin, gives the following illustration of the labour of these machines. The great pyramid of Egypt required for its erection above 100,000 men for 20 years; but if it were required again to raise the stones from the quarries, and place them at their present height, the action of the steam-engines of England, which are at most managed by 36,000 men, would be sufficient to produce this effect in 18 hours. If it were required to know how long a time they would take to cut the stones, and move them from the quarries to the pyramid, a very few days would be found sufficient. The volume of the great pyramid is 4,000,000 cubic metres, its weight is about 10,400,000 tons, or 10,400,000 kilogrammes. The centre of gravity of the pyramid is elevated 49 metres from the base, and taking 11 metres as the main depth of the quarries, the total height of elevation is 60 metres, which, multiplied by 10,400,000 tons, gives 624,000,000 tons raised one metre. Thus the total of the steam-engines in England represents a power of 820,000 horses. These engines moved for twenty-four hours, would raise 862,800,000 tons one metre high, and consequently, 647,100,000 tons in 18 hours, which surpasses the produce of the labour spent in raising the materials of the great pyramid.

THE MUSAEID.

No. I.—THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1822.

Sibi quis
Speret idem : sedet multum, frustra laborat
Ausus idem ————— Hon.

Others may try, but, spite of fuss,
They'll never write as well as us.

'Where's Volatile?' said Tacit, when we had scarcely sat down at the Parson's. 'Where is Volatile,' said the Doctor, 'he came with me to the door!' 'Where can he be gone?' said the Trio. 'We can do nothing without Volatile,' said Orthodox. 'I think,' said Tacit, 'this silly scheme of his will expose us.' 'Expose us to what?' said the Doctor. 'All the ladies approve it,' said the Parson: 'I heard it finely laughed at,' said Tacit: 'Laughed at, by whom?' said the Doctor. 'How I hate that fool!' said Volatile, bursting into the room. 'Hush!' said Orthodox. 'I tell you Parson he's the most intolerable ———.' 'Who is?' said the Doctor. 'Frank Prattlecloud:—I just ran up to Smith's for the letters and ———.' 'O! well thought on, did you find any,' said Tacit: Will, laid the letters on the table. 'Let us proceed to business,' said Orthodox. 'Well! what have you done?' 'Nothing,' said one, 'Nothing,' said two, 'Nothing,' said three, 'Nothing,' said Orthodox, in answer to himself. 'What have we been doing,' said Tacit. 'Nothing, it seems,' said Volatile. 'What can we do,' said the Doctor. 'Nothing of ourselves, can we Parson,' said Volatile. 'Hush!' said Orthodox. 'But something must be done,' said Tacit. 'We are pledged,' said the Doctor. 'Each take paper and write,' said Volatile, 'I've begun something myself'—taking some scraps from his pocket.

'MAY YOU LIKE IT,' by a Country Curate.—We have read this little volume with peculiar satisfaction, and have no hesitation in recommending it fully to our friends. The stories, which it contains, are simple and affecting and their moral of an elevated and religious character. Some of the poetry is sweet.

We should not, however, do strict justice to our opinion, if we were to conceal that we think there is something too much of imagination infused into the religious parts of the book. Not that we object to religion in poetry but that we do not like poetry in religion. The characters are highly wrought: they act upon principles too pure for the generality of mankind to estimate, and must consequently lose much of their effect. The childhood of Charles Spencer is a beautiful tale and we quite love Rosine.

There are many people, we know, who will laugh at the simplicity of the stories: we cannot wish to be of their number. The sentiments may be too exalted for the common apprehension, still they are proper sentiments; and our pleasure in them may be taken as the test of correspondent feelings in our own hearts. In this view, we say, of this book, to our friends, 'may you like it' for your own sakes.

The Doctor was inclined to be witty on what he called Tacit's 'sentimentality,' but the Parson reproved him. 'You have recommended,' said he to Tacit, 'a very interesting book, and you have done so judiciously. A class of publications has lately been too prevalent among us, from whose false fire an imaginary glow of piety has been caught but which is destitute of the cherishing and kindly influence of true religion. If this fierce glare has been sometimes mistaken for the true light, it need not be wondered if the pure and lambent flame be, itself, occasionally mistaken for the other. The speculator of this world may scoff alike at both—but we trust that he who seeketh for the right will not long be deceived.'

'A truly 'lenten entertainment,' said the Doctor, 'but if you mean to cater for the public you must pay no attention to fast-times.' 'Thou art an irreverent fellow,' said Orthodox, 'and lackest grace; but I believe in this respect thou art right.' 'I don't see,' said the Doctor, 'what grace is wanting for our purpose, unless it be one of the lovely three, who might all indeed be fit companions of the heathen

nine we have chosen for our patronesses: and as to spirit'—'Hush,' said Orthodox, and the Doctor, who saw he was going too far, thanked him for the check. 'But bless me,' said he, 'do look at Volatile, he's surely making experiments on the contractility of muscle.' At this moment there was indeed an infinite diversity of contortions working in the visage of Volatile, and an abstract 'speculation in his eye' which shewed that he was far above the distractions of this sublimary sphere, though evidently not a little affected by the confusions of that which he had reached. The Doctor pept over his shoulder. 'Poetry,' said he, 'fair Heroics by Jupiter!' 'Now d——n Doctor'—('Hush,' said Orthodox,) thou hast cut short the finest series of imaginations that ever mortal was inspired with.' 'So you jumped at the conclusion,' said the Doctor, who was unusually sharp this evening. 'Pray let me look at the paper,' said Tacit. 'Read it, read it,' said the Parson and Doctor. Volatile gave them the verses with a thousand protestations that they were 'really not fit to be published.' 'Them why did you make them,' said the Doctor. 'They came,' said Volatile. 'Then they must be inspired,' said the Parson.

PERCY AND HELEN.

PERCY.

And I will love thee; and my life shall be
One thought of Helen; and the joys that make
Man's happiness shall fly into our breasts,
A refuge from the world's austerity.
And we will float upon the sea of peace,
In calmness, and in joy, and smooth delights;
And if a storm arise, and angry waves
Bolster it's surface, 'tis but for repose:
Then will we cling together, and reclin'd
Each on the other's bosom, will await
The passing of the tempest.

HELEN.

Ay! but if
The tempest's might should sunder us, and break
The link that binds us; and in the quick whirl
Of pleasures or despair thou should'st sink,
And lose remembrance of thy Helen's love:
How may she brave the storm, alone and weak?

PERCY.

That ne'er shall be; no force shall loose my arm;
Or if it did—the genius of my love
Would raise a billow that should throw me back.

HELEN.

Hah! trust him not: my heart is knit with thine,
As the soft ivy with the giant oak,
And who would separate, must kill me too.

PERCY.

Our path shall be in harmony: a choir
Of heav'nly numbers charm our way of joys;
Where we would linger ever, but still on
Some sweeter bliss salutes us. We will be
World of each other.

We with the stars will commune, not with men,
Planets shall be companions, and the moon—
The beauteous moon that governs ocean shall
Be our preceptress;
The sun shall shine,—not as a sun to us,
For we will have the day within our hearts,—
A deity of brightness, that shall teach
Our soul perceptions of the eternal God;
We will make earth the school of Heav'n, and learn
High things to serve us for eternity.
Mankind shall know us but as not of them:
We will have undiscoverable retreats
In our own bosoms, where our thoughts shall find
Converse of holiness. Our joys shall be
Pure beams of heav'nly hope converg'd in self:
We will be hallowed from mortality.

HELEN.

O! these are dreams and fantasies, romano'd
To tell to other's, not to feel ourselves:
Shew me some surer ground of happiness.

PERCY.

O! in thyself is center'd every source

Of every feeling which my soul can know.
Yes, thou shalt be my guiding star to joy,
Gleaming in tenderness and purity!
And I will follow thee in every sea;
Or thou shalt be my pilot, and conduct
This vessel thro' the wild'ring main of life:
And if thou wreck me, I will bear thee still,
E'en on some shatter'd fragment of my soul,
To some sweet shel'ring shore.

HELEN.

'Tis madness all.—

PERCY.

What then is reason, if this madness be?
I would not change it for philosophy.
'T hath been my life to love thee, and my love
Created me in some celestial state.
O! I have watch'd thee silently, until
Spirits have play'd around thee shedding charms,
On that which was too beautiful before.
Oh! I have gaz'd until it hath been pain
To gaze on thee in silence, yet my tongue
Forbade its office, lest a sound should break
The spell that bound so tenderly to earth,
That which seem'd all of heaven: and thy smile!
Oh! I have shudder'd at thy smile, for there
Were quiver'd deaths that man would seek: thy lip
Was bow'd in beauty as it shot them forth;
And when thou spak'st, all things breath'd music
round thee;

For thy voice murmured in earthless accents,
So sweetly and so delicately tun'd,
That e'en the air, intangible, unseen,
Bobo'd its melody. When thou hast fled,
Then have I stood entranc'd, nor lost thy form,
For it was painted on my vision's orb;
But soon, apace, the fantasy dissolv'd
As if thou pass'd to ether in my sight.

HELEN.

Silence these flatteries! I love them not;
And yet thou mak'st me love them.

While Tacit, the Parson and Doctor were reading over his poetry, mingling each sentence with exclamations of 'beautiful,' 'sublime,' 'exquisite,' Volatile was quietly proceeding with the examination of the correspondence, seemingly indifferent to the ridicule with which they treated his labours. At last a loud laugh from the whole party caused him to look up, and the confusion of his mind was visible in the blushes which deepened on his cheek. 'What do you mean,' stammered he. 'Pray which of our guardian nine made such poetry as this come,' said the Parson. 'There's something besides a rhyming dictionary and ten fingers to this,' said the Doctor. 'There's no rhyming dictionary at all, its blank verse,' said Volatile, trying to be dogged. Tacit walked to the fire and played with a card on the chimney-piece. Volatile attempted to snatch the paper from Orthodox, who persisted in publishing the lines. The Parson gave them to the Doctor, who walked out of the room. And this is the way the first Musaeid was completed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

St. Agatha's questions have been submitted to our reverend coadjutor, Homily Orthodox, and he has promised to give the subject his earliest attention.—We are not aware of any canonical injunction to preach in white Kid Gloves.

Mrs. Cecilia Circumspect is respectfully assured that we participate most fervently in the indignation which she expresses against Mr. Hayley. Several of his works are judicious and elegant, but his essay on Old Maids is abominable. We shall certainly take up cudgels in behalf of the venerable Sisterhood.

Sweet Ann Page may depend on our breaking a lance in her cause: we carry her glove in our crest. Such Butterflies as she complains of, are ever found at the apron-string of beauty. We have a rod in pickle for the poppinjays.

The verses signed HAV are not home-made: the couplet

'On those dear eyes, with sweet perfidion gay,
'I gaz'd at once my heart and soul away:'

is appropriated from TICKELL: this way of tickling wont do. We advise the writer to beware of our warming pan.

X. X. will not exasperate us by his impertinence: we wish the surveyors would put up a few rubbing-posts for asses on the road which he frequents.

WEEKLY DIARY.

MARCH.

SUNDAY, 24.—*Fifth Sunday in Lent.*

Dominica in Passione, or *Passion Sunday*, was the name given to this day in missals; as the church now began to advert to the sufferings of Christ. In the north, it is called *Carling Sunday*, and grey peas, first steeped a night in water, and fried with butter, form the usual repast. At several villages in the vicinity of Wisbeach, in the Isle of Ely, the fifth Sunday in Lent has been, from time immemorial, commemorated by the name of *Whirlin Sunday*, when cakes are made by almost every family, and, from the day, are called *Whirlin Cakes*, and a sort of festival is held, which does not, we believe, take place in any other part of the kingdom. The attempts to trace the origin of this custom have, hitherto, been without success.

MONDAY, 25.—*Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or Lady Day.*

This day celebrates the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting our Blessed Lord. She was, probably, an only child, and but fifteen years of age when espoused to Joseph. She died A. D. 48, being about sixty years old.

SEA STORIES;

Or, the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Shonstone, Esq.

No. V.

SPENZA. And what is death
That I should fear it? It is but a sleep—
A sweet and lasting sleep; 'tis to exist
No longer, and to feel no more the pangs
Which now torment me; 'tis to rot—to lie
In cold inanimation, and to feed
The meanest reptiles. Man, oh mighty man!
That rank'st thyself first in the scale immense
Of being,—wonder of the universe!
Lord of creation!—Is this, then, thy doom,
The last stage of thy being?—do thy triumphs,
Thy glory, and thy power, all end in this!

Venice, or the Fall of the Foscari.

(*The Test of Affection, continued.*)

Many years had elapsed since I had wandered about this very meadow in careless infancy, and the pretty secluded cot to which I was advancing had been my home. I looked around on the hills and dales, and could easily recognise them as my old acquaintances. 'Ha' said I, 'ye change not your appearance, ye grow not old in the course of time, the feebleness of age cometh not upon you;—ye still smile in the brightness of summer, and frown in the lowering winter. For ages ye have reared your towering crests, and given food to the flocks and the herds that have chequered your dark surface; ye have given a direction to the murmuring brook that proceeds from you, till it seeks, far distant, the mighty ocean; and while generation after generation hath passed away, ye have preserved unvaried the

features ye possessed in ages gone—even now, as in years past, my eyes behold the still sunshine sleeping upon your gentle sloping declivities, interrupted only when the light cloud of spring for a moment casts over them its passing shadow!

My cogitations were suddenly interrupted by the gate at the end of the pasture, which I opened.

In another moment I was in the porch of the cottage; I lifted the latch, and went in. The house appeared just the same as I had left it ten years before. The furniture was the same and each piece occupied the same position. The old clock stood ticking in the corner, as it had done for four-score years, the oaken settle remained behind the door, and my uncle's antique two armed chair by the fire-side; but I saw no living creature in the house besides the cat on the hearthstone. I listened awhile but could hear nothing. At this I rather wondered, as of yore the house was seldom, scarcely ever, totally deserted. I then went forward into the apence, or country parlour, where I found several neighbours, cousins, and the servants, all standing in deep silence around the bed of my dying uncle.

On entering, all eyes were turned upon me; I was a stranger to most of them; there were, however, one or two who remembered me. I advanced to the bed-side, and the countenance of my uncle for a moment brightened up at my approach, but soon subsided again into a cold tranquil indifference.

It was plain that death was rapidly approaching. He had been speechless several hours, consequently we could hold no conversation. He, however, put out his hand, which I grasped with an affection redoubled by the prospect of soon losing him for ever. In my younger days I had lived with him, and he having no children of his own, was then remarkably fond of me; subsequently that affection was strengthened between us, and although providence had cast my lot in another country, yet we had kept up a friendly and affectionate intercourse. Some time previous to this indisposition, I had again removed to within thirty miles of his residence, which was the place from whence I set out on this sorrowful visit.

My uncle was a man of sound judgment, keen observation, and cheerful social disposition, joined to a thorough knowledge of mankind; he possessed a good portion of eccentricity and humour. He loved a cheerful glass; he was kind to his servants and dependants, and though rather of a frugal and saving disposition, yet he was charitable to his poor neighbours. In his friendships he was rather capricious, but firm in his attachment to the kirk and the government of his country. He was apt to be a little passionate and hasty in his temper; but his resentment, however, was seldom of long duration. On the whole, he was well beloved by those among whom he dwelt, and might be pronounced a good neighbour, and an excellent subject. By a long course of industry in his profession he had amassed a pretty good property, the knowledge of which had drawn around him a host of needy relations, chiefly, however, consisting of nephews, who besieged him with flattery and professions, but whose attentions were chiefly drawn forth by their hopes of inheriting the old man's property. How he had willed his property was not known. He was a man of prudence, and seldom blabbed out his private affairs when there was no especial need of such promulgation.

On my arrival, I consequently found all the friends about him remarkably attentive and duteous in their behaviour, though it was very evident that a good deal of the affection was assumed for the occasion. Shortly after my arrival he fell into a kind of a doze, and all left the room gave an attendant or two. Peggy, the servant who had lived with my uncle fourteen or fifteen years, now insisted on my taking some refreshment, and accordingly sat meat before me.—But I was too much agitated to feel any thing like pleasure in my repast, and what I ate was more to please the faithful old domestic, than from any inclination of my own. Accordingly when my slight meal was over, I got up and went to the window in a serious and reflecting mood.—The afternoon was far advanced, and the scenery without was wrapped in tranquility.

The sunshine shone, bright, and still,
Slept on the lawn and heathly hill,
And gently stole from leaf and flower,
The moisture of the morning shower;
At times the soft andephyry breeze
Moved the light tresses of the trees;
And while they shifted to and fro
Waved as exact their shades below.
Then taking o'er the lawn its course
The waving grass confused his force,
And every floweret on the mead
Bent, while it passed, a trembling head.

I was then summoned from my station to the parlour. My uncle had somewhat revived and his speech had returned. He told us death was making rapid advances, and that we might soon expect the moment of his dissolution. He informed us where we should find his will, and gave us some excellent advice on our future conduct.

Some things he requested us to perform, which I thought were a little odd. He wished us to read his will in the room where he was, immediately after he had expired.—He desired that he might not be laid out as it is commonly called, until at least twelve hours after his departure; and that his large two armed oaken chair might be placed in all order and solemnity at the head of the table every meal, and that it should remain unoccupied till after his funeral.—He also wished to be interred in a very deep grave. All these requests we promised faithfully to observe, when, after taking an affectionate farewell of each, he quietly resigned himself to his pillow—his breathing became more and more faint, till at last we could perceive it no more.

During the foregoing transactions my mind was in a state I cannot well describe, my thoughts were all confusion while at the same time I struggled to be calm and composed.

Poignant as were my feelings, I gazed on my dying relative with a sort of apathy of grief, and at the moment when nature was yielding up the contest I could not shed a tear; in a short time all quitted the apartment and I was left alone. The branches of the huge elm trees, with their thickening foliage, partially screening the window, made it, under such circumstances, awfully gloomy and tranquil; I took several turns about the room, and with a soft step I approached the bed, gazed a moment, turned away, and then going up to the window strove to divert my thoughts by looking at the surrounding landscape.

Twilight was descending, and the sober hues of evening gradually enveloped the lofty hills. No sound struck my ear, except the faint and low murmure of the brook, which brawled down the valley at the bottom of the Flinty Knowe—the shout, softened by distance, of the peasant committing his herds to the pasture—and now and then the solitary barking of a shepherd's dog among the echoing dales, attendant on his master looking out his charge for the night.

I had not stood at the easement many minutes when my cousins, all talking in a rude, noisy, and indecorous manner, came into the room with the will, which it seems they had departed in search of, the moment the testator had expired. I was a good deal shocked at the frivolity they manifested, and could not help reproving them, though in a mild and gentle manner, for the little respect they paid to the deceased. 'Why ye ken,' said one, 'he tauld us to read the will amais as soon as he died.' 'Aye,' cried another, 'and see in conformity wi' his command, we went straight up the stairs and rummaged o'er his auld kist, till we found it.' 'Mind yer ain concerns, gude man, an we'll mind ours,' rejoined a third, rather gruffly; so that my well meant admonitions had no better effect than to cause me to be more disliked by the party, for I could perceive before this that they looked upon me in the light of an unwelcome intruder.

The will was now read, to which all paid the greatest attention. A mute anxiety and deep interest sat upon every countenance; their aspects were, however, instantly changed into those of intense disap-

pointment and venation, on hearing that my uncle had made a stranger, whom none of us knew, the heir of all his property, real and personal. For my own part, this circumstance did not affect me in the least, I had not had any expectation of inheriting the smallest portion, therefore could not feel disappointed on this occasion. But with the others it was different; they had clung to him like so many leeches, or like the ivy to an old ruin, and with about as much affection as the two before-mentioned things have for the objects to which they so closely adhere. A most appalling and disgusting scene now took place among the disappointed legacy hunters. They abused the old man in the most shocking terms: they taxed him with injustice and villany, and even proceeded to call down imprecations upon his lifeless corpse. I shuddered at the conduct of the unprincipled villains; I trembled at the impiety of men who could, at a time the most solemn and impressive to a human being, act in a manner sufficient to call down upon them immediate and divine vengeance; I was chilled with horror; I almost expected every moment to see the lifeless corpse of my uncle start from the bed, on which it lay, to take vengeance on the audacious wretches. Once, indeed, I actually thought I saw his lips quiver with rage—his eyebrows knit together—and all the muscles of his countenance contract into a dreadful frown. I shuddered at the sight and withdrew my gaze.

At length they went into the kitchen, and I was once more left alone in the chamber of death. I went to the bed side, and the scene I had just witnessed, operated so forcibly upon my feelings, that I burst into tears and uttered aloud my lamentations over my lifeless relative. When this effusion had somewhat subsided, I began to reflect a little where I was, and a sort of timidity came creeping over me. There is an undefinable apprehension which we feel while we are in company with the dead. We imagine, in spite of the efforts of reason, that the departed spirit is hovering near its former tenement, at least, it is the case with myself. It being now quite dark, and having these feelings in a strong degree, it is no wonder that I rather preferred the company of the wretches in the kitchen, than to remain long where I was.

I accordingly proceeded thither, where I found them all carousing round a large table, on which were placed the fragments of the dinner and plenty of liquor. I reminded them of our promise to place my uncle's old two armed chair at the head of the table, as he had requested, which they had neglected to do, and which they now strenuously opposed my doing; I was however resolutely determined to have it done, and at length succeeded; I then retired to the fire-side, where I sat, without taking any part in the conversation, or in any thing that passed during the whole evening. I shall pass over the several succeeding hours, the whole of which they sat drinking, till they were all in a greater or less degree intoxicated, and generally brawling, wrangling, and swearing, in a loud and boisterous manner. The night became stormy as it advanced. The wind rose, and at intervals moaned, sighed, and whistled shrilly without, roared in the wide chimney, and as it furiously bent the trees in which the house was embosomed, made a sound similar to the dashing of waves on the shores of the ocean. The rain fell in torrents, and the large drops pattered against the window with a ceaseless and melancholy cadence.

It was now getting nigh the 'witching time of night,' and I saw no signs of the revellers quitting the table. On the contrary they grew more loud and boisterous. In obedience to their imperious commands, yet evidently with the greatest reluctance, Peggy had kept replenishing the exhausted vessels with more liquor, and their demands increased in proportion to the reluctance with which they were satisfied. At length, however, on receiving an intimation from me that I would interpose, she absolutely refused to draw any more liquor for them, telling them they had had plenty, and that it was time to retire to bed. The scene that now ensued was such as is impossible for me to describe; maddened and inflamed with rage at

being thus refused, the wretches began to throw the furniture up and down the house, break the glasses and jugs, and to abuse the servant, from whom they attempted to wrest the key of the cellar, yelling out at the same time the most horrid oaths and imprecations.

The table was shortly overset, and the lights put out in the scullery, and in a few moments we should in all probability have had blood shed, as I felt myself roused to a pitch of fury, and was advancing with the large heavy-headed fire-poker to the assistance of the servant, who was loudly shrieking for help: just then the old clock struck twelve rapid strokes, and the bell had not ceased to vibrate, when we heard three heavy knocks, as if given by a mallet upon the wall, which separated the kitchen from the parlour where my uncle lay.

There appeared to be something supernatural in this. The whole house seemed to shake to its very foundation. A deep silence ensued. I stood still. The wretches instantly became sober. We all gazed earnestly and wildly at the place from whence the noise proceeded; some had we recovered from the shock, when we were again thunderstruck with a noise in the parlour, it was unlike any sound that I had ever heard before. It seemed as if all the furniture in the room was violently crashed together, mingled with the noise of fire-arms. Shrieks and exclamations burst from all.

The windows shook and every door of the habitation gave a momentary jar.—I trembled with awe. I felt every hair of my head bristling upwards,—my knees smote against each other,—a deadly paleness sat upon every countenance, and all eyes were fixed in an intense gaze on the door at the upper part of the kitchen, which led to the staircase, battery, and parlour. When, to complete the horror of the scene, the door burst wide open—dashed against the wall, and in, gliding at a slow pace, came a dreadful apparition. Its countenance was that of death. It seemed to have been long the inhabitant of that dark and narrow house—the grave; the worms had revelled upon its eyes, and left nothing but the orbless sockets. The rest of the skeleton was enveloped in a long and white sheet.

This horrid spectre advanced into the middle of the room. Fervently I shrunk back—the heavy weapon dropped from my hand and rang loudly upon the stone floor, and, overcome with terror, I sank into a chair. A cold sweat broke from my forehead, and I had well nigh fainted on its first appearance; the others had tumbled one over the other, in the greatest horror and confusion, and now lay as if dead in all directions.

The spectre gazed wildly around for a moment—at the clock—at the fire—and then turned its eyeless sockets upon each individual, motioning at the same time with its long arm, and pointing to the outer door, seemingly directing to an outlet for escape and wishing for their exit. They were not long in obeying this intimation, but severally crawled away upon their hands and knees, with all the speed they could possibly make, none of them daring to stand upright. The spectre all the while was standing in the middle of the floor, eyeing, or rather appearing to eye them, through the void sockets where eyes had once glistered, as they retreated one by one in the greatest fear and trepidation. When Peggy and I offered to decamp along with the rest, the spectre motioned us to remain where we were, and we dared not for our lives disobey. When the last of the crew was making his exit, and had crawled nearly to the door, the spectre, which had hitherto stood motionless, except waving its arms and slowly turning its eyeless countenance upon the wretches as they crept successively out of the door, beamed with the rapidity of lightning after the terrified wretch. But swift as the flights of spirits are, in this case that of the mortal was swifter, the fellow gave a thrilling scream, made a convulsive spring—his heels struck violently against the lintel of the door in his course—and he vanished from my sight and the spectre after him. 'Gude defend us,' said Peggy. For my part, ill as I was frightened, I could scarce forbear

laughing outright at the last incident so comic and farcical.

Half a minute had not elapsed, when I heard a step, and in another instant (I still kept my eyes upon the door) in came the very form of my uncle muttering, 'Villains! Rascals! Hypocrites!' He fastened the door after him, shut out his nephews, and the spectre, and then came towards the fire. At this I was more amazed than ever. He however gave me to understand that he was alive, and well, and that all I had seen transacted in the afternoon and evening, was nothing but a stratagem he had made use of to try the sincerity of his relations, and if he found them, as he conjectured, false in their professions, to get rid of them; the spectre answered nobly, and, it must be confessed, the stratagem was well planned and exceedingly well executed.

My uncle concluded his relation with assuring me, that, excepting a good legacy for his faithful servant, Peggy, I should inherit all that he possessed, as some little acknowledgment for the fright he had caused me; and as for the wretches he had expelled from his house, in so singular a manner, they should never more cross the threshold of his door. We all three now sat down to a little supper, of which my uncle stood in great need, and after taking a cheerful glass retired to bed.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of my journey, and sitting up so late, my sleep was far from being sound and refreshing. I was disturbed with fearful dreams the whole night. At length the cock began to crow—the clouds of the eastern sky to break asunder—and the morning to dawn. When it was tolerably light I started up, resolved upon a stroll over the meadows. Before going out, I, however, went into the parlour, where I found every thing in the utmost confusion. Chairs, tables, walking-sticks, and logs of wood, lay all over the floor, and every thing upset or in a wrong position. I then proceeded to the outer door, which I opened, but started back in horror, on perceiving a human skull lying on a sheet at my right hand, just without the door.

Recovering from my fright, I went and gathered it up; I could not restrain my laughter, when I discovered it to be nothing more than a mask, representing a death's head. It seems while we were all wrangling the night before, my uncle had stepped out of bed, dressed himself, piled all the furniture, logs of wood, and timber, he could in the apartment, in a heap, growing the pyramid with a dozen or more walking sticks, which had lain time out of mind on the top of an old cupboard,—then gone up stairs and put on the horrid mask,—brought down a pistol, and enveloped himself from his feet to his chin, in a clean white sheet; after alarming us, just as the clock struck the awful hour of twelve, by striking three heavy blows against the wall with a huge log of wood; he contrived to tumble down the whole mass of furniture at once,—fired his pistol at the same moment,—and then burst in upon us in the manner described.

I attributed the flapping of the doors up stairs, and the jarring of those below, to nothing but a boisterous gust of wind that happened to blow just at the critical moment; and in the repercussion of the air when the pistol was fired, I accounted for the shaking of the windows. The whimsical orders and requests of my uncle, were absolutely necessary to the design, and to make it impossible that we could suspect any thing.

I now went out. As I was crossing the yard, I discovered several drops of blood upon a stone, which I could not way account for, but by supposing some of my good cousins had received, in their retreat, a fall; and, a little further, I discovered a pair of shoes. A receptacle for the filth of the byre, in another part of the yard, bore evident marks of some one having had therein a severe struggle.

Indeed the adventures of the flying heroes had been various and woful; one of them, he at whom the spectre made such a sudden bound, as I afterwards ascertained, actually ran seven miles without stopping, and with his shrieks, supposing the grim monster close at his heels, almost raised the whole

country. I now proceeded onwards over the fields listening to the warbling lark 'springing blythely up to greet the purpling east.' The air was fresh and pure, and, in the beauties of nature, I awhile forgot the events of the preceding evening; with hasty steps I roved over the faintly recollected scenes, where I had, in childhood, spent some of my happiest hours, until weary with my rambles I returned to breakfast.

MATHEMATICS.

So numerous and repeated, have been the applications made to us by our friends, to introduce Mathematics into the Iris, that we have at length determined to devote a portion of the work to this interesting Science. We may, therefore, by way of introduction, simply observe, that in the management of this department, we shall endeavour, as much as possible, to combine amusement with utility; and shall to the best of our judgment, exercise the greatest impartiality in our selections from the contributions with which our Correspondents may favour us.

Of our scientific friends we must particularly request the patronage and support; assuring them, that, on our part, no exertion shall be spared to give to them every satisfaction.

The study of the mathematics, has at all times, been considered highly advantageous.

It is, indeed, universally allowed, by persons competent to judge, that of all pursuits, the mathematics are decidedly pre-eminent as mental exercises, and, at the same time, peculiarly valuable for their practical utility.

In order to afford to our Correspondents every convenience for giving solutions to the different questions, we propose to insert the solutions in a fortnight after the first appearance of the questions. We must, however, observe, that no Question will be accepted unless it be accompanied by a Solution; and that it is particularly desirable, that the diagrams to the different Questions and Solutions, be as simple as possible.—ED.

No. 2, by Mr. Jas. Wilson.

Required the side of that cube, whose solidity subtracted from the side itself, shall leave the greatest remainder possible?

No. 3, by Amicus.

Let the line A C be so moved in the right angle A B C, that its extremities may constantly touch the lines A B and B C produced; and let D be a given point in A C.—It is required to determine the locus of the point D?

IMPROVEMENT IN BREWING.

The *Glasgow Chronicle* says—"A most important improvement has lately taken place in the mode of brewing and distilling, and is now practised at the Patent Steam Distillery at the Greenhead. The invention consists in the application of steam to the bottom of the boilers, which are indented with concentric circles, varying in depth according to the progress and quantity of heat wanted.—A pipe from the steam-engine boiler, situated outside of the building, is conveyed to three large brewing boilers and two stills. The boiler is not larger than that required of eight-horse power, and not more than the usual pressure is employed. In addition to the saving of fuel, the improvement consists in the great disparity of temperature betwixt this mode and the common way of distilling by a coal or peat fire. The difference is as 214 to 21,877 degrees of heat. The consequence is obvious. Steam cannot give any of that empyreumatic mawkish flavour, which is so difficult to be avoided in the common method, and which has so long deteriorated our native beverage. Another improvement at the Greenhead is a machine, styled by the inventor a separator, that completely prevents the mixture of the coarse essential oil, which is one of the products of distillation on the old plan, and which has been so greatly injurious to all malt spirits."

TO THE EDITOR.

'Wretched; indeed! but far more wretched yet,
Is he who makes his meat on others' wit!'

FORN.

SIR,—I am one of the many warm admirers of the beautiful essays which appear in the Iris, under the title of 'the Club.' 'The Club' is itself, I have no doubt, a mere fiction. The whole, if I guess rightly, is the produce of a single individual, notwithstanding the variety of signatures. But this is a matter about which I care but little. In these essays I admire equally, under either circumstances, the elegance that adorns, and the wit that enlivens them. They are unquestionably from the pen of a person of genius, who has long been accustomed to the niceties of composition. I have heard them attributed, I know not how truly, to a learned and accomplished female.

The attack made upon 'the Club,' might have been expected. Such attacks were frequently made upon the periodical essays of Addison. The letter of Observer in your last number, is too unmeaning to require an answer; and I venture to predict, (though I am not gifted with second-sight like some of Blackwood's fortune-telling supernumeraries) that it will not be noticed. That the author of it may not, however, triumph in the silence of 'the Club,' I will offer for his instruction the following fable from the Tattler:—

"It happened one day, as a stout and honest mastiff (that guarded the village where he lived against thieves and robbers) was very gravely walking, with one of his puppies by his side, all the little dogs in the street gathered about him, and barked at him. The little puppy was so offended at this affront done to his sire, that he asked him, why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces? To which the sire answered, with a great composure of mind, if there were no curs, I should be no mastiff."

A CLUBITE.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Cœur de Lion, or The Third Crusade, a Poem, in sixteen Books, by Miss Porden, is in the press.

It is reported in Edinburgh that, Mr. Dugald Stewart is at present engaged in writing a memoir of his late distinguished friend, Professor Playfair.

A volume of Essays, by the Rev. R. W. Bamford, on the Discipline of Children, particularly as regards their education, will shortly make its appearance.

The Fortunes of Nihil are going on rapidly.

A work by Sir Walter Scott is mentioned in the Scottish capital: it is from the notes of a distinguished person of the 17th century, and is likely to contain many curious anecdotes of the last thirty years of that age.

A very severe *Requisitoire* has been addressed to Mr. John Murray, by an OXONTIAN, on the subject of Lord Byron's Cain. This pamphlet is written with considerable asperity, and condemns the motives of both the Publisher and the noble Author in the most unqualified terms. We believe that Mr. Murray has reason to repent of his bargain, the Court of Chancery having absolutely refused to grant an injunction against a pirated edition, in consequence of the immoral tendency of the Poem; although the sum of 2625L had been given for the copy-right.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, March 18th.—Alexander the Great: with Therese.

Wednesday, 20th.—Every One Has His Fault: with Therese.

Friday, 22nd.—Such Things Are: with Therese.

LECTURES ON POETRY.

On Monday, 1st. of April, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Rev. J. J. TAYLER, A. B. will begin a COURSE OF LECTURES, at the Rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, George-street, Manchester, on the HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.—Further particulars may be learned by applying to Messrs. Robinson and Ellis, 5, St. Ann's Place; Messrs. Clarke's, Market-Place; Mr. Sowler's, and Mrs. Bancks, St. Ann's Square; or Mr. E. Thomson, Market-street; who will also receive the names of Subscribers.

This Day is Published, 2nd Edition, Price 4d.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S BREAKWATER; or, a few Poetical Remarks, occasioned by a Visit to the Breakwater, in Plymouth Sound, on the 30th of January, 1832, being the substance of Two Letters, sent to his family. BY WM. GADSBY.

Fifteen Hundred copies of the first edition of this work, were sold in fifteen days.

Sold by E. Thomson, W. W. Clarke, Silburn and Richardson, and G. Greenough, Manchester; and Higham, Chiswell-Street, and Paris, Long-Acre, London.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall feel obliged if MAROPHILUS will favour us with the remainder of the Dissertation, as we think the whole may be inserted at twice.

The Lines beginning

Ye town-bred spiders that so oft I've seen,
Whether of colour black, or blue, or green;
Standing with open mouth, and outstretch'd claws,
Ready to seize on country flies so simple, &c.
are rather too personal for publication.

'Lines on the New Burial Ground,' by PHILANTHROPOS, have been received.

The 'Fragment,' by W. G. H. came too late for insertion this week.

W. H. is respectfully informed that he will find 'FEMALE HEROISM' in the 'Gleaner,' published by the late Mr. Cowdroy.

The Anecdote, sent by Isaacbar Whyte, is so well known that we decline inserting it.

We are obliged by Zeno's Communication, but must remark, that his demonstration appears to us to prove the very converse of what he intended to prove.

Communications have been received from T. ASHES, Trofa.—W. M. L.—D.—J. L. W.—J. L.—John Huggins.—V. Ward.—Jon. Swift, junr.—and G. R. A.

The Poem, by BEPPO, has been sent as desired.

Letter-Box in the Door.

MANCHESTER: Printed, Published, and Sold, by HENRY SMITH AND BROTHERS, St. Ann's Square.

AGENTS,

Ashton, Mr. Cunningham. Oldham, Mr. Lambert.
Bolton, Messrs. Gardner & Co. Rochdale, Miss Lancashire.
Bury, Mr. Hellawell. Stockport, Mr. Clays.
Macclesfield, Mr. Swinerton.

The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

PUBLISHED

WEEKLY.

No. 9.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1822.

PRICE 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

FOR THE IRIS.

PATRIARCHAL CHRONOLOGY.

AN attentive examination of the chronology of the book of Genesis, elicits a number of interesting particulars which are hid from the view of the superficial reader. In order to place this subject in a proper light, we shall transcribe a table of the chronology of the patriarchal age, which any school-boy may construct from the fifth and tenth chapters of Genesis, and then subjoin a few observations which force themselves on our notice, upon examining its details.

Adam	created	Anno Mundi	1
Seth	born		130
Enos	"		235
Cainan	"		325
Mahalael	"		394
Jared	"		460
Shem	"		622
Methuselah	"		687
Enoch	"		874
Adam	died		930
Enoch	translated		967
Seth	died		1042
Noah	born		1056
Enos	died		1140
Cainan	"		1234
Mahalael	"		1290
Jared	"		1422
Shem	born		1558
Lamech	died		1651
Methuselah	"		1656
	The Deluge		1656
Arphaxad	born		1658
Selah	"		1693
Eber	"		1723
Peleg	"		1757
Reu	"		1787
Serug	"		1819
Nahor	"		1849
Terah	"		1878
Peleg	died		1996
Nahor	"		1997
Noah	"		2006
Abraham	born		2008
Reu	died		2026
Serug	"		2049
Terah	"		2083
Arphaxad	"		2096
Selah	born		2108
Selah	died		2126
Shem	"		2158
Jacob	born		2168
Abraham	died		2183
Eber	"		2187
Isaac	"		2298
Jacob	"		2315

1. It appears from this table, that knowledge might be communicated by tradition with the greatest accu-

racy, through the long period of upwards of 2000 years, from Adam, the progenitor of the human race, to Jacob, the founder of the nation of Israel. Adam was 243 years contemporary with Methuselah, his eighth lineal descendant. Methuselah was 98 years contemporary with Shem, the son of Noah: and Shem died only 10 years before the birth of Jacob, in the 50th year of Isaac's life, and in the 150th of the life of Abraham. The account of the creation, therefore, of paradise, of the fall of man, and of every circumstance interesting to be known, together with the progressive discoveries which had been made in the arts and sciences by the Antediluvians, (Gen. iv. 20—22) might be handed down without the intervention of writing, which does not appear to have been discovered in that early age, and without an immediate revelation from heaven, which was not granted in cases where the knowledge afforded might be otherwise acquired.

2. The review of this table seems in a great measure to decide the controversy so long agitated, whether the Hebrew language was the language of paradise. If the patriarch Abraham and his sons spoke the same language in which the Decalogue was afterwards delivered from mount Sinai, there seems no great difficulty in believing that this language might be the same which was spoken from the beginning; unless we suppose that at the confusion of tongues at Babel, the common language was annihilated, and gave place to some of the tongues which from that time began to be spoken: It appears reasonable to think that Methuselah would speak the same language as Adam, with whom he was contemporary for upwards of 200 years: it is certain, indeed, that till the building of the tower of Babel all mankind spoke the same language, and it is highly improbable that it underwent any material alteration during that period. Shem, who spoke the Antediluvian language, would transmit it to that part of his posterity which adhered to the worship of Jehovah. One of these, Abraham, the father of the faithful, was his contemporary for 150 years; and there is nothing to prevent the supposition that Abraham, and even Isaac, were personally acquainted with Shem, and spoke the same language with their hoary progenitor.—Although this argument by itself may not be considered absolutely conclusive, yet, in conjunction with the others which have been repeatedly advanced, it seems to bring it nearly to a state of certainty, that the language of Abraham and the language of the Jews was materially the same as the language of paradise.

3. The rapid shortening of the life of man, from the period of the deluge, forces itself very strongly on our attention. From Shem to Abraham the register of deaths is in a great measure an inversion of the register of births. The order of births is—Shem, Arphaxad, Salah, Eber, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, Abraham; and the order of deaths—Peleg, Nahor, Noah, Reu, Serug, Terah, Arphaxad, Salah, Shem, Abraham, Eber.

4. All the Antediluvian patriarchs except Noah were contemporary with Adam, and may have enjoyed his personal acquaintance.

5. All except Adam and Noah were alive at the

time of Enoch's translation, which happened 57 years subsequent to the death of the former, and 69 prior to the birth of the latter.

6. Noah died only two years before the birth of Abraham, and thus saw his posterity to the tenth generation, nine of which were swept away before himself.

7. Jacob was 15 years old at the death of Abraham, and 120 at the death of Isaac.

8. Isaac's death took place only one year before the commencement of the predicted years of plenty in Egypt. It is natural therefore to suppose, that if Isaac still retained the use of his faculties, (which however is doubtful, see Gen. xxvii. 1.) he would participate in the grief which the supposed death of Joseph occasioned; for the selling of Joseph into Egypt took place about 13 years prior to his decease.

Thus we see that a genealogical table is not always so uninteresting as on a first inspection it may appear.

INDEX.

DESPOTISM.

MR. EDITOR,

In the reign of Louis the XIV. of France, the Fathers of Redemption, of the Order of the Holy Trinity, made two voyages to Morocco, for the purpose of redeeming Christian slaves from captivity; and on returning from their second voyage, in 1714, published an account of their success, and of the laws and customs of Morocco, under the title of a History of the Reign of Muley Ishmael, King of Morocco, &c.: and as I do not remember to have seen the work in English, I send you a few extracts, trusting they may prove as new to some of your readers, as they did to me. Some of the facts on a first view, may appear rather incredible, but when we consider the characters of the worthy men who relate them, we may safely take them for granted.—The dispositions of mankind moreover being the same in every age and country; except, so far, indeed, as those dispositions may be modified or connected by the civil and religious institutions of each particular country: when therefore this is considered, we shall not so much feel surprise at the conduct of Muley Ishmael, which appears sufficiently wanton and capricious, as we shall in the first place feel gratitude to our Creator, who has placed us in a Christian country; and to our ancestors in the second place, who have transmitted to us such excellent civil institutions; the former operating upon us inwardly, and the latter outwardly, to restrain us from injury or oppressing one another; otherwise, we have amongst us those who might possibly act with as little respect or regard to right or reason as the African despot—but to my extracts:

"He (Muley Ishmael) obtained the crown by force, after having gained several victories over his nephews, the sons of his predecessor, and defeated all who opposed him. He is at present (1712) about 80 years of age, and of middle size; and it appears that age has not diminished either his courage or his

strength, nor even his agility; and he will at a single spring, jump over any thing upon which he can place his hands. It is one of his ordinary diversions to draw his sabre at the same time he mounts his horse, and cut off the head of the slave who holds his stirrup!"

"His subjects know by the colour of his dress, what passion rules him at the time. Green is his favourite colour; white signifies well for those who approach him; but when he appears in yellow, every one trembles and avoids his presence; for that is the colour he wears on the days of his most cruel executions."

"As a Talbe or Doctor of Law, he causes it to be believed, that the blood of Mahomet sanctifies even the horse upon which he rides. Religion makes him master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, upon whom he looks as so many slaves: he consecrates the cruelties which he exercises towards the Christians and the Moors; the latter esteeming themselves happy to be sacrificed to his fury, in the persuasion that his murderous hand sends them to the Paradise of Mahomet; and in this foolish opinion they sometimes come from the extremity of his empire, to beg he will grant them this coup de grace. It is said that he has killed with his own hand, more than thirty thousand Christians and Mahometans.—When he sacrifices any of his own children, he afterwards reproaches his officers for not having prevented him, and punishes their negligence with death?"

"He one day caused the principal Jews to assemble before him under pretence that he had something of importance to impart to them. When they were in his presence, he thus addressed them:—"Dogs, I have sent for you in order to see that you all put on the red cap and embrace my faith; you have trifled with me these thirty years respecting the coming of your Messiah; now if you do not positively name the year and the day of his coming, your lives and goods are forfeited: I am determined to be deceived no longer." The Jews surprised at this salutation, which they had little reason to expect, considering the obligations he was under to them, and the punctuality with which they paid all his excessive imposts, remained silent; until, at length, one of the most prudent amongst them, tremblingly, requested eight days to deliberate on the answer they ought to give him. The King said, go, and take care you deceive me no more. They employed these eight days in preparing the principal answer, which they well knew the avidity of the King exacted of them. They got together a large sum of money, and presenting it to him, said, Sir, our Doctors promise that in thirty years, our Messiah will come without further delay. The King taking the money, replied, "I see your drift, you deceitful dogs, you expect to throw me off my guard, in the hope that I shall not be then living; but I will deceive you in my turn: I will live long enough to convict you of imposture, and punish you as you deserve."

"He carries his council in his head; he has, for the sake of form, some Aloaydes and his Talbe about him, to whom he declares his intentions, and, their ordinary opinion is contained in these two words, ANAMA SIDI; thou sayest right Lord."

"His avarice is the principal spring of all his actions.—If his police is strict, it is because he has his interest in view. The butchers, bakers, &c. daily bring a portion of their meat and bread, to the Chamber of Police, which is always open, except one hour in the day. If any one has sold too dear, he is condemned to carry his merchandize about his neck through all the city; and hotings, stones, and blows are not spared him. At his return he undergoes the bastinado, and pays a heavy fine to the King."

"From the same motive he renders prompt justice. When any one complains that another has wronged him, the criminal is condemned to bring

back the property, which is not restored to the plaintiff, (for the King seizes upon every thing, be it ever so vile) and moreover, to pay a heavy fine; so that it is useless for an individual to complain to him, unless from a motive of revenge, or to prevent a repetition of the injury."

"The patience of the slaves was lately tried by a project he took into his head of joining the cemetery of the Christians to his gardens. As his religion taught him to look upon this ground as unholy, he caused them to dig it to the depth of six feet, and to carry the soil to the distance of three quarters of a league. Of five thousand Christian slaves employed in this work, which lasted only nine days, fifty died from infection caught from the bodies newly buried."

March, 1822.

T. V.

BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, L. L. D. &c.

(From the Cambridge Chronicle.)

Early on Saturday morning (the 9th instant), died, at Sir W. Rush's house, in Pall Mall, after a severe and painful illness, the Rev. E. D. Clarke, L. L. D. Professor of Mineralogy, and Librarian to the University, formerly fellow of Jesus College, and Rector of Harlton, in this county, and of Great Yeldham, in Essex.—It is with sentiments of the deepest regret, that we announce the above intelligence; and we trust to the indulgence of our readers, if we trespass beyond our usual limits on such an occasion, and insert a few tributary words to the memory of this highly lamented and most distinguished individual. We should feel indeed in our respect for the general sympathy which the loss of Dr. Clarke has excited, were we to content ourselves with the bare notice of his death. In the following paragraph it is not intended to draw the character of the late professor, and to delineate his varied excellencies—they will hereafter be traced by the biographer; but the hasty sketch which has been conveyed to us by one of his numerous friends, will, we trust, prove not unacceptable. Perhaps no person ever possessed in a more eminent degree than Dr. Clarke, the delightful faculty of winning the hearts and rivetting the affections of those into whose society he entered. From the first moment his conversation excited an interest that never abated. Those who knew him once, felt that they must love him always. The kindness of his manner, the anxiety he expressed for the welfare of others, his eagerness to make them feel happy and pleased with themselves, when united to the charms of his language, were irresistible. Such was Dr. Clarke in private life; within the circle of his more immediate friends; in the midst of his family—there he might be seen, as the indulgent parent, the affectionate husband, the warm, zealous, and sincere friend. Of his public life the present moment will only admit of an outline.—Soon after taking his degree, Dr. Clarke accompanied the present Lord Berwick abroad, and remained for some time in Italy. The classic scenes he there met with, and his own inquisitive genius, stimulated him to enter into a wider field of research; and shortly after his return to England, he embarked on those travels, which

have rendered his name so celebrated throughout Europe; indeed, we may add, in every quarter of the civilized world. To enter into any description of them is needless—they are before the public. They have been, and will continue to be, the delight and the solace of those who have been unable to visit other countries; and they have excited the dormant spirit of curiosity in many a resident of this university, who has followed eagerly the steps of Dr. Clarke, and has invariably borne testimony to the accuracy and fidelity of his narrative. Dr. Clarke has somewhere mentioned all the excellencies which must unite to form a perfect traveller—he must have the pencil of Norden, the pen of Volney, the learning of Pococke, the perseverance of Bruce, the enthusiasm of Savary. Of all these Dr. Clarke united in his own person by far the greater share. No difficulties in his progress were ever allowed to be insuperable; and, upon all occasions, he imparted to others a portion of his own enthusiasm. It was upon the return from this extensive tour, during which he had visited nearly the whole of Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa, that Dr. Clarke presented to the University those memorials of his travels, which now decorate the vestibule of the library; and, as some return for the splendour which his name had reflected upon the University, he was complimented in full senate with the degree of L. L. D. From that moment the residence of the traveller was confined to Cambridge, and he shortly after commenced those public lectures in mineralogy, which, if possible, have made his name more known and honoured, both in this and in foreign countries, than even his long and interesting travels. Natural history was his earliest and most favourite study; and that peculiar branch of it, which refers to the mineral kingdom, soon engrossed the whole of his attention. In the delivery of his celebrated lectures, Clarke was without a rival—his eloquence was inferior to none; (in native eloquence, perhaps, few have ever equalled him in this country;) his knowledge of his subject was extensive; his elucidation clear and simple; and in the illustrations, which were practically afforded by the various and beautiful specimens of his minerals, he was peculiarly happy. Most of those specimens he had himself collected, and they seldom failed to give rise to the most pleasing associations by their individual locality. We may justly apply to him in the delivery of his lectures, what is engraven on the monument of Goldsmith, '*Nihil, quod tetigit, non ornavit*.' Of the higher qualities of his mind, of his force and energy as a Christian preacher, of the sublimity and excellence of his discourses, we might tell in any other place than Cambridge; but here, all mention of them is unnecessary: his crowded congregations are testimony sufficient. Of the estimation in which Dr. Clarke was held by foreigners, we may, in the same manner, refer our readers to the various honorary societies in which his name stands enrolled; we may safely say, that to no one person has the University of Cambridge been more indebted for celebrity abroad during the last twenty years, than to her late librarian, Dr. Clarke. He has fallen a victim indeed to his generous ardour in the pursuit of science—he looked only to the fame of the University; and in his honest endeavours to exalt her reputation, he unhappily neglected his own invaluable health.—He has thus left

to his afflicted family and to his surviving friends, the most painful and bitter regrets; whilst to the University itself, he has bequeathed a debt of gratitude, which we doubt not will hereafter be amply and liberally discharged.

ON BLACK CATS.

Sleep thou in peace, my sable Selima, rest and be thankful, for thou wert born in an enlightened age, and in a family of females, and elderly gentlemen. Well is it for thee, that thou wert not cotemporary with the pious Baxter, that detester of superstition; or the learned Sir Thomas Brown, the exploder of vulgar errors; or the great Sir Matthew Hale, whose wholesome severities against half-starved sorceresses, so aptly illustrated his position, that Christianity is 'parcel of the common law of England.' Rest, I say, and be thankful, for the good old times had been bitter times for thee.

Why should colour excite the malignant passions of man? Why will the sole-patentee of reason, the *soi-disant* Lord of Creation, degrade himself to the level of the Turkey-cock, that is filled with rage and terror at a shred of scarlet? What is a hue—an absorbed or reflected-ray, or, as other sages tell, a mere extended thought—that we should love or hate it? Yet such is man, with all his boasted wisdom. Ask why the Negro is a slave? He's black, not like a Christian. Why should Bridget's cat be worried? Why, to be sure, she's black, an imp of darkness, the witch's own familiar; nay, perhaps, the witch herself in disguise: a thing most easily put to proof; for if you took out Crisalkin's eye, Bridget will appear next day with only one: maim the cat, its mistress balks; stab it, she is wounded. Such are the dangers of magnetic masquerading, when the natural body is punished with the stripes inflicted on the assumed one: and this was once religion with royal Chaplains, and philosophy with the royal Society.

These superstitions are gone: this baseless fabric of a *raisonné* dissolved; I wish that it had left not a wreck behind. But when Satan disappears, an unsavoury scent remains behind him; and from the carcass of baried absurdity, there often proceeds an odour of prejudice—the more distressing, because we know not whence it comes. Neither elderly ladies nor black cats are now suspected of witchcraft; yet how seldom are they fully restored to their just estimation in the world.

Be it perverseness, or be it pity, or be it regard for injured merit, I confess myself an advocate for the human tabbies, so famed for loquacity, and for their poor-dumb favourites in black velvet.

Whether it be true, that Time, which has such various effects on divers subjects, which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small-beer, which turns abuse to right, and usurpation to legitimacy, which improves pictures while it mars their originals, and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for;—whether this wonder-working Time be able to defuse the levelness of women, shall be a subject for future inquiry. But, my pretty Selima; thou, that like Solomon's bride, art black, but comely; thee, and thy kind—the sable order of the feline sisterhood, I would gladly vindicate from those aspersions, which take occasion from the blackness of thy coat to blacken thy reputation.

Thy hue denotes thee a child of night; Night, the wife of Chaos, and being a female, of course the old, at female in being. How aptly, therefore, dost thou become the favourite of those ladies, who, though not so old as night, are nevertheless in the evening of their days. Thou dost express thy joy at the return of thy mother, even as the statue of Memnon at the approach of her rivet, shivering about in thy mourning garb by moonlight, starlight, or no-light, an everlasting merry-mourner; and yet a mute in dress, and silence too, not belying thy name by volubility.

How smooth, how silky soft are thy jetty hairs! A peaceful multitude, wherein each knows its place, and none obstructs its neighbours. Thy very paws

are velvet, and seem formed to walk on carpets of tissue. What a pretty knowing primness in thy mouth, what quick turns of expression in thy ears, and what maiden dignity in thy whiskers. Were it not for thine emerald eyes, and that one white hair on thy breast, which I abstain from comparing to a single star, in a cloudy sky, or a water-lily lying on a black lake, (for, in truth, it is like neither,) I should call thee nature's monochrome. And then the manifold movements of thy tail, that hangs out like a flag of truce, and the graceful sinuosity of thy carriage, all bespeak thee of the gentle kind. False tokens all; thou canst be furious as a negro despot; thy very hairs, if crossed, flash fire. Thou art an earth-pacing thunder-cloud, a living electric battery, thy back is armed with the wrath of Jove.

Hence do thy enemies find occasion to call thee a daughter of darkness, clad in Satan's livery—a patch on the fair face of nature; and therefore, an unseemly relic of a fashion, not only unbecoming in itself, but often perverted to the purposes of party.

Yet, my Selima, if thy tribe have suffered much from the follies of mankind, they have profited by them also. If the dark age looked black upon them; if the age of black arts, black friars, and black letter set them in its black-book, and delivered over their patronesses to the blackness of darkness; yet time hath been when their partook of the honour and worship paid to all their species, while they walked in pride at the base of the pyramids, or secreted their kittens in the windings of the labyrinth. Then was their life pleasant, and their death as a sweet odour.

This was, indeed, common to all thy kind, however diversified by colour or divided by condition.—Tabby and tortoise-shell, black, white, and grey, tawny and sandy, gib and grimalkin, ye were a sacred race, and the death of one of ye was mourned as a brother's—if natural; and avenged as a citizen's—if violent: and this in the cradle of the sciences, (so called, I presume, because the sciences were babies there,) and in spite of the 700,000 volumes of Alexandria.

Yet I cannot but think that the wise Egyptians distinguished black with peculiar reverence. We know that their religion, like their writing, was hieroglyphical; that their respect for various animals was merely symbolical; that under the form of the ox, they gratefully remembered the inventor of agriculture, and adopted a beetle as the representative of the sun. Now, of how many virtues, how many powers, how many mysteries may not a black cat be an emblem? As she is cat, of vigilance; as she is black, of secrecy; as both, of treachery, one of the greatest of political virtues, if we judge from the high rewards continually given, and daily advertised for it. Again, we know the sacred *chrysos*, and the sign by which it was measured, was another object of idolatry; but one simple half of time is typified by a black cat.

But should these deep speculations be deemed mystical by the present age, which if it be an age of light, is certainly an age of lightness, it may, at least, be admitted, that the Egyptians would prefer their own colour, and we are assayed by Volney and others, that they were not only black, but literally negroes.

As for the esteem they entertained for cats in general, we may account for it on the supposition, that they were delivered, at some period of their history, in an extraordinary manner, from a swarm of rats, either national or political. And that the agents of this deliverance were represented under the feline figure, which may be plausibly considered as a bodily representative of the spirit of reform.

After all, Selima, I doubt whether thou hast lost as much by never being worshipped as thou hast gained by living in a Christian country. State is burdensome, and superstition is seldom prone to regard its objects with affection.

But there is one of thy hues whose condition might have been envied by all the sacred mousers of Egypt. Well may she be proud and coy, whom fate has appointed, not to be the idol of the children of Ham, but the favourite of the loveliest of the daughters of Britain.—*Lon. Mag.*

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 1, by Mr. James Wilson.

First, by multiplying the second given equation by y , we have, $\sqrt{x^2 - \sqrt{x}} + y\sqrt{x - \sqrt{x}} = 7\sqrt{x - \sqrt{x}}$, and this, divided by $\sqrt{x - \sqrt{x}}$, will give $x + y = 7$.

In the first given equation, if we transpose $22y$, and to both sides add y^2 , we shall obtain, by evolution, $y^2 + \sqrt{x} + y = 11 + y$; and by transposition $y^2 + \sqrt{x} = 11$:—Hence, by reduction, we find $x = 4$, and $y = 3$.

Solutions, were received also, from Amicus, X. Y.—O. and O. P.

Question, No. 4, by J. H.

Given, $x^3 + \frac{xy^2}{3} = x^2y + \frac{14y^3}{3}$, and $a^2y = \frac{3x^3}{8} + axy$, to find the values of x , and y , in terms of a , by a simple equation?

Question, No. 5, by Mercurius.

In every segment of a sphere, the convex superficies is equal to the plane superficies, together with four times the area of a circle, whose diameter is equal to the height of the segment.—Required a demonstration.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

ENIGMA. No. 9.

Enigmatists I pray disclose
The mysteries I now propose,
And let your answers, Sirs, be known
In the next Iris of this town.

A foreign name I always bear,
Though chiefly manufactur'd here,
And pleasure I to all impart.
If manag'd, with peculiar art,
I'm of four different parts combin'd,
Which when I'm used, must all be join'd,
And then my master with his skill,
Must dexterously my belly fill,
Whereby the company around,
With silent mirth and joy abound.
In different colours I am dress'd,
As suits my master's fancy best;
Sometimes I'm black and dismal quite,
And sometimes cloth'd in virgin white;
Sometimes both black and white I wear,
And often times in brown appear.
I at the festive board attend,
And in the fair sex have a friend.
But hold—enough is said no doubt,
For you to find your servant out.

Manchester, March, 1822.

J. Swilbrig.

CHARADE. No. 10.

To make a populous town in Lancashire.

One half of a despicable character;
One half of an easy office in the Collegiate Church;
One half of an useful animal,
And two fifths of an emblem of peace.



POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The French language is now so generally spread, that the insertion of some French Poetry might prove interesting to many of the readers of your valuable publication.

Should you like to insert any, I would send you some regularly, sometimes Original, and sometimes taken out of the Manuscripts of some very modern authors.

I am, Sir, respectfully,
E. V.

A EMILIE.

Quand je vois vos attraites, c'est pour moi le printemps;
Quand je cueille un baiser, c'est l'été, je moissonne;
Quand vous me prodiguez dans vos discours charmans
Les fruits de votre esprit, j'amasse, c'est l'automne;
Mais si dans vos yeux, dans votre air
J'entrevois la froideur, je tremble c'est l'hiver.

TO DAFFODILLS.

Fair Daffodills we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon,
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.
We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing,
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

SONNET TO ELIZA.

Had there dwelt less of beauty in that cheek,
Whereon there lingers now so soft a tinge,—
Or did those jet black eyes, (whose glances seek
For shelter in their long and silken fringe)
Shed less of angel brightness when they shine,
Yet had'st thou, lady, reigned within my heart—
The purer spirit still had guided mine:
Then young, and fair, and spotless as thou art,
Oh! marvel not my bosom should enshrine,
Thy lovely image whence it ne'er shall part;
And as o'er desert wilds a single star
Doth sometimes shed its solitary ray,
To guide the wand'ring pilgrim from afar,
Ev'n thus art thou to me whilst thro' the world I
stray.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Translated from the Latin.

Adieu! sweet Babe! thy sleep enjoy,
While Zephyrs round thee gently play,
Completely free from earth's alloy,
Thy heav'nly soul was call'd away.

Aurora's car shall bear it on
To scenes of bliss above the skies,
And Seraphs, as they taste the morn;
Shall chaunt its triumph as they rise.

APOSTROPHE TO AN EARLY VIOLET.

Sweet lovely harbinger of Spring,
Earliest gift in Flora's ring,
Thy scent exhales on Zephyr's wing.—
Sweet Violet!

I found you in the lone vale, bare,
In purest hue, sweet flow'et rare;
And you shall have my dearest care,
Sweet Violet!

You stood like dauntless Virtue pure,
You did the pitiless storm endure,
And now from harm I'll you secure,
Sweet Violet!

Within my jessamine parterre,
Mid myrtles sweet, and lilies fair,
You now may live, and blossom there,
Sweet Violet!
T. N.

VARIETIES.

'Wheat straw may be melted into a colourless glass with the blow-pipe, without any addition. Barley straw melts into a glass of a topaz-red colour.'
(*Dr. Brewster's Journal*, No. 3.)

IRISH PUFFING.

Kemble and Lewis chancing to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for one night's performance in Leon and the Copper Captain. Their announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage. They never performed together in the same piece, and in all human probability, they never will again; this evening is the summit of the manager's climax. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his endeavours to delight the public, beyond this, it is not in nature to go.

SINGULAR INDICTMENTS.

A writer in Dr. Anderson's Bee, vol. 6, mentions the following singular indictments, as copied from an old M. S. that had fallen into his hands; the writer begins his minutes thus:

Memorandum.—That one, the 19th days of February, 1661, was the first time that I was upose the Jury for life and death at the Old Bayley, and then were these persons following tryde, and for what orime.

After mentioning the names of nine persons who were tried that day, and seventeen the next, for ordinary offences, are the following entries:

'Katherine Roberts is endited for selling of a child to the spirits for 38s. 6d.; but after much hearings of witnesses, it could not be clearly proved, and so she was found—not guilty.'

'Mary Grants is endited for beating of her husband, but nothing is made of this. The law says, that the husband cannot endite his wife for a battery.'

BENEFIT PLAY-BILL.

Linton, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent Garden Theatre, was murdered by some street robbers, who were discovered and executed. A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children, and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints:

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS. LINTON, &c.

'The widow,' said Charity whispering in my ear, 'must have your mite, wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box ticket?' 'You may have it for five shillings,' observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea which was between my fingers, slipped out.

'Yes,' said I, 'she shall have my five shillings.'

'Good Heaven,' exclaimed Justice, 'what are you about?'
Five shillings! If you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money.'

'And I shall owe him no thanks,' added Charity, laying her hand upon my head, and leading me on the way to the widow's house. Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand.

'Is your mother at home, my-dear?' said I to a child who conducted me into the parlour.

'Yes,' answered the infant, 'but my father has not been at home for a great while; that is his harpsicord, and that is his violin. He used to play on them for me.'

'Shall I play you a tune, my boy?' said I.

'No Sir,' continued the boy; 'my mother will not let them be touched, for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry.'

I looked on the violin, it was unstrung,—it was out of tune. Had the lyre of Orpheus sounded in mine year, it could not have insinuated into my frame thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.

'I hear my mother on the stairs,' said the boy, I shook him by the hand;—'Give her this,' said I, and left the house. It rained,—I called a coach, drove to a coffee-house, but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.

METEOROLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following are Decades, or the Mean Temperature of every ten days for the last twelve months, commencing at the vernal equinox of 1821, and ending at the present equinox on the 20th instant. Each decade is drawn from the daily means of the two extremes; found by a Six's, or self-registering thermometer. An early insertion will oblige your constant reader,
T. H.

Manchester, 25th March, 1822.

1821,				
March 20 to 29th,				
both inclusive.				
April	8th	2nd	..	44. 2
	18th	3rd	..	50.
	28th	4th	..	56. 7
May	8th	5th	..	57. 5
	18th	6th	..	52. 5
	28th	7th	..	49.
June	7th	8th	..	58. 1
	17th	9th	..	54. 5
	27th	10th	..	57. 2
July	7th	11th	..	58. 9
	17th	12th	..	61. 5
	27th	13th	..	65. 1
August	6th	14th	..	63. 6
	16th	15th	..	61. 8
	26th	16th	..	65. 3
September	5th	17th	..	62. 4
	15th	18th	..	61. 5
	25th	19th	..	59. 8
October	5th	20th	..	54. 6
	15th	21st	..	53. 6
	25th	22nd	..	48. 8
November	4th	23rd	..	53. 7
	14th	24th	..	47. 8
	24th	25th	..	47. 9
December	4th	26th	..	44. 7
	14th	27th	..	46. 6
	24th	28th	..	44. 7
1822.				
January	3rd	20th	..	39. 1
	13th	30th	..	39. 5
	23rd	31st	..	43. 2
February	2nd	32nd	..	44. 5
	12th	33rd	..	42. 3
	22nd	34th	..	44. 5
March	4th	35th	..	45. 6
	14th	36th	..	44. 7
	20th	6 days	..	49. 7

THE MUSAED.

NO. II.—THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1832.

Scripta, non otii abundantia, sed amoris urge te.
TULL.
It's not because we've nothing else to do;
We write, dear Ladies, from our love to you.

LETTERS TO RICHARD HEBER, Esq. M.P.—Old maids read novels for employment, and young maids read them for pleasure. But there are few women who peruse them with any critical intention, or who form opinions which may serve them for subsequent reflection. It may not be difficult to account for this. The motives of their reading are not of a studious or imaginative nature; and the female disposition is not, of the grave and severe complexion, favourable to habits of deep and connected thought. There is still another reason which prevents them profiting, as they might do, from this fascinating species of literature. The 'two days allowed,' by Circulating Libraries, the grand repositories of romance, are not sufficient for that close application of the mind without which no proper understanding of a book can be attained: and hence it is that, after the first excitement is abated, there is little remembered but the author, the plot, and the principal character.

The volume, which we have now before us, is not the result of such hasty and superficial discussion.—It is framed by the hand of diligence and research; and we have no doubt, will prove both serviceable and amusing to the professed or real admirers of the *Waverley Novels*. The object of the letters is to prove by the internal evidence of these works, and of the avowed productions of Sir W. Scott, the identity of their author. The arguments are skillfully managed, and the proofs are as complete and satisfactory as we could be warranted in expecting from the resemblances which an author may be supposed to bear always to himself. Besides this, there is a taste and elegance, predominant throughout, which cannot fail extremely to gratify the reader; and the numerous quotations are so judiciously selected, that they reveal in the most lively manner, and with the most pleasing associations, the memory of the books themselves. Upon the whole, we cannot imagine a more rational or elegant entertainment than these letters are calculated to afford; and we recommend them to our fair friends, with the fullest conviction that they cannot fail to admire the acuteness and taste which is every where displayed by the author.

THE NEW BONNET.

—Dulcique animos horvitate tenebo. OVID.

Shall I not tempt you? 'tis the sweetest thing,
And quite the newest, I have shown this spring.

'Don't detain me a moment; Mrs. Tayler has the sweetest little bonnet, I hear.' 'And are you going to have it?' said Volatile, accompanying the fair one in her hasty steps along the west side of the Square. 'I don't know yet, that depends upon Mamma; but I hope she will let me if I like it, for I am so tired of this ugly poke fashion—you can't imagine.' 'May I give you my opinion?' said our friend, but the lady had vanished into the shop. Volatile however hovered round the door.

'Five guineas!' said the lovely Anne to her cousin, 'five guineas! what a terrible price! do you think any body will be so foolish as to buy it?' 'And not a single feather,' rejoined the other, 'nothing but a shabby bit of lace which has no one single recommendation but that of being foreign; I suppose feathers though are really not to be worn.'

'Good morning Mr. Volatile,' said the fat and dashing Mrs. Glaise, bouncing out of the shop. 'What have you been looking at this bonnet?' said Volatile. 'Been trying it on Fanny but it's horridly vulgar—may suit some sort of beauties very well'—'finished!' said she, as her daughter tripped upon

the step. 'You don't like this famous bonnet Miss Glaise,' said Volatile. 'O dear no—Mamma its the very same that Colonel Bouverie described in Hyde Park a few weeks ago, and thought was so brutally staring.' 'Yes, my dear, I knew that.' 'Jane Arnold looked very pretty in it though.' 'Yes, but consider, her style of beauty—very different to your's—you know Colonel Bouverie begged particularly that you would not disgrace yourself by wearing such a thing: will you go with us to Bancks, Mr. Volatile?' Volatile declined the invitation, and the party passed on.

'Excessively genteel,' said one of two sisters who were young twenty years ago, 'do you think it would become me?' 'Why e e e n o—I dont think it—exactly—would: something closer perhaps,' said the other, as if half afraid to intimate that the beautiful Mary must now begin to throw a little into the shade those charms which once it was her greatest pride to display. 'We'll try it again when there are not so many people in the room—I half fancy I may venture.'

A numerous company now issued from the shop, whose simultaneous chatterings pretty nearly resembled the clamour of a flight of lapwings. 'Eliza, did you like it?' 'I can't say that I did much.' 'Shamefully extravagant!' 'I'm sure I caught the pattern,' whispered one of the number. 'We'll try when we get home,' was the reply. 'You know we may easily get the velvet, and the blonde that trimmed our satin dresses last winter will do as well as any other, won't it—quite?' Volatile bowed to the party, 'but they were too busy to bark at him: though there had been times, when not so interestingly occupied, he had feared the dislocation of every joint in his frame, from the contrary pullings of this formidable crew.

'Well,' said an elderly lady to her niece, as she pressed on her arm to descend the step. 'Well, my dear, did you like this bonnet?' 'O yes! delightful!' said the other. 'Well, my dear, I can only say that I think its a perfect fright, and quite an indecent exposure of the face for any respectable female.' 'Now, my dear madam,' said Volatile, making an advance. 'Ha! Mr. Volatile is that you? How d'ye do? What were you going to say Mr. Volatile?' 'I was about to protest against your very old-fashioned notions, my dear madam. This is the first time a lady's face has stood any chance of being visible these five years, and now your maternally anathema is interposing to prevent it, consider, my dear madam, what a mortification it would have been in the days when you were young?' 'Why Mr. Volatile to be sure, but then the times are very very different now: a young lady might then walk along the streets and not encounter such a set of idle, dissipated young men, to stare her out of countenance as infest them now a days: for my part I'm an advocate for large bonnets, and I think that modest girls will do a great deal better to continue them, that's what I think.' Volatile smiled at the young lady, who did not seem exactly to coincide with her aunt's opinion. 'Emma, my dear, I want some maulin for night caps, will you help me across the square? Good bye, Mr. Volatile?' Volatile again smiled at the niece and wished the old maiden a good morning.

'What are you here yet?' said the fair one whom he had first accosted. 'I have waited to ask after the bonnet,' said Volatile. 'O! it's a pretty bonnet enough, but nothing to make a rout about, and I am sure I would much rather wear my old Leghorn all the summer than give five guineas for it; I shall not mention it to Mamma for, though I dare say she might purchase it, I should really be ashamed of such a thing—every body would know what I gave for it. O! there she is!' 'I hope you are well this morning Mr. Volatile: my love, have you seen this astonishing bonnet?' 'Yes, mamma, but what do you think is the price of it?' 'Not cheap I'm sure,' said her mother. 'No, but abominably dear I can tell you—so dear that I won't even ask you to buy it for me.' 'Well, my love, but we must call on Mrs. ——— can you go with us Mr. Volatile, I dare say we can find room for you.' Volatile was sorry he could not, assisted them into their carriage,

gazed earnestly after it as it rolled away, (we thought we heard a sigh)—turned round—caught Tacit's arm, who was passing at the instant, and walked with him to the billiard room.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have a score of apologies to make to our correspondents for not inserting *all* their communications, but really we must use conscience towards our readers. We could not, for example, insert seventeen stanzas of such *Poetry* as this,

Whiles glistening Hope in my path shined,
I can never turn back:
Though like sere leaf my old thought pineth,
The new to the same thing inclineth:
Still, still, the same I lack.

without feeling that the space might have been better occupied with our own lucubrations: and yet we dare say D. W. P. will be particularly offended at our rejection of them.

We do not doubt that 'a *Young Lady*' is a genuine lover of *Solitude*; indeed, we found her sonnet very *re stirring*—on a *second perusal*.

'Twas the sweetest note we ever had, we saw *Artemesia* writing it. We hope she will remember Will. Volatile's advice, and use a crow quill for the future; she cannot think how much the contrast will aid the beauty of her hand.

—that hand,
As soft dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Erioplas's tooth, or the fanned snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Margaret may send the verses, how could she doubt they would be welcome; none can be so pleased with flights of *Peg* as us.

Lydell's lines are certainly soft, but not in the right way; 'softly sweet in *Lydian* measures.'

The translation by *Heloise* is altogether respectable; the conclusion of the last stanza we reckon particularly happy.

Je sens trop que mon existence
Ne tient qu'à toi:
Avec toi, tout est jouissance,
Et rien sans toi.

I feel my very life is bound
In thee alone:
With thee each lovely joy is found,
Without thee—none.

If we knew *Olivia's* Mamma, we would advise her to whip the *little girl*.

This is the last week that we shall open any letters that are sealed with wafers, for we always find that the matter is as dull as the manner is impertinent.

The letter of *Theopis* is well written, but it would not suit us to give theatrical criticisms. The Drama is now so monstrously unfashionable, that we fear we should be accosted, were we to attempt to patronize it. We wonder how the polished nations of antiquity could tolerate a public stage, when a civilized cotton spinning community can treat it with contempt. What a superior standard of refinement must prevail in Manchester to that which Greece or Rome possessed. 'Cedite Romani—cedite Graii.'

We should have known *Matilda Julia* was a novel reading mantuamaker, even if her letter had not been sealed with a thimble. Once for all, we beg to inform the numerous fry of Milliners' girls—we beg their pardon—young ladies, Drapers' gentlemen, Grocers' apprentices, &c. &c. that we cannot possibly interfere in their amours. We therefore request we may have no more such verses as the following:

My sweet Miss Lomas, why so coy,
Thine azure eye averting;
Where love so softly shot with joy
Seemed just the shade of flirting.
O frigid Thomas! still to thee my soul
Turns like the needle to the freezing Pole.
With groans and sobs, and heaving sighs,
My constant heart is big;
You vows and tears alike displice,
Nor care for me a Fig.

A *Postscript*.—Friday, 4 o'clock, p. m.—We have just called at the Iris office, to correct the proof-sheet of our paper, and have found three letters, addressed to us, from Adeline, Lætitia, and X. T. C. We beg to inform our Correspondents, in general, that we have arranged with Mr. Smith, to send our letters on Wednesday evening, and that all communications received after that period cannot be regularly noticed until the following week. We have a card in preparation, which will be issued forthwith; in the mean time, our friends will have the goodness to remember our address—THE EDITORS OF THE MUSAED, AT THE IRIS OFFICE.

WEEKLY DIARY.

MARCH.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 31.—*Palm Sunday.*

In the missals, this day is denominated *Dominica in ramis Palmaram*, or Palm Sunday, and was so called from the palm branches and green boughs formerly distributed on that day, in commemoration of our Lord's riding to Jerusalem. In Yorkshire, and the northern counties, Palm Sunday is a day of great diversion; young and old amusing themselves with sprigs of willow, or in manufacturing palm crosses, which are struck up or suspended in houses. In the afternoon and evening, numbers of impudent girls and young men sally forth, and assault all unprotected females whom they meet out of doors, seizing their shoes, and compelling them to redeem them with money. These disgraceful scenes are continued till Monday morning, when the girls extort money from the men by the same means; these depredations were formerly prolonged till Tuesday noon.

Of the present ceremonies observed at Rome on Palm Sunday, we have a pleasing account by a modern traveller. 'About half-past nine in the morning, the Pope entered the Sistine Chapel, attired in a robe of scarlet and gold, which he wore over his ordinary dress, and took his throne. The Cardinals, who were at first dressed in under-ropes of a violet-colour (the mourning for cardinals), with their rich antique lace, scarlet trains, and mantles of ermine, suddenly put off these accoutrements, and arrayed themselves in most splendid vestments, which had the appearance of being made of carved gold. The tedious ceremony of each separately kissing the Pope's hand, and making their three little bows, being gone through; and some little chaunting and fidgeting about the altar being got over; two palm branches, of seven or eight feet in length, were brought to the Pope, who, after raising over them a cloud of incense, bestowed his benediction upon them: then a great number of smaller palms were brought, and a Cardinal, who acted as the Pope's aid-de-camp on this occasion, presented one of these to every Cardinal as he ascended the steps of the throne, who again kissed the Pope's hand and the palm, and retired. Then came the Archbishops, who kissed both the Pope's hand and toe, followed by the inferior orders of clergy, in regular gradations, who only kissed the toe as they carried off their palms.

The higher dignitaries being at last provided with palms, the Deacons, Canons,

Choristers, Cardinals, train-bearers &c. had each to receive branches of olive, to which, as well as to the palms a small cross was suspended. At last, all were ready to act their parts, and the procession began to move: it began with the lowest in clerical rank, who moved off two by two, rising gradually in dignity, till they came to Prelates, Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals, and terminated by the Pope borne in his chair of state (*sedia gestatoria*) on men's shoulders, with a crimson canopy over his head. By far the most striking figures in the procession were the Bishops and Patriarchs of the Armenian Church. One of them wore a white crown, and another a crimson crown glittering with jewels. The mitres of the Bishops were also set with precious stones; and their splendid dresses, and long wavy beards of silver whiteness, gave them a most venerable and imposing appearance.

The procession issued forth into the Sala Bergia (the hall behind the Sistine Chapel), and marched round it forming nearly a circle; for by the time the Pope had gone out, the leaders of the procession had nearly come back again; but they found the gates of the chapel closed against them, and, on admittance being demanded, a voice was heard from within, in deep recitative, seemingly enquiring into their business, or claims for entrance there. This was answered by the choristers from the procession in the hall; and after a chaunted parley of a few minutes, the gates were again opened, and the Pope, Cardinals, and Priests, returned to their seats. Then the Passion was chaunted; and then a most tiresome long service commenced, in which the usual genuflections, and tinkling of little bells, and dressings, and undressings, and walking up and coming down the steps of the altar, and bustling about, went on; and which at last terminated in the Cardinals all embracing and kissing each other, which is considered the kiss of peace.

The palms are artificial, plaited of straw or the leaves of dried reeds, so as to resemble the real branches of the palm-tree, when their leaves are plaited, which are used in this manner for this ceremony, in the Catholic colonies of tropical climates. These artificial palms, however, are topped with some of the real leaves of the palm-tree, brought from the shores of the Gulf of Genoa.*

* Rome in the 19th century.

APRIL.

April is derived from *Aprilis*, of *aperio*, I open; because the earth in this month, begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MONDAY, 1.—*All or Auld Fool's Day.*

On this day every body strives to make as many fools as he can: the wit chiefly consists in sending persons on what are called sleeveless errands, for the history of Eve's mother, for pigeon's milk, stirrup oil, and similiar ridiculous absurdities.

THURSDAY, 4.—*Maunder Thursday.*

This day is called, in Latin, *diei Mandati*, the day of the command, being the day on which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson.

FRIDAY, 5.—*Good Friday.*

This day commemorates the sufferings of Christ as a propitiation for our sins.

SEA STORIES;

Or, the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Shenstone, Esq.

No. VI.

Off would he, as on that same spot they lay
Beneath the last light of a summer's day,
Tell (and would watch the while her steadfast eye)
How on the lone Pacific he had been:
When the Sea Lion on his watery way
Went rolling through the billows green,
And shook that ocean's dead tranquillity.

Barry Cornwall.

As soon as this tale was finished, a spruce young gentleman, delicate in his appearance, and somewhat of a dandy in his outward man, exclaimed in an under tone to his next neighbour—'Pon honour Charles that's d—d had Scotch—I believe this fellow is some impudent pretender, who knows just about as much Scotch as Jack Robinson.'

'Scotch,' said the other, 'such stuff was never heard since the tower of Babel was built.'

'Lord how the wind howls,' said the simpering lady, 'I declare I never feared any thing so frightful—Ha! Ha! Ha!' roared Jack Brindle, 'Why that's a mere puff—'

'Puff,' said the other lady, 'Oh Lord how sick I am—Oh! Oh!'

The Captain now went on deck, and I followed. The sea was a little rough, but in the course of an hour the wind subsided, and tranquility was restored below stairs. We descended, and the Captain desired them to make the best use of their time, for it was getting late.

'Well,' said the young gentleman, 'I'm for yep,' and thus commenced—

TALE V.

The Outlaw's Tale.

I.

Slowly advanc'd the leaky skiff,
And had but pass'd the Eagle's cliff,
When suddenly a moon-beam bright
Scantly illum'd the craggy height.
Then o'er the calm and placid stream
Shot the serene and lucid beam.
Sufficient was the ray to mark
A robber's crew of aspect dark,
Who muttered curses at its glow,
And wished the beam would cease to flow;
For now it shone, as if to thwart
The purpose of the leader's heart.

II.

'You holy fool, keep to the side,
With peevish rage Vicentio cried,
Keep to the rocks, and shun the light,
And ply the oars with all thy might.
Before the moon had risen, our band
Ought to have been upon the land;—
Ere we can reach the destin'd shore
The gloom of midnight will be o'er.—
Then were the Baron's purpose foiled,
And we of our reward beguiled.—
Yes, 'e'en these moon-beams might disclose
The expedition to our foes.—
Perchance they wot not of the scheme,
But lose the night in airy dream.
Vicentio thus his thoughts expressed,
And urged the boatman's utmost haste.

III.

Now, with a speed increased, they glide
Close by the wave-worn rocky side;
In silence, save the dash of oar,
And scream of owl, and cataracts roar.—
The hanging boughs with shadows dark
Concealed from prying eyes the bark.
But now, while gliding rapid, where
Opens to view a valley fair,
And from the lake an outlet shows,
The moon her line of silver throws,
And, as athwart the rippling wave
It flows, and choicest beauties gave,
That line is crossed by robber crew,
Who pass in momentary view.

IV.

Bright spangles from the ear blades dash,
The glittering spears like lightning flash;
Now, on the steel rim'd helmet sits,
From plume to plume the moon-beam flits,
Sheds on each ruthless passing face
An hasty beam of softening grace,—
Transient the sight, and swiftly past,
The head, and stern, the first and last.
The helmsman gave the gathered beam
To glitter on the placid stream.—
Pursued by dashing bank its way,
Or moss grown rocks, or wood fringed bay.—
Unconscious, careless, what he sees,
The sleeping hills, the lake, or trees,
Nor pleased to hear the water rills
Rush down the circumambient hills.
Pleased not to see the light and shade,
The silvery gleaming moonlight made.

V.

Lovely, as fancy could pourtray,
Around the lake the prospects lay.—
The crystal waters devious wind,
By shores of various forms confined.
High, towering almost to the skies,
Mountains, in alpine grandeur, rise,
Whose bleak and arid summits show
Throughout the year eternal snow.
And from whose sides the waters drain,
Then down, in torrents, rush again.
There goats the slippery crag possessed,
And eagles safely built their nest.
And ravens breathed the ether pure,
Safe, inaccessible, secure.

VI.

But intermingled with the wild
Scenes, rural, picturesque, and mild,
Vallies their inlets oft displayed,
That in the distance sank to shade;
Equal impervious to the sight,
As was the cloud-capt stormy height—
There far within the bosky glen,
The fox or grim wolf formed his den,
And all was silence, save the noise,
Of waterfall, or wild bird's cries.

VII.

Further the smiling shore recedes,
And hills are lost in sloping meads,
Mountains in verdant lawns descend,
And flocks and herds new beauties lend;
Here amphitheatres of woods
Wave o'er the calm pelucid floods,

With thick impenetrable shades
Seccluding deep the sylvan glades,
Where large eyed stags stand listening round
Boding of harm in every sound.
The tree tops held the croaking crows
And squirrels played among the boughs.
There shores receding bore away,
And jutting headlands formed a bay;
And holly, arbutus, and yew,
Blooming from every rock chink grew.

VIII.

It was not now this scenery showed,
But when the light of sunbeams flowed,
And never was there any scene
More beautiful or majestic seen.
Then, when those beams inconstant played,
O'er mountain ride, or sylvan glade,
Diversity of shade and light,
As well as prospect charmed the sight.
But now—'twas midnight—and at most
The view was at a distance, lost
Discernible were objects near,
But further all was dark and drear,
As now, and as futurity
Like time, and like eternity.

IX.

Yet not Vicentio or the rest,
Were by such scenes or thoughts impress;
Than thoughts sublime, a different kind,
Float wildly o'er a robber's mind.
What is the music to his ear?
His victim's shrieks, no helper near.
When coping with a feeble hand,
The yelling of his conquering band,
And at the revel heard their cries,
Or when disputing o'er a prize,
The jingling of the plundered spell,
Reward of hazard, rage, and tell.

X.

To hear of the defenceless hold
Where there is stored unguarded gold—
To find the traveller alone,
Are pleasures to his heart of stone.
These are his works—the dark plot laid—
The night attack—the ambuscade—
The murder foul—the carnage dire—
Slaughter and rapine—blood and fire—
The purpose fell—the fearful broil—
The sly deceit—and cunning wile—
His substance spoil—his haunt a cave—
Shunned by the weak—scorned by the brave
To all a foe—to none a friend—
A fearful life—a shameful end.

XI.

Men, such as these, save but a few,
Composed Vicentio's ruthless crew;
And he, unprincipled and base,
Was fitted for the leader's place.
Daring, and as a lion bold,
His frowning eye on danger scowled,
Of robust and gigantic frame,
And terror coupled with his name;
To toil he was inured, and war—
His hardy frame bore many a scar—
A soldier he, by birth a Dane,
But turned marauder of the plain;
Then with some faithful comrades fled
And now, a price was on his head.

XII.

But let us follow now the band,
Who drew in silence near the land.
At length the leader, silence broke,
And thus to Oscar Guilman spoke:—
'Oscar, thou knew'st the passage well.'
'I do—it opens in a dell.'
'How com'st thou by thy knowledge, say,
When, where, and how long is the way?'
'It was when Hawberk ruled the gang,
A comrade was condemned to hang.
The Baron coming from the obsec,
Met Langton in a lonely place,
Striving to hide from view a sack
He had just stolen from his back.'

XIII.

'Suspicion this might well excite,
Upon a dark and wintry night;
The Baron asked, 'where he had been,
Where he was bound, and why thus seen,
And what the sack he screened contained,
Said—clearly all must be explained,
Required him answers true to give,
Or he should punishment receive.'
Now Langton had a witty tongue,
And well could sing a merry song:
Fictitious stories tell with grace,
Nor did the features of his face,
Nor the relaxing of his eye
Betray the tale to be a lie—
But all he said, you would believe,
And all be told, as truth, receive.

XIV.

But Langton taken by surprise,
To cheat Fitzalban vainly tries.
Quite unexpectedly they met,
And there he found himself beset.
His firm imposing look was gone,
His voice had lost its steady tone;
And sudden caught, and off his guard,
And not for such demands prepared,
He faltered out some weak replies,
Which well the Baron knew were lies:
A blast, who from his bugle blew,
While off like lightning Langton flew.

XV.

'His speed, redoubled by his fear,
He might have scaped the Baron clear—
But turning down a craggy glen,
Sudden he met the Baron's men—
He fought, but soon was overpowered
And dragged in safety to their lord;
Who ordered Langton sack and all
To be conveyed straight to his hall.
Next day we searched the forest through,
Each path and glen, and cave we knew,
And all Fitzalban's park around,
But yet our comrade was not found.
Then call'd a council in our seat—
And by them all it was agreed,
That dressed in suitable disguise
A number should go out as spies.
Accordingly his way each went,
And I was to the castle sent—
The tale I will not now relate
That gain'd me entrance to the gate,
Straight to the kitchen I was led,
And hospitably warmed and fed.'

XVI.

'And now it was my task and care
To find or not, was Langton there—
Yet me I feared they would suspect
If I should ask of him direct—
So cautious I resolved to be,
Nor do my errand hastily—
And by the question far about
Lead them to speak the matter out—
While I would listen and appear
To have no thought or interest near—
The evening came with boisterous gust,
And blew in heaps the winter's dust,
That, thickly falling from the sky,
Seem'd like close network to the eye.'

To be Continued.

BARRISTERS.

A gentleman who is now attending
York assizes writes:—"I spend most of
my time in the Nisi Prius Court. Be-
sides that the trials are of a less painful
nature than those at Crown end, the Bar
have certainly there the widest scope for
the display of talent. I waited for the
first time on Tuesday, in company with
my worthy friend Timothy. We set off

early, in order to secure a good place. The streets through which we passed were all alive and the castle was evidently the centre of general attraction. The bearers of *blue* bags (for *green* is now discharged) were particularly nimble.

'There, with like haste, by several ways they run
Some to undo—and some to be undone.'

My friend was in danger of laughing outright, when his eye caught a first glimpse of the galaxy of wigs, which 'make so many foolish faces wise, and so many wise faces foolish.' 'Odds bobbins,' said he, 'but they are a rum-looking set.' And sure enough they are. I never look upon them, without being reminded of the Ugly Club at Oxford, mentioned by the *Spectator*. Some frowned from under deep wigs. These Timothy took to be the Chamber Counsel, of whose unfathomable legal knowledge, he had often heard. Others mounted fierce wigs, and *perit* wigs. These he doubted not, were the formidable lawyers he had read of, who terrified poor witnesses so in cross-examination. A few sported *sly* wigs;—and a great many were encumbered with wigs that bore no character at all. All these he set down as the briefless. There were new-moon phizzes and full-moon phizzes; sleepy eyes and sleepless eyes—staring eyes and squinting eyes: sharp noses and snub noses—hook noses and long noses—twisted noses and twittering noses;—in short features differing as much from each other as possible, but all agreeing in that true legal characteristic—ODDITY!

'What formidable gloom their faces wear!
How wide their front!—how deep and black the rear!
How do their threatening heads each other throng!' As Sir Richard Blackmore says of the clouds.—Their employments, also, as Timothy remarked, were some of them equally comical. Those who were not concerned in the cases before the Court, were killing their time, and perhaps smothering their chagrin, by reading a newspaper or French novel—or sketching caricatures—or cracking jokes—or perpetrating puns. One graceless wag was moulding paper pellets with his finger and thumb, and discharging them at his second neighbour, over the shoulder of the first. Another was scrutinizing through his glass, the faces of a bevy of beauties, who occupied one of the most conspicuous portions of the Court, as conveniently as if they had been placed there for the express purpose of being seen. A third and a fourth were conversing with each other by signs and nods, across the table. It was an awfully pleasant sight, and can only be paralleled by an equal number of grave divines playing at hunt the slipper in their canonicals, in the midst of a public assembly, if such a thing should ever occur."

PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is a well-known fact, that, when the eye has been fixed for a time upon a luminous object, its image continues to present itself after the eye has been withdrawn.

A few evenings since, having gazed intently upon the setting sun, I closed my eyes, in order to banish its image, which prevented me from distinguishing the objects around me; not succeeding, at once, in recovering the organs of sight from the impression which they had received, I closed my eyes a second time, and found the sun's image, which was before of a brilliant red colour, now tinged with yellow: I repeated the experiment, and found the image to assume successively the prismatic colours; passing from red to a deep violet, when it ceased to be visible.

An explanation of the phenomenon will oblige,

Yours, O.

TO THE EDITOR.

'Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet,
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit!—FORGE.

SIR,—The letter of commendation, to give it a gentle title, with which a correspondent, who has adopted the signature of a 'Clubite,' has favored the public, in your last number, respecting 'the beautiful essays which appear in the *Iris* under the title of 'the Club,' has much surprised me; for it is notorious that not one of 'the elegant compositions' to which your correspondent alludes, is tainted by offensive personalities.

An eminent literary character, by far the ablest of the Manchester contributors to a well known northern miscellany;—a worthy and inoffensive subscriber to a respectable news room in this town; and the members of some of our most valuable literary institutions, have successively been the butt against which the wit of this club has been directed. I do not make this assertion because, in the ridiculous portraits with which the author has presented us, any resemblance is to be found to these characters: but because, from numerous incidental circumstances, which he has been careful to introduce, it is impossible to mistake the objects of his allusions.

How any one should conceive such essays to be the production of 'a learned and accomplished female,' I am utterly at a loss to imagine. I am, however, happy to be able to assure such persons, if there be any who seriously entertain such an opinion, that it is pretty generally known that the author, however womanly he may be in certain respects, is still no female. It is also a matter of equal surprise, that any one should ever be so infatuated, as to think of comparing these effusions with the classic productions of Addison; it is thought by many that this comparison is the offspring of gratitude, 'a Clubite' conceiving himself to be that modest gentleman who, alone, has received the encomiums of this junct: if this be the case, his motives must certainly be owned to be praiseworthy: otherwise, as your correspondent has thought it proper to represent himself to the public under the figure of a puppy, one might be led to suppose him to be such a puppy as has not yet obtained the use of his eyes.

There, however, are two opinions advanced in this letter, in which I certainly coincide, and common candour requires, that I should name them; the first is, that the essays alluded to, notwithstanding the variety of the signatures, are all the productions of a single genius, long accustomed to niceties of composition; it may, perhaps, also be added, to these of publication: the other opinion is, that the attack made upon 'the club' might have been expected; on this latter subject, indeed there cannot be two opinions.

To the author of 'the Club' I have, at present, nothing particular to say; nor, if he ceases from his personalities, shall I ever trouble him: he is reported to be of a very changeable disposition;—let him

change his mode of writing, that change will, at least, be one for the better;—let his attacks be directed against the leading vices, and the ridiculous follies of the age; and let him not affix his censures to the backs of his quondam friends, whose real characters are unimpeachable;—let him do this, and he will add to the number of his present admirers, a majority of his sensible and virtuous townsmen; the field is an ample one, and the task itself honourable.

If, however, on the contrary, he perseveres in the path in which he has set out, he may depend upon one thing, that his labours shall not go unrewarded. His eulogist closes his letter with a fable; I, too, would willingly do the same, but being afraid of extending this letter to too great a length, I must content myself with referring this gentleman, to the works of the Phrygian Slave; and, that he may not mistake the fable to which I allude, it may be well to inform him that the moral of it is, that 'those who have glass-heads, should be careful of throwing stones.'

ICHNEUMON.

LECTURES ON POETRY.

On Monday next, 1st. April, at seven o'clock in the evening, the REV. J. J. TAYLER, A. B. will begin a COURSE OF LECTURES, at the Rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, George-street, Manchester, on the HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.—Further particulars may be learned by applying to Messrs. Robinson and Ellis, 5, St. Ann's Place; Messrs. Clarke's, Market-Place; Mr. Sowler's, and Mrs. Bancks, St. Ann's Square; or Mr. E. Thomson, Market-street; who will also receive the names of Subscribers.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, March 25th.—Wallace; with Therese.
Wednesday, 27th.—Wild Oats; with the Warlock of the Glen.
Friday 29th.—Ivanhoe; with A Chip of the Old Block.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much surprised that *Ichneumon* can suspect us of any partialities towards particular correspondents. To demonstrate the contrary, we have inserted his letter, though we have reason to believe that his suspicions are without foundation. The letter signed 'A Clubite,' is not, we can assure *Ichneumon*, from the authors of 'the Club.'

The second letter of 'An Observer,' has been received, but not in time for the present number. He will probably think the insertion of it unnecessary, after the publication of that of *Ichneumon*.

Communications have also been received from B. F.—J. D.—J. A. of Salford.—Zeno.—Mentor; Jun. T. T. L.—J. W. H.—S. X.—T. A. and D.

Our Correspondents would oblige us by sending their communications earlier in the week.

Letter-Box in the Door.

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AGENTS,

Ashton, Mr. Cunningham. Oldham, Mr. Lambert.
Bolton, Messrs. Gardner & Co. Rochdale, Miss Lanesmith.
Bury, Mr. Hellawell. Stockport, Mr. Chay.
Macclesfield, Mr. Swinerton.

The Manchester Iris;

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FOR THE IRIS.

"THE CLUB."

No. V.—FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1822.

Infelix simulacrum, atque ipse umbra Ceres
Visa mihi ante oculos, et nota major imago:
Obstupui, steterantque comas, et vox faucibus hæsit.
VIRG. ÆN. LIB. 2.

How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the landlord of the Green Dragon came into the room last Friday evening, it was very evident from certain twists of his features, and glances of his eye, that there was something which he wanted an opportunity to communicate. We, therefore, invited him to tell us what it was, when he informed us, that the servant-maid, who is rather an interesting black-eyed girl of about nineteen, had remained up, on the preceding evening, after the family had retired to rest, to converse with her cousin, as she calls a young man, who sometimes comes with her mistress's consent, to visit her. When she had parted from him she was much alarmed, on her way to bed, at meeting, on the third landing of the stairs, with a little old woman, dressed in a red cloak, who, while the girl was gazing upon her, grew so tall that her head seemed to touch the ceiling.

Our landlord, who appears very desirous to stand well in our opinions, smiled at the maid's alarm while he was stating the circumstance, but, notwithstanding his address, it was very obvious that his mirth, like that of a certain assailant of the club, was only affected in order to conceal his real feeling.

Those who have seen the Green Dragon, which, having been built in former times, is rather antiquated and singular in its structure, will easily imagine, that it is not unlikely it should share the fate of many other of the old houses in the town, and lie under the suspicion of being haunted.

The landlord had no sooner quitted the room, (for we seldom enter upon a discussion while he is present), than one of the members took up the subject. "How absurd," said he, "is it for people to trouble their heads about spectres. It is plain that the dead can never return, as no one can conceive of the mode of their re-appearance. They cannot appear in the body; for that moulders in the grave. They cannot appear spiritually; for nothing but substance

or matter is visible. Therefore there can be no ghosts."

Another member, who, like a certain philosophic personage, usually coughs to prepare his powers of utterance, supported the same opinion: contending that if the dead go to a good place it is not likely they should feel any inclination to return; and if they go to a bad one, they would probably not be permitted.

"I have heard," remarked a third member, "of so many instances in which ghosts have, on examination, proved to be evil-minded persons who had a design to terrify others for some mischievous purpose, that I, for my part, am persuaded that almost all ghosts are of the same description."

Another member thought that spectres were most frequently mere optical illusions. A tree or a sign-post; a cow or an ass, had, when seen in the dusk of the evening, often, he said, been mistaken for a hobgoblin. "A person," he emphatically added, "who has credulity enough to believe in such nonsense, may be frightened almost to death by his own shadow."

"I never hear of ghosts," said the first speaker, "without recollecting what Grotius affirms of the devil, who, as we are gravely told by this celebrated theologian, was, in his time, frequently heard howling in the forests of the Brazils. No, no, gentlemen," continued he, "there are no other ghosts but the fictions which a cheated imagination conjures up. There were, previous to the French revolution, legends of ghosts in Italy; but Buonaparte's police, soon after its establishment there, completely frightened them away, and, I understand, they have, since that time, been very rarely heard of in that country."

The president, who was observed to take a more than usual interest in the conversation, having been several times appealed to by different speakers, put on a look, like that with which he exercises his authority in his own school, and, in a mild, but still peremptory tone, made the following observations. "This is a subject, Gentlemen, upon which I have often reflected deeply, but, I must confess, very little to my own satisfaction. I cannot conscientiously admit that, according to my judgment, the mass of evidence preponderates on that side which has been so warmly espoused. The notion of ghosts has been assailed, as usual, by ridicule in the place of argument. But this is not the way to convince an unbiased, enquiring mind. The objections which I have heard this evening, do not appear to me to be conclusive. Even if they were admitted to be just as far as they extend, the notion

against which they are applied may, I think, be still maintained. We have no right to infer that ghosts have never been seen, because we cannot explain the mode and nature of their appearance. We perceive that the mind acts upon the body, and that the body re-acts upon the mind; and we do not question their reciprocal influence in this respect, though we cannot explain it. Other analogous cases might be adduced to illustrate the weakness of the objection to which I advert. That the dead either will not, or cannot return, is, I think, assuming what should be proved. That mischievous persons, taking advantage of the credulity of others, have excited alarm by personating ghosts, I can easily believe; but I really cannot conceive in what way this fact can be fairly applied to shew that no ghosts have ever appeared. I am equally at a loss to discover the force of the objection founded upon optical illusions. Such illusions have, doubtless, been frequent. But what then? This fact does not imply a negative with respect to apparitions. For the appearance of spirits from the grave, we have the direct and unequivocal declaration of scripture. In proof of this assertion I need only refer to the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor. If she did not raise the spirit of Samuel, the Bible is false; if she did, the opinion which has been so violently reprobated must be true. This conclusion is, I think, inevitable. In what I have said, it has been my object merely to shew that the objections usually urged against the visits of supernatural beings are gratuitous, and, therefore, prove nothing. Against such a mode of attack no doctrine could maintain its ground; not only would religion be rudely annihilated, but we should not leave for the world, even the Being who framed it. To shew you that I have authority as well as reason for what may be termed my credulity, I will read to you a few sentences from the productions of two distinguished writers, who have always been revered by this Club."—Here the chairman rang the bell, and desired the landlord to send to his school for Johnson's *Rasselas*, and the second volume of the *Spectator*.

"I think," says Addison, "a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable, than one who contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, antient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless: could not I give myself up to this general testimony of

* Spectator, No. 10.

mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion.

"Josephus thought that the appearance of departed persons is 'a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of divine providence.'

"That the dead are seen no more," observes Johnson, 'I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails, as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those, that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.'—*Rasselas*, Chap. 31.

When the chairman had finished reading, another member after drinking off his glass, as if conscious that it required more courage than he naturally possessed, to defend a notion which is generally regarded as rather ridiculous, declared that he did believe in supernatural visitations. He assured us that he had several times had appeals made to his senses in the way in question; and, though very desirous to think differently he could not resist a belief in ghosts. "You may, gentlemen," said he, "smile at the confession," (for some of the members were beginning to titter,) "but what I have seen and heard, under very peculiar circumstances, and without, I may say, the possibility of deception, I cannot disbelieve." He then detailed some very striking particulars. "I have hardly known a family," said he in conclusion, "into whose confidence I have been admitted, who have not had some inexplicable intimation of the death of a near relative, or a bosom friend."

Many other remarks were made, during the evening, on both sides of the question; but, as they did not seem to contain much force or novelty, it is not thought necessary to lengthen this paper by repeating them.

The chairman is suspected to be quite a convert to the notion he supported, though, contrary to his custom, he affected to be dubious; in support of the suspicion it was particularly noticed that, when the speaker last alluded to, had concluded, the chairman smiled very kindly upon him by way of encouragement, and said he should be glad to drink his health over again, which he did accordingly.

J. T.

ON TALKERS.

There are as many varieties of talkers as there are of tulips; to classify them would require the nice discernment and patient perseverance of an ethical Linnæus; and when done, it would be an useless classification, unless, indeed, Taste could be brought to have a love for the cultivation of them, with an ulterior view to the improvement of the several classes, by

marrying a common female scold of the last class, with a refined male babbler of the first; and thus effect, by artificial methods, what wisdom, with all her old endeavours, could never work by any means—an improvement of talkers generally.

There is, however, a pleasure in holding up a few of the first classes of talkers to attentive notice, somewhat similar to that which a Dutch tulip-fancier feels, when he displays to the curious, wondering eyes of one not in the fancy, (who had perceived, on being shown a bed of them, that they were all tulips, but did not discern the nicer streaks of difference between them,)

'Some faultless tulips which the Dutch never saw.'

The first and most common class of talkers, is composed of common babblers. There are several varieties of these; but the most disagreeable is the long-tongued babbler. One of them is sufficient to set a whole village at war, or disturb the peace and sacredness of virtuous privacy. Rather than be silent, he will wound his dearest friend, with a tongue, which, like Laertes' foil, poisons wherever it touches; and sometimes even him who first used it. From this sort of talker you learn the origin of Miss Jones's finery, and Miss Jenkins's *faint pat*; the state of Mr. Tomkins's embarrassment, &c. &c. Or if you fear what the world thinks of your own character for virtue or folly, you may have your misgivings confirmed to your entire dissatisfaction. He publishes a pernicious piece of truth or scandal in the morning, and follows the sound of his own rumour, as a wether-mutton follows his own bell. Another variety is the dull, or harmless babbler. He talks in his turn and out of his turn, in season and out of season, and yet has nothing to say. You may, perhaps, learn from him that it rained yesterday; and backed by the boldness of his fears, you may get some credit for weather wisdom, if you doubt whether it will not rain tomorrow. He is Francis Moore's counterpart.

The second class are the small talkers. These are tea-table appendages, and sometimes hang by the dexter bend of ladies' elbows! and are usually 'prim, puss gentlemen,' all prettiness and pettiness. Ceaseless tonguers of 'words of no tone,' they lisp, or cultivate some delicate mispronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables. They have a chicken's perseverance in picking up the smallest grain or chaff of tea-table intelligence, yet are not greedy in the possession of it: you may have their second-hand nothings, at less than the cost trouble. Their wit is as an island in a vast sea of three months' sail; you may steer round it, and by it, and never make it: or if you think you deserv it in the offing, you may tack for it, and hope to drift to its shore; but when you really see it under your bow, you may coast round it, and cast out your grapple-anchor to hold by it; but you might as soon tie your hose or your horse up with a sunbeam, or get a will o' the wisp to light you like a well-bred watchman to your lodgings, as make ground there. The light of their minds need not be hidden under a bushel: a one-pill box would be a dome of 'ample space and verge enough' for it. Like one 'good deed in a naughty world,' it might shine far and wide therein, and yet not glid it's confines. Their most delicate, prim mouths are like a perfumer's shop, for they breathe nothing but *succets*. 'Miss A. has the sweetest

pug-puppy from Paris that is in the world;' and 'Mrs. B. a sweet cat in her establishment.' Their talk only breathes honey, essence of Tyre, bloom of Ninon, violet washes, and a thousand essences that are advertized in the newspapers. They 'die of a rose in aromatic anguish,' and are recovered by lavender-water, and other 'soft appliances' fifty times an hour, in their 'over-exquisite' moods. I would sooner sit at an opera with five Jews in the same box, or be in a small room with three Frenchmen, than talk with one of these.

The third are those of the objective class. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled, or well digested, they will chew them over, and object to them. They will find flaws in diamond-wit of the first water, notes in the brightest rays of the mind, and beams in the eyes of Truth. I know such an one. If you would take an advantage which he is gaining in argument, out of his mouth, throw down a bad pun, as burglars toss a bribe of meat to a house-dog who is getting the vantage ground of them, and he instantly vanishes the argument, (as that fabulous dog dropped his substantial meat in the river for the shadow of it,) to tear the poor pun to pieces, analyzing nothing, till he proves that it is no more than nothing; and when he has satisfied himself to conviction, that a bad pun is not a good one, he is obliged, after all, from politeness, to laugh reluctantly at the joke.

The fourth is the contradictory class. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what their's were yesterday, and they will instantly run an opposition-coach against your's, upset you on the mud-bank of their own opinions, and leave you, sprawling and bespattered, to get up as you can. When you have run them to a stand on one point, and they find you are fixed on agreeing with them, and they cannot object to the matter of your opinions, they have still a resource left, in objecting to your manner of uttering them. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for mediocrity, a bald plainness, and want of spirit and imagination.

The fifth class consists of the talkers in admirations. I heard one of these, the other day. His conversation, if such it might be called, was all exclamation, like a German drama; and was made up of a due jargon of Good-Gods! God-bless-mes! Is-it-possible! Who'd-have-thought-its! You-astonish-mes! &c.

The sixth are the interrogative class. Their talk is all question: I should think their tongues were shaped like a note of interrogation. I know one of this genus. You feel, in conversing with him, as a catechized charity-boy does, when he is asked what his godfather promised *not* to do for him. Talk an hour dead with one of this class, and you will only hear from him such interrogatory affirmations as these following: 'And so Jones is well?—and Johnson's married?—and you really now prefer Pope to Pomfret?—and you seriously deny that alderman Curtis is the author of Junius?—and affirm that Dr. Watts did not write 'The Frisky Songster?'

The seventh, and most insufferable class, are the exclusive talkers. One of these will undertake to talk for all the company present. If you impatiently throw in but one little word, it is like flinging a large stone into a quick current—it disturbs, but cannot impede it, and rather impels it still faster onward;—or like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—

a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all around it. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. He can tell you what a new book contains that is to come out next Tuesday, as well as if he was himself Wednesday; or anticipate the merits of a great picture on the easel. If you mean to see the new tragedy, he has seen it, and he destroys all the delight you would have in its newness, by repeating the best points of it, and by unravelling its plot. If you set out with an anecdote, he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his best boon companion and dearest puppy-friend, and tells it for you. You object that your's was a different version of the same story, and gently persist in telling it your own way:—he knows the other version as well as you do, and re-relates it for you, but thinks his own the best. If you persist, after all, in telling it, for yourself, he will insinuate to-morrow that you are in your *anecdote*, and declare that you are the worst teller of a good thing since Goldsmith. You could not have done a worse thing than start an anecdote in his hearing, for that one is too sure of reminding him of a hundred others; and the last one of that first century of good things is so nearly related to the first of the second century, that he cannot choose but relate it, and you dare not choose but hear it. If you commence a favourite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended. This invariably leads him to recollect another poem by the same author, which no doubt you have heard, but Mrs. Jones, who is present, would perhaps like to hear; and then he begins it without farther prelude, and you can, if you please, go to sleep *ad interim*, if you have no fear of his reproach for want of taste, &c. before your eyes, to keep them open. You have been to Paris, and he informs you of your expenses on the road:—or you are going to Scotland, and he narrates most pathetically the miseries of a German inn. Of all talkers these are the worst.

The eighth class are the exaggerators, not the professional, but amateur fibbers. These are a pleasant set of talkers: you must not, to be sure, take them literally. It is a humour that even witty persons cannot always appreciate; to your thoroughly sensible and one-and-one-make-two sort of minds, 'it is a stumbling-block and a reproach.' It is, perhaps, as to its conversational value, mere nonsense: it is what an ingenious punster (fracturing a French word in pieces) considers *bad-in-age*, and not very good in youth. But, most sensible reader, shut not thine ears against it: if thou wouldst enjoy sense at any time, listen sometimes to his less capable brother, Nonsense. After the mind has been wearied by abstruse studies, or worldly carkings, or imaginary ills, or positive griefs, is not nonsense like letting a long-strained bow relax; or giving slackness to a lute-string? Nonsense is to sense, like shade unto light, making, by strong contrast, what is beautiful, still more beautiful:—it is like an intended discord in a delicious melody, making the next concord the sweeter; or like silent sleep after sorrowful wakefulness; or like that calm which succeeds a storm; or like cheerfulness after care; or like condescension after hauteur; or like the freedom of a night-gown or slippers to the cramping of tight boots and bursting buttons; or like a night's

dancing after a month's gout; or like that delicious giggle some schoolboy uncorks when the grim hush-compelling usher turns his back; or like the laugh, politeness has suppressed, till one has got rid of some troublesome puppy or pedantic blockhead; or like an olive to the palate of a winebibber, sickly in itself, but giving a *gusto* to the old port of the mind, or to the brisk, bubbling champagne-wine of wit. I was accompanied with an exaggerator but yesterday, who was very seriously remonstrated with by a sage old maiden lady for a short indulgence in this lighter sort of nonsense. 'Madam,' he replied, 'any man arrived at the door of discretion, who would talk sense and seriousness during the gloomy month of November, would shew his entire want of it; and I should either suspect him to be suicidally inclined, or as insane as my friend Phipps, who went into Drury-lane theatre last night, expecting to be rationally amused. Such a man would light home his mother with a dark lantern, or read metaphysics to a milliner, or sing Mozart's requiem to a milestone. Amateur nonsense-talkers are your only sensible men.' There could be no serious replication to such diverting lightness as this; so my gentleman had his way, and on he went 'like a falconer.'

There are several other classes, which I shall notice in brief. There are the slow talkers, as tedious as the music of *Te Deum*; the quick talkers, as hasty as a postman's knock, and perhaps not so full of information; the loud talkers, to a nervous man as agreeable as the ding-dong din of a dustman's bell, or a death-knell in November; and the talkers of taste, whose language is of no country, but is a jargon of all countries, and consists of parrot-like repetitions of *virtu, gusto, tout-ensemble, contour, chiaro oscuro, Titianesque* bits of colour, *Turnerian* crispness and clearness, *Claudean* mellowness, *Tintoretto* touches, &c. &c. affecting term on term to the degrading of taste into a chaotic cant of words.

N. M. M.

MASTER MIMASI.

In the early part of the year 1819, the Countess and Lord Oxford, being very desirous to hear this juvenile Orpheus, who was then only four years and a half old, applied to his father, who was willing to gratify their curiosity. Many persons of distinction, were present on the occasion. Sig. Barbisii, an excellent Italian performer, accompanied the young musician on the piano. For one piece alone Master Miasa was encored five times. He was the idol of the company. Sig. Bagni, public Lecturer on Italian literature, then of London, but now of Edinburgh, a person distinguished alike by the manners of a gentleman, and the genius of a scholar, happened to be one of the party. Having been desired to deliver a piece of extempore poetry, after the manner of the Italian Improvisatori, in honour of the little musical prodigy, he immediately rose, and placing himself in the middle of the drawing-room, with his eyes fixed upon Master Miasa, he uttered the following beautiful Madrigale.

Amore
Di flauto suonatore
Udi il piccolo Miasa,
Ed all'amabile suo vago concertato
Sdegnato scagliò al suolo il suo strumento,
Ma cessato il suo sdegno
Verso del giovinetto suonatore
Innamorato a lui sen corse Amore.

Among the readers of the Iris there may, perhaps, be some one, who uniting a taste for the Muses with a knowledge of Italian, will favour the world with a poetical translation.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 2, by Mercurius.

Let $x = \frac{1}{3}$ the side of the cube; then we have, by the question, $x - x^3 = a$ a maximum.

Hence, $dx = 3x^2 dx$, or, $3x^2 = 1$.

That is, $x = \sqrt[3]{\frac{1}{3}} = \frac{1}{\sqrt[3]{3}} = .5773502$, the side of the cube required.

Answers were received from Mr. W. M. Laurie, and Amicus.

Solution of No. 3, by X. Y.

A.

M.

D.

C E N B

Draw the lines AC, CB, MN, and DE; and let $b = MD$; $a = ND$; $x = CN$; and $y = DE$. Then, by similar triangles,

$$b : x :: a : \frac{ax}{b} = EN.$$

And, (by 47 Euclid I B.)

$$y^2 (DE^2) + \frac{a^2 x^2}{b^2} (EN^2) = a^2 (ND^2)$$

$$\text{Hence, } y^2 = \frac{a^2 b^2 - a^2 x^2}{b^2} = \frac{a^2}{b^2} (b^2 - x^2).$$

Or, $y^2 : a^2 :: b^2 - x^2 : b^2$, and, since, by the nature of the question a , will evidently represent an ordinate, and b , an abscissa, of the curve, we deduce from the equation a common property of the Ellipse.

Cor.—When the point D is in the middle of the line MN the curve will be a circle.

Answers were received from Mr. Wilson, and Mercurius.

Question No. 6, by Mr. James Wilson.

Required the base of a triangle of a given height (A), and of which the area is equal to that of a given square.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Answer to Charade No. 10, in our last.

A liar, is that despicable thing.
You hint at, or I inadvertently sing.
The Verger, is the easy office meant,
If he esteem it such, then I'm content.
A po-noy, is a very useful beast,
Though sometimes, where most useful, prized least.
The olive, is a symbol of sweet peace,
May that and plenty in this land ne'er cease.
Th' italics shew a place of much renown,
Fair Liverpool, my much lov'd native town.

LIV. NAT.

April 2nd, 1822.

Answer to John Swilbrig's Enigma in our last.

A German Flute.

CHARADE No. 11.

In a considerable town in this country may be found,—a national calamity—a pledge of union—and half of a dead sheep.



POETRY.

SONG.—CONCEALMENT.

AH! hide me not, that o'er my cheek
No tears of silent sorrow steal,
Nor deem the ardent passion weak,
My bosom long has learnt to feel;
No words my secret flame reveal,
No sighs the tale of love impart,
Yet looks of outward peace conceal
The sadness of a bursting heart.

Yet do not blame me, if awhile
I wear the semblance of repose,
And who a fleeting summer smile,
To gild the darkness of my woes:
Oh! 'tis the lingering ray that throws
O'er the dim vale a blaze of light,
And bright in parting splendour glows
The herald of a cheerless night.

FROM ANACREON.

They say, fair Niobe of yore
Became a rock on Phrygia's shore;
And Pandion's hapless daughter flies,
In form a swallow, through the skies.
—Had I the power to change, like they,
Heaven knows I'd change without delay;
I envy all that marks the place
Which Rosabella deigns to grace;
The shawl that keeps her shoulders warm;
The stream, that bathes her angel form;
The gems, that on her bosom blaze;
The mirror, where she's wont to gaze;
The perfumes, on her hair she sheds;
The very dust, on which she treads.

SONNETS FROM FILICAJA.

On the Death of Christina, Queen of Sweden.

The tree, which shaken of its royal boughs
Gave with its trunk a shelter and a shade—
Whose broad and towering top to heaven arose,
High, as in earth its roots were deeply laid—
Where men the nest of all their hopes had made,
Whence Virtue sought support amidst her woes,
The branches of whose glory broadly spread
From the far West to where the Caspian flows—
Yields, as its massy roots are rent away,
And in its mighty ruin buries all
That in the shelter of its shadow lay.
It sinks as if the solid world gave way,
Majestic in the thunder of its fall,
And mighty, e'en in ruin and decay.

To Italy.

Where is thine arm, Italia?—Why shouldst thou
Fight with the strangers?—fierce alike to me
Seem thy defender, and thine enemy;
Both were thy vassals once—though victors now.
Thus dost thou guard the wreath that bound thy brow,
The wreck of perish'd empire;—When to thee
Virtue and valour pledged their fealty,
Was this thy glorious promise, this thy vow?
Go then: reject thine ancient worth, and wed
Degenerate Sloth: 'midst blood, and groans, and
cries,
Sleep on, all heedless of the loud alarms.
Sleep vile adulteress from thy guilty bed,
Too soon th' avenging sword shall bid thee rise,
Or pierce thee slumbering in thy minion's arms.

TO MISS M. A. TREE.

Delicate Spirit, thou wert made
For the gentle Viola:
And rue and rosemary to braid,
With poor Ophelia:
Or with sweet Juliet's faith to prove
The eye-enduring power of love.

Every softer, kindlier glow,
Finds its resting-place in thee:
So sweetly dost thou speak of woe,
It seems thy fitting ministry,
For ever thus the plaints to tell
Of maidens who have loved too well.

In Sorrow's touch so lightly press'd,
And Hope still lighter, burning still,
Where young Love liv'd, and Beauty bless'd
The fond enthusiast of his will,
We mark the changing thoughts that prove
The maid who "never told her love."

Or with Ophelia's fleeting mind,
To shrink at once before the blast;
To wither in an hour, and find
But one short grief,—the first and last:
To view the desolation wide,
And yield, nor dare to stem the tide.

Or, in fond Julia's shape to tell,
What woman's heart can do and dare,—
What tale hath ever told so well
The tyrant thrall that lovers bear?
And while I look on thee I feel
'Twere rapture at some shrines to kneel

Delicate Spirit thou wert made
Thus to breathe thy noiseless spell,
That hovers round like fairy braid,
And binds, although invisible.
Delicate Spirit, fare thee well,
Oh! breathe, for ever breathe thy spell.

VARIETIES.

TURKISH JUSTICE.

The Turkish Ambassador, who was at Paris in 1796, bought a diamond of a jeweller in that city. While the bargain was concluding, one of his people stole a ring. A little child saw it, and told his father after the Turk was gone. The jeweller immediately wrote to the Ambassador, who sent him word that he should wait twenty-four hours. After the expiration of this time, the jeweller received a box directed to him, which he opened, and found in it the head of the thief, with the ring between his teeth!

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES.

To parody a famous expression of Mirabeau, it may be said that 'the French language is making the tour of the world.' A French Journal is now printed at Smyrna, under the title of the 'Spectateur Oriental'; and another is published in the Russian empire, at Odessa; two French papers appear at Madrid, the one entitled the 'Regulateur', and the other the 'Boussole.' England has its 'Courier de Londres'; and several French Journals appear in various parts of Germany and Switzerland. Such are the accounts of the French themselves of their language. Let us compare them with the English, destined perhaps one day to exceed all other languages in universality:—In Paris, one paper; in Brussels, one; in Canada, several; in America, between three and four hundred; in the different West India Islands, seven or eight at least; in New South Wales, two and a magazine; in India, five or six, and also one or two periodical works; at the Cape of Good Hope, and in our other Colonies, one paper at least. While 15,000,000 of persons in the West Indies and America, 20,000,000 at home, and half a million or more in the different Colonies of the East and in Europe, making a total of 35,000,000 inhabiting every climate, speak the

English tongue from childhood; besides all those foreigners whom Literature or Trade induce to study it. The increase of the English language in America, in the East, and in New South Wales, will only be limited by a territory which far exceeds one quarter of the globe, when its population shall be at a stand—a more permanent memorial of Britain than all her martial triumphs, and destined to make her remembered and admired when they are long forgotten!

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

[From 'Ackerman's Repository of Arts, Fashions,' &c.]

PROMENADE DRESS.

A French gray poplin round gown, made to fasten behind; the bust is ornamented on each side with *chenille* to correspond, in a scroll pattern, in such a manner as to form a *stomacher à l'antique*. Long tight sleeve with a full epaulette, consisting of two falls disposed in bias, and stiffened at the edges, so as to stand out from the long sleeve: they are lightly embroidered at the edge in *chenille*. The bottom of the long sleeve is pointed, and finished at the edge with *chenille*. The trimming of the skirt consists of a *rouleau de gros de Naples* to correspond at the bottom, surmounted by a trimming of *gros de Naples*, quilted in the middle, and set on in a serpentine direction. The pelisse worn over this dress is composed of a colour between a peach blossom and a red lilac lutestrang; it meets in front, and is tied up with bows of bound lutestrang. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a broad band of velvet to correspond with branches of leaves issuing from it, disposed in a scroll pattern, and bound with lutestrang. The body is ornamented on each side of the bust with French folds, finished at one end by a rosette of crimped cord, and at the other by a ballion frog. The back is tight, and the hips are ornamented with frogs to correspond. Tight sleeve, finished at the hand in a rich pattern of lutestrang leaves edged with satin. Full epaulette, slashed across in an oval form, and the middle of each slash ornamented with lutestrang leaves. Head dress, a bonnet of white figured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with amber gauze, disposed in drapery folds across the back of the crown, and brought round to the bottom of the crown in front: the edge of the brim is finished by narrow folds of *ponceau* and amber satin. A full bunch of flowers adorn the crown, and white *gros de Naples* strings tie in a full bow on one side. Black shoes. Limerick gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

The evening dress is composed of gray silk; the trimming of the skirt is of net, laid on full, and divided into compartments by narrow *satin rouleaux*, terminating at the top in points, each point flushed by three white satin leaves; a double *rouleau* of white satin goes round the edge of the bottom of the skirt. The *corsage* is of net; it is full on each side of the bust, the fullness confined in the middle by a narrow band of satin; it is sloped down at each side to form the shape of the bosom, and is edged by a singularly pretty satin trimming, which also goes round the bust. The *corsage* is cut low and square round the bust; the waist is of the usual length; a net *sash*, richly wrought in steel, is tied on one side. Short full sleeve, composed of Urling's net, finished at the bottom by a narrow satin band, and ornamented with satin in the form of bat's wings. Hair dressed low behind, full on the temples, and less divided on the forehead than usual. Head-dress a double wreath of spring flowers. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves. White *gros de Naples* slippers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The favourite articles in jewellery are necklaces of several rows of pearls, twisted and fastened with a richly-ornamented ring of polished steel.

The favourite colours are jonquil, milk chocolate, Egyptian reed, and Parma violet: the fast approaching spring will, no doubt, make all these favourite colours more general.

THE MUSAEID.

No. III.—THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1832.

I fear I have a little turn for satire. BAPPO.

It was one o'clock. 'My master is gone to town,' said the servant: 'But Mrs. Penlove is at home?' interrogated the Doctor. 'I will ask, gentlemen; will you send in your names?' said the servant. Panacey and Volatile gave their cards to the man and he carried them to his mistress. 'O! to be sure,' said Mrs. Penlove; but she followed the servant into the hall. 'I must really beg your pardon; but William is quite new, and thought, I suppose, that no one could be admitted when we were at breakfast.' 'We,' said Volatile, 'who have you with you? Miss Annesley?' ejaculated he, entering the room, 'who thought of seeing Miss Annesley?' Salutations of surprise and pleasure were now mutually given, and the party resolved itself into a morning committee of scandal.

'Why did we not see you last night?' said the Doctor, addressing Miss Annesley. 'I only came this morning—I dare say that is the reason,' rejoined the lady. 'For my part,' said Volatile, 'I am very glad you did arrive a day after the fair.' After the fair Miss Annesley could not come,' said the Doctor. 'Condescending to pun,' said Volatile, 'it's an odious vulgarity.' 'At least a courteous retort to a proverb,' said the lady; but why do you rejoice at my absence, I pray you?' From pure motives of humanity I assure you, fifty people's characters will be spared at least two days to come.' 'If I possessed any wit,' said Miss Annesley, 'there was nothing to exercise it last night: Mrs. Penlove has given me a pretty clear idea of the party, and with the assistance of her hand and eye has described them tolerably well—though to be sure my sister's quizzing is the most innocent in the world.' 'Pray,' said the Doctor, 'pray Mrs. Penlove did you speak to Mrs. Pinsleeve? she was quite easy in her admiration of the various dresses and millinery of the ladies, but much more technical I thought than was perfectly consistent with her professed acquaintance with the King.' 'Bless me,' said Miss Annesley, 'is not that Brighton marvel exploded? I have the marks of her thumb and finger on my arm yet, which detained me listening to it last Christmas but one.' 'I saw poor Miss Dandle in a similar jeopardy last night,' said Volatile, 'and, knight-errant-like, I was going to relieve her, had I not perceived another fair damsel in the utmost distress from the vociferous encounters of Prattledoud, and my heart more relented towards her.' 'Is that noisy wretch in existence,' said Miss Annesley. 'O! do let me hear something about him,' said Volatile, 'he's my utter antipathy.' 'Nay, my dear fellow,' said the Doctor, 'you can never hear any thing about him, his own rattle drowns every other sound in his vicinity—'tis like striking the tympanum with a drumstick and a feather at once.' 'I pardon that pun from sympathy,' said Volatile. 'Do you know,' said Miss Annesley, 'he fixed upon me as a proper object for his butt last winter, and his great bolts were levelled at me during a whole evening—he would have resumed his condescension on the following night but I shewed a disinclination to his notice, which he thought proper to resent.' 'And how did you rebuff him, such impudence as his would not be easily abashed.' 'I suffered him to stalk after me for a while, and once, when he was thrusting his flat blank countenance over Eliza Aldsworth's shoulder, to utter something which he considered exceedingly witty, I addressed him in grave terms on the impertinence of his conduct, and told him, from the specimen I had of his ability, if ever fortune should raise me to a throne, I would take especial care to send for him to court as a buffoon.' 'Poor Frank,' said Mrs. Penlove. 'I am afraid,' said the Doctor, 'you'd find him but a sad blockhead for a merryman.' 'No more punning,' said Volatile, 'we've discussed Frank

pretty handsomely now:—Mrs. Penlove you seemed to out the Saltlins last night, and there was the whole cry of them there.' 'Say hush and cry,' observed the Doctor, 'for I never saw such complexions in my life.' 'Like daffodils dissolved into their stems,' said Miss Annesley, 'if I had such a green and yellow melancholy affliction I would not scruple to tinge it with the rose.' 'Were not you insufferably hot Doctor?' said Mrs. Penlove, 'I am sure I must have looked ghastly with it myself.' 'And I am sure that Miss Saltlins ought to thank you for that speech,' said Volatile. 'Mrs. Benbee manages such things the best,' said the Doctor, 'no variation of temperature seems to affect her—hot or cold she is always the same.' 'She did not look well a few weeks ago,' said Mrs. Penlove, 'but I am glad to see she is recovered.' 'Did she call you in Doctor,' said Volatile. 'No—Stoby—' said Miss Annesley. 'For shame, for shame desist!' said Mrs. Penlove, 'really Mary I wonder you will join in or encourage such calumnies: I beg of you to desist—see Mrs. Fannikin and daughters are coming up the avenue; now Doctor and you incorrigible Volatile, I pray you to be silent.' 'Nay,' said Volatile, 'I am sure I have been quite inoffensive this morning.' 'Why for once perhaps you have not been acting yourself, but you have prompted my sister and Panacey: I assure you Mrs. Fannikin has a shocking opinion of you, and the girls declare they dare not open their mouths before Mr. Volatile, he is so very satirical.' 'Do they say so, for once then they shall think me agreeable and polite.'

In padded Mrs. Fannikin and in alided the Graces her daughters. 'Good morning Mrs. Penlove—glad to see Miss Annesley—hope Mr. Volatile's well—Doctor Panacey your most obedient—breakfasting, at a most elegant hour—out last night I suppose.'—In the mean time the Graces had slightly courtesied and sunk upon the couch. 'Are you fatigued Ladies!' said Volatile approaching them. 'No—I'm not are you Jane—Fanny?' said the eldest. 'Because you dropped so languidly into your seat,' said Volatile. 'O dear no,' said Miss Fanny, rising with a pert briskness of manner, 'you may have mine, Mr. Volatile,' and looking triumphantly at her sisters as having escaped the impertinent tormentor, walked waddlingly to the window. Volatile quietly took her place on the sofa, and directed his attention to the two sisters which were left, ever and anon joining the conversation of the other part of the company. 'Pray Miss Fannikin, I know you're a literary lady, have you read Lord Orford's Memoirs?' 'No!' replied she, 'who is the author of it—is it a pretty thing?' 'Very entertaining,' said Volatile, 'and the historical anecdotes exceedingly curious.' 'Jane will you remember we ask Miss Blinkborne to put our names down for it to-morrow: mamma,' turning to Volatile, 'wont let us have novels from the common circulating libraries, because, she says there's no discretion in the choice of them,' 'Miss Jane, if I remember, is a lover of poetry!' 'O no! that's Fanny,' said Miss Jane. 'And writes verses too, does she not?' said Volatile. 'O yes!' said Mrs. Fannikin turning round—quite delighted with Volatile's attention to her daughters, 'Fanny writes very pretty verses, she's sent a many to the magazines.' 'What magazine does she honour with her productions?' said Volatile. 'O! you know Mamma they were never put in,' said Miss Fannikin. 'You are always talking about my poetry Mamma,' said Miss Fanny, 'I really wish you would not be so foolish.' 'Pray,' said Miss Annesley with most malicious meaning, can Miss Jane Fannikin remember the song which her sister Fanny wrote and Miss Fannikin composed—if she can perhaps she will oblige us by singing it.' 'Jane love,' said Mrs. Fannikin, 'try to sing it for us, will you my love?' 'Let me prevail with you Miss Jane,' said the Doctor, opening the piano and appearing anxious for her decision, though he knew well enough she would consent. 'I can't,' said Miss Jane; at the same time half drawing her glove: 'I'm sure, I can't,' pulling it entirely off, and sidgeling with the other; the Doctor looked still more desirous; 'indeed you must excuse me,' rising from the sofa; 'I really would

if I were able,' walking across the room; 'It would be nonsense to attempt,' seating herself at the instrument, 'really,' titling and running her fingers over the keys, 'I'm quite sure I can't remember, Fanny is this it—Eliza?' said she beginning.

Young Oscar rode through the ranks of war,

His heart was brave but tender too;
On his breast a gold and glittering star,
Sharp and bright was the sword he drew.

'For liberty thus I fight,' he said,
And war'd his good sword to and fro;
'And when for liberty once I've bled,
To claim my Ada's hand I'll go.'

Alas! alas! the gallant warrior,
These words his lips had scarcely pass'd,
When, none could be than Ada surrier,
He wounded fell and breath'd his last.

When she had finished, and the necessary compliments were paid, Volatile and the Doctor took leave and departed. The song, the singer, the music, the coy confusions of Miss Fanny and Miss Fannikin, the affectation of Miss Jane, the exulting looks of Mamma, the sarcastic glances of Miss Annesley, the reproving yet half laughing countenance of sweet Mrs. Penlove, altogether presented such a scene as they found it impossible to withstand.

'Will,' said the Doctor 'this is a fine sketch for the Musaeid.' 'The Parson won't permit it,' said Volatile, 'I'm sure he won't; you know how he dislikes lampoons; indeed I begin to be of the same opinion myself, I think they're offensive and silly.' 'But a description of real life is no lampoon,' said the Doctor, 'at least, if it be so, the life itself must be a lampoon upon propriety. Think upon this morning; can you see no moral appended to the relation of such an idle gossip? The very truth is more ridiculous than any invention could suppose it, and shews how far people may ramble without their senses, before they return to recover them. I am sure I did not mean to be irrational when I went, and you see what a fool I shall appear.—Miss Annesley is a clever girl, but she gives herself up to the habit of ridicule, and her good talents seldom appear. The Miss Fannikins are only fools because they push themselves into situations which they do not naturally fill. But you and I Volatile are the worst because we join in what we feel to be wrong, and indulge in a vice which we are sure is contemptible.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have had several angry letters complaining of personality in our sketch of the new Bonnet, and others from ladies who would have been evidently pleased by our notice. Such difference there is in the dispositions of mankind. Our wish is only to oblige, and we are sorry that we cannot consistently reply that we both did and did not intend to be personal. The simple fact is this, we meant nobody and meant every body in our descriptions.

'Who can come in, and say that we mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?'

Lucy says we treat our correspondents with too much contempt, and supposes her own communication will be passed into oblivion—we beg her pardon—we shall publish it next week '*clara Lucy*.'

If a *Well-wisher* would revise and polish his compositions, we should be glad to hear from him occasionally. The dramatic scene is not only too long but too entirely written for our purpose. It is returned according to his wish.

V. wants to know who we are.—Good!

What could encourage *Despatch* to send such poetry to us 'non condescend columns'—our columns have not endured it.

The song beginning 'were this heart now beating,' ended in the fire.

These are our *war* correspondents, we shall be glad to see the *war* ones *wane*.

Mr. Smith has sent for our personal a letter signed M. T.—empty indeed! The scurrile jests of such a writer cannot affect any one.

He shall have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom he please; for so fools have.
Our friends will not forget THE EDITORS OF THE MUSAEID,
AT THE IRIS OFFICE.

* Our Friend has been excessively wroth that we have not introduced him before.

WEEKLY DIARY.

APRIL.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 7.—*Easter Day, or Easter Sunday.*

Much difference of opinion prevailed in the Eastern and Western churches respecting the precise time of observing Easter; till, in 325, the Council of Nice declared that the feast should be kept by all churches on the same day. Easter is styled by the fathers the highest of all festivals, the feast of feasts, the queen of festivals, and *Dominica Gaudii*, the joyous Sunday. Masters granted freedom to their slaves at this season, and valuable presents were made to the poor.

A very singular custom formerly prevailed at *Lostwithiel*, in *Cornwall*, upon Easter Sunday. The freeholders of the town and manor having assembled together, either in person or by their deputies, one among them, each in his turn, gaily attired and gallantly mounted, with a sceptre in his hand, a crown on his head, and a sword borne before him, and respectfully attended by all the rest on horseback, rode through the principal street in solemn state to the church. At the churchyard stile the curate or other minister approached to meet him in reverential pomp, and then conducted him to church to hear divine service. On leaving the church, he repaired with the same pomp and retinue to a house previously prepared for his reception. Here a feast, suited to the dignity he had assumed, awaited him and his suite; and being placed at the head of the table, he was served, kneeling, with all the rights and ceremonies that a real prince might expect. This ceremony ended with the dinner; the prince being voluntarily disrobed, and descending from his momentary exaltation to mix with common mortals. On the origin of this custom but one opinion can be reasonably entertained, though it may be difficult to trace the precise period of its commencement. It seems to have originated in the actual appearance of the prince, who resided at Restormel Castle in former ages. But on the removal of royalty, this mimic grandeur stepped forth as its shadowy representative, and continued for many generations as a memorial to posterity of the princely magnificence with which *Lostwithiel* had formerly been honoured. (*Hitchin's History of Cornwall*, 4to.)

On Easter Sunday, the grandest Catholic festival of the year, the church puts forth all her pomp and splendour, which are seen to the greatest advantage in the noble church of St. Peter's at Rome. The Pope assists at high mass, and there is a very grand procession, which, as it took place in the year 1818, is well described by the indefatigable author quoted in our last.

"The church," says our observer,* "was lined with the *Guarda Nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards, with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The great centre aisle was kept clear by a double wall of armed men, for the grand procession, the approach of which, after much expectation, was proclaimed by the sound of a trumpet from the farther

end of the church. A long band of priests advanced, loaded with still augmenting magnificence, as they ascended to the higher orders. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver, and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, and bishops and cardinals, dazzled the astonished eye, and filled the whole length of St. Peter's. Lastly came the Pope, in his crimson chair of state (*sedla gestatoria*), borne on the shoulders of twenty *Palfrenieri*, arrayed in robes of white, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined Trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his head; and preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers, mounted on long gilded wands. He stopped to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, about half way up; and this duty which he never omits, being performed, he was slowly borne past the High Altar, liberally giving his benediction with the twirl of the three fingers as he passed.

They then set him down upon a magnificent stool, in front of the altar, on which he knelt, and his crown being taken off, and the Cardinals taking off their little red skull-caps, and all kneeling in a row, he was supposed to pray. Having remained a few minutes in this attitude, they took him to the chair prepared for him, on the right of the throne. There he read, or seemed to read, something out of a book, and then he was again taken to the altar, on which his tiara was placed; and, bare-headed, he repeated—or, as by courtesy, they call it, sang—a small part of the service, threw up clouds of incense, and was removed to the crimson-canopied throne; and high mass was celebrated by a cardinal and two bishops, at which he assisted. During the whole of the service, it was observed that the only part of the congregation who were in the least attentive, were the small body of English, whom curiosity, and perhaps a sense of decorum rendered so. All the Italians seemed to consider it quite as much of a pageant as ourselves, but neither a new nor an interesting one; and they were walking about, and talking, and interchanging phrases of snuff with each other, exactly as if it had been a place of amusement,—all the tinkling of a little bell, which announced the elevation of the Host, changed the scene. Every knee was now bent to the earth, every voice was hushed; the reversed arms of the military rung with an instantaneous clang on the marble pavement, as they sank on the ground, and all was still as death. This did not last above two minutes. The Host was swallowed, and so began and ended the only thing that bore even the smallest outward aspect of religion. The military now poured out of St. Peter's, and formed an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the horse guards were drawn up, and an immense number of carriages, filled with splendidly dressed women, and thousands of people on foot, were assembled. But the multitude almost shrunk into insignificance in the vast area of the piazza; and neither piety nor curiosity had collected together sufficient numbers to fill it.

The tops of the colonnades all round were, however, thronged with spectators; and it was a curious sight to see such a mixture of all ranks and nations,—from the coronetted heads of kings to the poor cripple who crawled along

the pavement,—assembled together to await the blessings of an old man, their fellow mortal, now tottering on the brink of the grave. Not the least picturesque figures among the throng, were the *Contadini*, who, in every variety of curious costume, had flocked in from their distant mountain villages, to receive the blessings of the Holy Father, and whose bright and eager countenances, shaded by their long dark hair, were turned to the balcony where the Pope was to appear. At length the two white ostrich-feather fans, the forerunners of his approach, were seen; and he was borne forward on his throne, above the shoulders of the Cardinals and Bishops, who filled the balcony. After an audible prayer he arose, and, elevating his hands to heaven, invoked a solemn benediction upon the assembled multitude, and the people committed to his charge. Every head was uncovered; the soldiers, and many of the spectators, sunk on their knees on the pavement to receive the blessing. That blessing was given with impressive solemnity, but with little of gesture or parade. Immediately the thundering of cannon from the castle St. Angelo, and the peal of bells from St. Peter's, proclaimed the joyful tidings to the skies. The Pope was borne out, and the people rose from their knees.

The pope's benediction this day, the Italians say, extends all over the world, but on Thursday it only goes to the gates of Rome. On Thursday, too, previously to the benediction, one of the Cardinals curses all Jews, Turks, and heretics, 'by bell, book, and candle.' The little bell is rung, the curse is sung from the book, and the lighted taper thrown down among the people. The Pope's benediction immediately follows upon all true believers.

SEA STORIES;

Or, the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Sherston, Esq.

No. VII.

BRABANTIO.

Mark how a villain may awhile succeed
But heaven anon will blight him.

The Two Dukes.

(Continued from our last.)

XVIII.

This was for longer stay excused
Nor did they my request refuse
Which gained with shelter from the storm
More time my purpose to perform.
Those through the castle who have been,
Have in the servants' kitchen seen,
The table stretched from side to side,
The huge stone chimney gaping wide;
With grate full large enough I trow,
To roast an undivided doe;
While round are hung, the walls to grace,
The various trophies of the chase:
Stag horns in pairs to rafters fixed,
With fox and wolf-skins intermixed;
The Baron's arms engraved on stone,
Portraits of servants long since gone,
And weapons all in order stowed,
The Baron's warlike spirit showed.

XIX.

There seated in that festive place,
Which did not show a single face;
Shaded with horror or with care,
But all was pleasant gay and fair;
And so unlike the life I led,
Of blood, of rapine, and of dread;
A robber's life I had forewarned,
And all my former ways forborne;
But recollection of my vow,
Habits not to be broken now,

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

Unnumbered crimes which I had done,
And that my character was gone,
Impossible the change did seem,
And swiftly flew the honest dream.

XX.

As swift as when between the clouds,
To show the moon her fangs unshrouded,
Those clouds soon clearing hide her light,
And all around reigns gloomy night.
So were those darting thoughts again
Shrouded by a darker tain;
And while we chafed at the bow,
My business flashed upon my soul,
And for a fitter time, I ween,
Than this there never could have been.
Long time with ease I devious plied,
And many a lie and story tried,
To lead the servants to declare,
If aught resembling happened there.

XXI.

I told them tales about the wars,
And shewed, so raise belief, my song;
And all that night the blazing hearth
Resounded loud our cheerful mirth;
They sang and told their tales in turn,
Yet nought of Langton could I learn;
At length from me they called a song
And round me crowded in a throng,
I said, 'Ere since I have been here,
I met with noble hearty cheer,
So I will take you at your word,
And sing about your noble lord.'

XXII.

SONG.—FITZALBAN.

In an ancient hall
Fitzalban lives,
He is a Baron bold,
'Tis open to the wanderer's call,
Same as it was of old.
By a silver lake,
In a noble park,
His ancient castle stands;
And he both fish and game can take,
From his own lake and lands.
Fitzalban is bold,
Fitzalban is brave,
And full of charity;
And not more fained for land and gold,
Than hospitality.
So then may no traveller
Ever pass by it,
Without singing Fitzalban
Long live and enjoy it.

XXIII.

When I my simple song had ceas'd,
The servants all looked wondrous pleased;
Admired my tone and praised each word,
For well they served and loved their Lord;
And when full loud the last line thrilled,
The cups were by old Edward filled,
Who now had lost his look so sour,
And loudly called 'another hour';
More logs were laid upon the fire,
For none seemed willing to retire,
And heartily we quaffed the ale,
And merrily we told the tale;
One told the tale of Robin Hood,
And pranks in Nottingham green wood,
And this I thought is just the thing,
If I am called again to sing.

XXIV.

Quickly the tale had gone its round,
Again the cups were empty found,
Again it was my turn to sing,
And thus I made the hall to ring.

SONG.—THE OUTLAW.

'Bold Robin Hood hated the friars and priests,
Their purses so heavy oft paid for the feasts,
And revels he kept with his merry men brave,
In Sherwood's green forest in Robin Hood's cave.

Little John and Will Scarlet and more than I know,
With Robin were famed for their skill at the bow,
From sword or from oak-stick their terrible blows,
Would conquer their stoutest and skillfullest foes.

And when Robin blew from his bugle a blast,
His merry men all at the summons would haste,
A jolly ten score of them then might be seen,
All marching in doublets of bright Lincoln green.

The nobles who near Robin's haunt lived around,
Of Robin's loud bugle horn hated the sound,
Afraid they were of him and dreaded his name,
For freely he rang'd in their parks for his game.—

XXV.

My life would now be much too long,
If I must tell of all my song,
How Robin with the tinker sought,
And friar who long had Robin sought,
When at three blasts and whistles loud,
There came of combatants a crowd,
The friar's dogs and Robin's men
Who hot renew the fight again.
How Johnny went to beg his bread,
And how on that occasion sped;
How Robin made two friars pray
For money half a summer day,
A merry tale and trick I ween,
Of Robin in the wood so green;
But the conclusion I will tell,
And afterwards what me befel.

XXVI.

SONG CONCLUDED.

Fitzalban's not plagued with such outlaws as he,
But robbers and poachers his merry park see;
And in his old hall mirth and pleasure abound,
While peace and tranquillity reign all around.

'There thou art wrong,' old Edward said,
'Thou there art out,' and shook his head.
'Wrong am I, friend,' said I, 'how so,'
'Listen,' cries he, 'and thou shalt know,
Returning lately from the chase,
The evening drawing on apace,
We heard the Baron's bugle-sound
Echoed among the hills around,
And hasting at the calling blast,
We met a fellow running fast,
And as his looks like guilty show'd,
We stopt his further devious road.'

XXVII.

'Unto our Lord the man we took,
Who sharply gave him a rebuke;
Then to the hall we took our way,
Nor made remark or longer stay,
There searched his sack and found a deer,
And thus thou seest we've poachers here.'
Now having thus obtained a clue,
Remained nought but to pursue;
I did, and learned the story o'er,
That I have told and something more.
The poacher dreading of his fate,
Had fought with them most desperate,
And of the servants wounded five,
Whom it was thought could not survive.
Assured I was by their account,
The poacher was our Langton Mount;
Nay more I wot of Edward's mind
To tell me where he was confined.

XXVIII.

When morning came I left the hall,
Fitzalban blessed, and thanked them all,
Directed to the cave my way,
Arrived there early in the day,
Gave to my comrades word by word,
A true account of all I'd heard;
Thinking no steps could then be taken,
At rest we let the thing remain,
Until we heard report one day,
Our comrades' life must forfeit pay.
Much were we by the tale appalled,
That strictest our attention called,
We pitied much his doleful plight,
For Langton was our favourite.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Respect
Maleficere malefacta ne nocant sua.—T.R.R.
Let the club of others cease to speak ill,
Lest of their own misdeeds they hear 'gainst their will.

SIR,—I am as much pleased with works of ingenious fiction as any man, when they are used in the cause of virtue, or tend to innocent amusement: but when I find them employed in the diffusion of scandal, misrepresentation, and falsehood, then I conceive it to be the duty of every lover of truth, to step forward and unmask the pretender, to strip the lion's skin from his recreant limbs, and show the world the asses ears concealed beneath. Such was the object of my former letter, and I flatter myself, the success attendant on my endeavours, has been such as not to deter me from the prosecution of my plan. Let 'the Club' indulge themselves as much as they please in the works of imagination, but when they pretend to represent the manners of the age, or lash the follies of the day, let them then, at least, have some regard to truth, and though they nothing extenuate, let them not set ought down in malice. Let them reflect that they who live in glass-houses should not be the first to throw stones, for they who attack another, unprovoked, must expect retaliation, and if they are not quite so gently treated as they may wish, it is the natural result of their own conduct, and they are themselves only to blame.

Whether I have a musical oddity of face, or recite with a northern accent,—whether I have married a blue stocking, or framed a foolish hypothesis, can make no more difference to your readers than if I was a spouting character of notoriety,—a frequenter of ale house clubs,—a self-created critic,—or a modest Clubite, not sparing of self-praise, for they will still look at 'the Club' with the same merited contempt, with which the world in general treats those who are brought up in the school of scandal. They will still have the same reason to admire their vanity and egotism,—their impudence and assurance. Though indeed my claim to praise, for my efforts to expose them, may not be so worthy of praise, if they arise from private feeling, yet it can make no difference as to the merits of 'the Club' in the eye of the world.

As I am too modest to take praise to myself where it is not my due; it becomes me to admit, that I have neither generosity sufficient voluntarily to become a victim, nor courage enough to attack a windmill, lest your readers by my silence should think I laid claim to such distinction. No, indeed, those would be undertakings far too elevated for me, who ought only to meddle with humbler matters, such for instance, as 'the Club'; for though a worm may feel a pang as great as when a giant dies, yet the same degree of exertions or abilities is not required, to destroy the one as the other, nor is the destroyer of mean animals considered equal to the hunter of nobler brutes, or is he supposed to have the same extent of courage or capacity.

I trust that I am equally as willing to receive as to give advice, and shall certainly avail myself even of that of 'the Club', if ever I find any thing useful to myself; but am sorry to say, their labour is at present thrown away upon me, as they do not seem to understand the situation in which I am placed. The conduct of the members of 'the Club', had already led me to imagine, that many other persons were connected with ridiculous clubs than those with whom I am associated, and I am pleased to have my ideas confirmed by their own acknowledgment.

I sincerely hope, Mr. Editor, that my letter may be the cause of obtaining more readers to the papers of 'the Club', than they otherwise would have, as it must not only be productive of benefit to you, but entirely answer my end, that of making 'the Club' more publicly ridiculous, until the members become,

like the characters in the Danciad, only notorious for their folly and dullness. From such objects, however ambitious may be their views, the world can have little to fear, but has much to expect in the way of amusement from their assumed importance,—their egotisms, vanity, and their invulnerable egotism. If your readers can discover in the conspicuous display made of these qualities, by 'the Club,' the advocates of rational opinions and the cheerful economists of real excellence, then ought they not to withhold their tribute of praise, but if, on the contrary, they perceive that their aim is to misrepresent and to detract from whatever is useful or good, then, however much they may be amused by their futile attempts, they must hold them in sovereign contempt.

If I had indeed been the first to utter the war whoop and lift the hatchet, then should I conceive myself in the wrong, but, when I merely take up my pen to expose slanderers, I feel myself perfectly justified in holding up to ridicule both them and their objects, and shall not shrink from the task, though tenfold 'the wit that enlivens and the elegance that adorns' their compositions, were arrayed against me; nor shall they find me in the least afraid either of themselves or the dragon, as I consider them both to be creatures better adapted for the meridian of a pot house, than the pages of the Iris, and each of whom I shall always treat with an equal degree of respect, and consider alike, useful, valuable, and estimable.

If the laurel branches were the real object of my ambition, I certainly have shewn a want of judgment, in suffering my pen to dwell upon so mean a subject for the exercise of its skill as is 'the Club.' With a mind dwelling upon any thing so low and humble, who could reasonably expect to soar far above its own level, or to gain credit by shewing his acquaintance with it. My object was, I avow, to expose 'the Club' for its wanton and unprovoked attack upon individual merit and useful institutions, and not to acquire for myself the fame of literary merit. If I have succeeded in that object, I am perfectly indifferent as to having transgressed against the rules of grammar, or having drawn upon me the censure of the schoolmaster, or provoked the smiles of 'the Club.' It is much easier for men to find fault with the composition of others, than to compose with purity themselves; and I would, therefore, refer 'the Club' to the words of Terence, and advise them to act accordingly, lest others should think it worth their notice to direct some attention to the productions that are poured forth from the Green Dragon, and examine whether they are fit to be compared with the periodical essays of Addison, with which, indeed, the modest member of the club, without a name, who is now the equally as modest member of 'the Club,' has thought fit to exercise of his modesty to compare them.—Let them reflect.

It is hard to say if greater want of skill
Appears in writing or in judging ill:
But of the two less dangerous is the offence,
To live our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

and, then proceed again to censure and criticise as much as they please, for the world must be made conscious of their own abilities, before they will take their censures or criticism upon trust.—I am

March 22nd, 1822.

AN OBSERVER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Our men in black and shall have blows enough,
And feel they too 'are penetrable stuff';
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.

BYRON.

SIR,—I had anticipated a reply to my short letter in favour of the Club. I touched a sore place, and was prepared for the consequences. I have, however, been disappointed. I did imagine that the party of which Ichneumon seems to be the organ, would have had the talent to do better, or the sense to be silent.

You have saved me the trouble of disavowing all connection with 'the Club.' The connection is, however, one of which I should have been proud; for to discover the superior talent of the author or authors of the papers in question, the mere ordinary reader need only to compare the essays of 'the Club,' with the learned letters by which they have been assailed. The genius evinced by 'the Club,' can neither acquire reputation by my praises, nor lose it by the feeling sneers of Ichneumon.

Ichneumon is certainly very consistent, when he reproaches a supposed author of 'the Club,' for his personalities. The motive of Ichneumon's interference with 'the Club,' is, I think, very apparent. It is plain that he is quite ignorant of the source of the letters; for you, sir, have, with generous mildness, exposed his mistake: and I therefore think that the readers of the Iris have, from circumstances, a right to infer, that Ichneumon has meanly availed himself of this opportunity to attempt to wound the feelings of some individual, who has, for reasons best known to himself, found it proper to shun his society. Let him explain this matter as he may: his readers will judge from facts which he can neither pervert nor conceal.

This worthy member of a worthy fraternity seems to be at cross purposes with himself. If, in the ridiculous portraits which the author of 'the Club' has presented us, there is no resemblance to be found to the shining characters which Ichneumon enumerates, where, then, are the 'offensive personalities.' But Ichneumon is angry; as is evident from his insinuation respecting your partialities, as well as from his harmless menaces against another; and therefore it was not unlikely that his letter should be sprinkled with inconsistencies.

I fear that a little advice would be thrown away upon my assailant; otherwise I would remind him that, whether among Jews or Gentiles, it is rather ill-judged in a person to excite public attention 'when he has nothing particular to say.'—I am, Sir,

April 2nd, 1822.

A CLUBITE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter of 'A Friend,' in reply to the Philosophical Query, and 'Observer' for the Lancastrian School, are unavoidably deferred until our next.

We are under the necessity of apprising our correspondents, that the controversy respecting 'the Club' must terminate with the letters inserted in the present number.—Speaking generally, we have, for our own parts, no objection to these 'paper bullets of the brain,' when the firing is not kept up too long; and we feel persuaded that even the contending parties will acquiesce in the propriety of our determination, when they look back and see to what little purpose they have written.—We can assure them that the authors of 'the Club' are behind a curtain which, unless they withdraw it themselves, will conceal them for ever.—We shall be glad to hear from some of their opponents and friends on other subjects.—If war is their element, and they cannot live out of it, we shall be happy to allow them a reasonable space for every new discussion they may please to commence.—We give them credit, however, for being able to produce better things on more interesting occasions.

We wish 'Observer' would substantiate the charges which he has brought against some of our pretended friends, respecting a breach of confidence. If he decline doing so, he must excuse us if we place the charge to the account of his invention!

We have received P. L.'s letter: but as it consists merely of an eulogium on 'the Club,' and as we have had a number of letters to the same purpose, we must decline inserting it.—Since the confession is, in a manner, extorted from us, we may be allowed to say, that in respect to style and manner, at least, the letters of 'the Club' are, in our opinion, entitled to very high praise. They will certainly lose nothing by a comparison with any imitations of them.

The communication of M— is received. He is certainly mistaken in the allusion he makes. We wish he would send us the names of the persons he mentions, as we do not recognize them from the initials.

Further communications to acknowledge—Philomathes—Juvena—J. S. of Stayley—John Swilbrig—N—r—B. S.—T. V.—P. G.—C. M. of Bolton—Philo-Juvenis—T. A.—Saxo-Grammaticus—Bede the Younger, and Thomas Welsby of Leicester.

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FOR EASTER WEEK ONLY!

The Re-engagement of Mr. Lee's Magnificent Pageant of the Coronation.

On Easter Monday, April 8th, will be Performed the popular Play of

BRUTUS; or, THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

After which, will be presented, for the 20th time at this Theatre, the Grand Pageant of the

CORONATION

OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH,

Which still continues to be performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, to crowded and overflowing houses. The whole produced, at an immense expense, by Mr. Lee, from London, who is engaged for

THIS WEEK ONLY!!!

In the course of the Pageant, the Grand Entrance of the King's Champion on Horseback.

A Dramatic Performance will precede the Coronation every Evening this Week.

SMALL SWORD EXERCISE.

MONSIEUR ROQUEMIR'S Exhibition of Attack and Defence, with the SMALL SWORD, in the Large Room in the Old Assembly Rooms, Brown-street, on Monday the 8th, and Friday the 12th of April, 1822, at Seven o'clock in the Evening.—In the course of the Evening, MASTER MINASI, (only Seven Years Old) will have the honour to Play, (by desire,) the following FAVOURITE AIRS; accompanied on the Piano, by Mr. BARDSLEY, and on the Flute, by Mr. MINASI.

Introduction and Grand March.—Composed and expressly arranged for the occasion, for piano-forte and two flutes—Mr. Minasi, Mr. Bardsley, and Master Minasi..... Bardsley.

Solo Flute.—Master Minasi, the much admired air, "Ye Banks and Braes," with the favourite Cherokee air, "Fall-lall-la," with variations, composed expressly for him; accompanied on the grand piano, by Mr. Bardsley..... Deoman.

"Roussop's Dream," an air with variations, for the piano-forte, with introduction, by Mr. Bardsley. J. B. Cramer.

Solo Flute.—Master Minasi, the much admired air, "O Dolce Conciato," by Mozart, with variations, accompanied by Mr. Minasi and Mr. Bardsley. J. F. Burrows and C. Nicholson.

Solo Flute.—Master Minasi, "Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" and the favourite Hungarian Waltz, with piano and flute accompaniments.

"I have lost my love, but I care not," a favourite air, with introduction, and variations for the piano-forte. M. S..... Bardsley.

Italian Air.—"Sal Margine d'un rio," with an introduction and variations for the flute, composed expressly for, and dedicated to Master Minasi, by Lucy..... Lucy.

Solo Flute.—Master Minasi, the favourite air, "Yellow-hair'd Laddie," with new introduction and divertimento, composed expressly for, and dedicated to him, accompanied on the piano, by Mr. Bardsley..... Lucy.

This will be the last time of Master Minasi's appearance in Manchester, previous to his departure.

ADMITTANCE, THREE SHILLINGS.

The Doors will be open at Six, and the Performance will commence precisely at Seven in the Evening.

MANCHESTER: Printed, Published, and Sold, by HENRY SMITH AND BROTHERS, St. Ann's Square.

The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

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FOR THE IRIS.

VOLCANOES.

THE opinion of the Philosophical part of the world respecting the cause of these awful phenomena could never be reconciled, yet, it is generally acknowledged that, though their effects may be prejudicial to some parts of the world, they tend to the well-being, if not the preservation, of the whole. Were it not for these vent holes of the earth, as we may justly call them, the accumulation of the internal fire, and consequent dilatation of subterranean bodies, would certainly produce earthquakes very frequently, which all must allow are (to the world in general) of much worse consequences than volcanoes. Thus, were it possible to fill up Etna, Vesuvius, and all mountains of the like nature, we should undoubtedly subject ourselves to earthquakes, which would in time break up the shell of our world, and destroy it, at least as a habitable globe.

Some have endeavoured to account for the immensity of flame and heat which are given out during an eruption, by the decomposition of water and consequent production of inflammable air.

There undoubtedly is in the interior of the earth, a large space filled with fire and water, the former of which, by the assistance of iron, charcoal, &c. resolves the latter into its constituent elements, viz. oxygen or vital air, and hydrogen or inflammable air; whenever this decomposition takes place it must be in large quantities, and a considerable volume of both these gases must be disengaged: oxygen is absorbed by all bodies during combustion, but hydrogen is itself a combustible body, the oxygen is consequently absorbed as soon as it is produced, and the hydrogen is united with the subterranean fire, but from its natural lightness and being now combined with a considerable quantity of heat, it has a strong tendency to ascend, and at the first vent rushes out in the state of flame, with an inconceivable force, bearing with it stones, earth, and whatever oppose its passage, which it sometimes melts, forming lava. This theory, however, is liable to some objections, for the force which is manifested at Etna and Vesuvius in throwing stones 40 and 60 miles, cannot well be engendered in the mere tendency of the air to ascend; and as we are not to suppose a partition between the fire and the water, why does not this admixture oftener take place?

It has been the opinion of others, that eruptions and all the phenomena attendant thereon,

are caused by the expansive force of steam, aided by fire; but from what has been before said respecting the decomposition of water, steam can have little or no power, as the water instead of being converted into vapour is reduced into air, therefore steam can have little agency in these cases. A more modern, and perhaps a more reasonable theory, supposes that eruptions are caused by the central fire coming in contact with large quantities of sulphur, nitre, and other substances, which have the property of detonating when mixed. That these exist in the earth, combined with other bodies, none can doubt; and it is clear from the examples which gunpowder, &c. give us, that the combination of these bodies with heat, is fully sufficient to produce the effects recorded of the eruptions of Etna. In answer to this explanation, however, it may be asked, why do not eruptions happen more frequently, for we may suppose the fire, sulphurous, and bituminous rocks to be stationary, and why do not the eruptions continue until the whole inflammable matter is spent.

From this short view of the theories which have been raised to explain these wonders of nature, we see that none of them are satisfactory, they are all liable to objection, and probably will be so until our knowledge of electricity (which is yet in its infancy), advances, for let the true cause be what it may, electricity seems to bear a considerable part, as in a late eruption of Vesuvius the air was so strongly electrified that it would charge a Leyden phial when held out of the window. Thus as the science of electricity becomes better understood, we shall be more able to judge of the agent which keeps these extraordinary and awful phenomena in a state of activity during so many centuries, until then we can only exercise our imaginations in forming theories, which must, like their predecessors in every science, sink into nothing, as experiment and observation establish more certain grounds on which we may reason.

LAPIS.

FINE ARTS.

PICTURE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

"What thought can reach,
What language can express, the agonies,
The horrors of that hour!"
R. AINSWORTH'S *Last Days of Herculaneum*.

Whatever variety of opinion exists as to the kind and degree of Mr. MARTIN'S genius, the fact of its being of a very high order is placed

beyond a doubt, by the extraordinary interest which his pictures excite, not only among the graphically untutored, but the most cultivated tastes. They are not only crowded about in the Exhibition-room, but are the after-subjects of charmed recollection and discourse. Like impressions of friendship, they exist in the mind, after the objects which first produced them are withdrawn from the sight; for without the aid of the Engraver and Painter, we carry away beautiful impressions of them upon our imaginations. They at once become interwoven in the finely-wrought texture of sensibility and thought. The fire of genius burns them at once into our memories. But the pure pictorial ore is not without alloy. Mr. MARTIN has a correct and elegant eye for the arrangement of his architecture, landscape, and figures, (of a mixture of which his works generally consist,) and a strong and imaginative conception of his subject; but he wants a proportionate power of proper execution, to give that conception all its force. In the language of his art, he is inferior to his invention. In the latter, he rises above common nature into the poetical; in the first, he is below it. His execution is indeed vigorous; but it is a mannered vigor. It has too little identification with the things represented, for it wants that true exterior of objects, that similitude to their surface in nature, which, whether the subject be elevated or common, ought to characterise every picture, whatever some esteemed critics, with RYLAND'S at their head, may say to the contrary;—such a truth of surface as represented the mist, the vegetation, &c. in CLAUDE'S pictures; and the flesh, &c. in TITIAN'S, as Nature's own.—This true appearance never derogates from the dignity of Nature, but imitates a portion of her rich and beautiful variety.

The picture, however, immediately under our observation, is in no small degree an exception to this animadversion; for its requisite volcanic luminousness is there not inappropriately represented by that clear and brittle look, which is mainly the erroneous surface we have been complaining of in this Artist's works. There has been also a want of more science and an unconstrained air in this Painter's figures, together with some of that deep but not externally agitated look of grief and despair, which Poussin, with so observant and various a knowledge of the human figure, physiognomy, and heart, intermixed among others of a strenuous character. With a diminished, and indeed a comparatively small portion of these defects, including also the size of the picture, which seems to limit the magnificent

and awful nature of the subject, the work is more complete than any previously painted by this Artist. The lines and groups are all beautifully arranged; and the light, from its central energy on Vesuvius, is gradually carried off with exquisite judgment to the darkened extremities of the picture, after blazing over the fate-emitting volcano, glaring on its contiguous objects, and decreasingly gleaming to the foreground. The mother, with her death-smitten offspring at her side, exposing herself with open and inviting arms to the fiery deluge, and the wife, fallen on the bosom of her expired husband, are well chosen, because natural and pathetic groups. In the elevated foreground, are a family stretched on the ground dead; Roman centurions protecting their families under their shields; Pliny embracing his friend Pomponianus; the soldiers and slaves in attendance on him and Pliny; parts of the town of Stabia falling by earthquake. A little beyond these, are the multitude of people crowding towards the shipping for safety. In the mid-distance, is the sea with ships, agitated by the earthquake; the town of Pompeii; the bridge of the Serna falling by earthquake; the Stabian way crowded with fugitives, &c.; Retina, the Villa Suburbina, &c. Remotely, are Oplontis, Herculaneum, the sloping and hilly approaches to Vesuvius; and, above all, the stupendous Vesuvius, from whose summit rises a huge and bright column of fiery matter, lava, &c. while down its sides is the rapid flow of the boiling and destroying lava upon the ill-fated towns and country below. An immense 'black and dreadful cloud,' in which flash the 'forked lightnings,' overhangs the whole, and pours down hot ashes, stones,* and torrents of stony mud, which converted the cities and blooming fields into igneous sepulchres for their numerous and terrified people. In the fiery horror, before inconceivable, Nature appears as if forsaken of her conservative power and her guardian God, and that the great Principle of Evil was pouring out his phial of wrath upon inert but beautiful Nature, and upon sentient Man.

Some very novel features of representation are seen in the perpendicular descent of the unwonted and ruthless sleet; the voluminous ascent of the smoky and pitchy cloud; the floods of streaming lava; the shields of the military held up against the sky-descending contents of Nature's artillery; the awful concavity above of combustious cloud, impenetrable to the sun's light, and vaulting and overwhelming an immense and populous country (where till now Nature and Art reposed in undisturbed glory) and an expanse of sea that moved with the gentle breathings of Nature, the breezes of health and commerce; the reddened fever with which she is all over flushed, except where varied with ashy grey and partial darkness from the nubilous covering, and where the blue electricity varies her crimson complexion previously to her deep moans in thunder, the resounding Vesuvius, and her loud panting respirations of air. The whole scene has a red and yellow reflex of fiery light, that, terrible in its glory, makes the spreading ocean, the winding shore, the stately edifices, the vegetative plains, the gradually rising hills and mountain, with the astounded population,

* In the year 1694 the stones reached Benevento, nearly 30 miles off; and in 1717, the boiling stream of lava was half a mile broad and 5 miles long.

look like the Partean regions of punishment anguish and horror. Some persons have objected to this; but a gentleman who has witnessed the eruption very many times, says that the fiery effect *cannot* be exaggerated. The Painter has made us see as well as feel the vivid essence of his art in these nobly painted novelties—now novelties, though their originals have been, and in part are occasionally repeated from those great steam engines of the world—the nitrous Vesuvius and Etna.†

† It is thought that the eruption of the volcanic matter from the crater is occasioned by the operation of steam in the cavity below.

BRIEF OBSERVATIONS UPON BREVITY.*

"Brevity," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. "Truth," says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various Biographical, Geographical, and Lexicographical Duodecimos, "is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body." Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary.

Many excellent things, good reader of six feet high, partake of the property which thou dost look down upon, or else overlook, so scornfully. To take a few casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a good style, and good resolutions, all which are notoriously, nay, proverbially *brief*, would scantily raise the matter to the altitude of the apprehension. Go then, and learn by experience; read lawyers' briefs without a fee; study the Statutes at Large; regale thyself with Viner's Abridgement: if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit; if thou dost set a value on the moments, bind thine ears to seven hours' apprenticeship to the British Senate, or the British Forum: or, if thou canst, recal the days of Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and the long Parliament; when the long-winded preachers were accustomed to hold forth over their glasses, to the long-eared and long suffering multitude: over their glasses, I say, but not such glasses as were wont to inspire the tragic sublimity of Æschylus, the blistering humour of Aristophanes, and the blustering humour of Old Ben; not such glasses as whetted the legal acumen of Blackstone, and assisted the incomparable Brinsley to weep for the calamities of India. No, my jovial friends, the Gospel trumpeters were as dry as they were lengthy. Their glasses were such as that which old Time is represented as running away with, though in sober truth they run, or rather creep away with him; such glasses as we naturally associate with a death's head, a college fag, or a lawyer's office. Should a modern pulpit orator undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I am inclined to think he would be building his hopes of preferment on a sandy foundation, and would most probably see his congregation run out before his sand. At all events, he would make the world (meaning thereby the parish clerk, and charity children, who were compelled to a final perseverance) as much in love with brevity, as if they had each inherited a chancery suit, or had their several properties charged with long annuities.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in discourse, short of memory and money, and

far short of my wishes. In most things too, I am an admirer of brevity; I cannot endure long dinners. All the delicate viands that sea and land, with all the points "on the shipman's card," produce, are not so irresistible a temptation to gluttony, as the ennui of a needless half-hour at table: certain motions of the jaws are undoubtedly infectious; such are laughing, yawning, and eating. Should the night-mare, "and her nine fold," descend visibly upon the dishes; should indigestion, after the old fashion, assume the shape of Abernethy to admonish me, and gout appear in the yet more formidable likeness of a racking toe, the mere dead weight of time would turn the balance of my resolves. I am partial to short ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; that all Homer's fair ones are "large and comely," and that Lord Byron has expressed his detestation of "dumpy women." All this is very true, but what is it all to me? Women are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them as such; Homer makes his heroes tall as well as his heroines; there cannot, as Falstaff says be better sympathy. And as for his Lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he shall choose for me. I reverse the sex as much as any man, but I do not like to look up to them. I had rather be consorted "with the youngest wren of nine," than with any daughter of Eve whose morning stature was taller than my evening shadow. Whatever such an amazon might condescend to say to me, it would sound of "nothing but low and little." Those pretty diminutives, which in all languages are the terms of affection, from her lips would seem like personalities; she could have but one set of phrases for fondness and for scorn. If I would "whisper soft nonsense in her ear," I must get on my legs, as if I were going to move a resolution; if in walking I would keep step with her, I must stride as if I were measuring the ground for two duellists, one of whom was my very good friend, and the other a very good shot. Should I dance with her (alas, I am past my dancing days) I should seem like a cock-boat toasting in a storm, at the stern of a three decker. And should I wed her (proh dolor! I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave,* called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness): but should I wed her, I must "stand the push of every beardless vain comparative." The young Etonian jacksnapes would call us Elegiacs (carmen lugubre!); the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreached urchins, old alewives, and cobblers in their stalls, would cry out after us "There goes eighteen pence;" and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very unequal.

But of all long things, there are three which I hold in special abhorrence; a long bill, a long coach, and a long debate. Bills, it must be observed, are apt to grow long in

* It is needless to mention that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Coelebs.

proportion as the means of paying them are short; and tradesmen do not, like "honorable gentlemen," move for leave to bring them in. But it is not the appalling sum total that I regard. It is the mizzling insignificant items, the heart-breaking fractions, the endless subdivisions of misery, that provoke me. It is as if one were condemned to be blown up with a mass of gunpowder, and at the same time to feel the separate explosion of every grain.

Few of those pestilential vehicles called long coaches infest our roads at present; but when I was a young traveller they were frequent, especially on the northern stages. Their external semblance was that of a hearse, and their inward accommodations might vie with those of a slave-ship. An incontinent vestal might have rehearsed her living inhumation in one of them. They carried ten inside! Authors, children, and dandies, were only counted as fractions; and Daniel Lambert himself would only have been considered as an unit. Their pace was intolerably slow; their stages long; their drivers thirsty; and ale-houses innumerable. It is difficult to conceive what a variety of distress they sometimes contained. I remember a journey in one of them, I think it was between Lancaster and Manchester, perhaps the dullest road in England, which beat the miseries of human life hollow. It was during the high fever of trade, and just after the summer holidays. I was then a minim, and counted as nobody. Three youths, returning "unwillingly to school," with all their consolatory store of half-eaten apples and gingerbread, and with looks that indicated a woeful neglect of regimen during the vacation, composed one passenger. The landlady of the Swan Inn, in bulk a Falstaff, and clothed like the Grave-digger, ditto (bearing a brandy-bottle, which, with most importunate civility, she proffered to the company, in spite of repeated and sincere refusals); a consumptive gentleman, who supplied his lack of natural dimension by a huge box-coat; a sick lady, with her son (who by the way was very disagreeably affected by the motion of the carriage), her sister, and a lap-dog; a strong ministerialist of eighteen stone; and an equally violent, and almost equally bulky, partizan of opposition; neither of these worthies were perfectly sober, and their vociferation was such as to drown every other sound, except the complaints of the sick lady, and the occasional yelping of the lap-dog; a very smart, yet innocent-looking young woman, who was sadly pestered with the coarse gallantry of a middle-aged manufacturer of cotton; there was also a very prim and self-complacent young gentleman, who seemed to value himself much on his acute sense of the disagreeable, and not less on a peculiar delicate mode of swearing, mincing and clipping his oaths till they were almost softened into nonsense.

Such were the intestines: the roof and box were proportionably loaded. There was some little danger of breaking down, and no little fear of it. Every jolt produced a scream from the sick lady, a yelp from the lap-dog, an oath from the young gentleman, and a nauseous jest, or a vulgar proffer of service to the females, from the cotton-manufacturer. Against this chaos of discords we had to balance the momentary interruption of the political jangle, and a shriek in exchange for the customary groans of the landlady's.

Scenes of this kind are very distressing to

children; confinement and the want of fresh air are themselves sufficiently painful to them, and they seldom possess the faculty of deriving amusement from inconveniences. But all the troubles of our progress were nothing to the intolerable stopping. All conversation, even that of the politicians, ceased instantly. Sigh answered sigh, and groans were heard in all the notes of the gamut. The very horses seemed to sympathize with the feelings of the passengers, by various inarticulate sounds expressing, not, indeed, impatience to be gone, but uneasiness at staying. It was a hopeless condition. Every face was a glass, in which one might see the lengthening of one's own. For the last stage, a dozing silence prevailed, which made me almost wish for noise again. Any thing to drown the rumble of the wheels, and the perpetual and unavailing crack of the whip, which was applied unmercifully, and, as it were, mechanically, without the smallest acceleration.

I am not sure whether these machines have not been put down by the legislature. Would that the same august body would exercise their authority upon long speeches as well as on long coaches, and be as careful of the national time as of the bones of his Majesty's locomotive subjects. Oh! that the value of brevity were understood within the walls of St. Stephen's! I never cast an eye on the close-printed columns of a paper, without being transported by imagination into the Speaker's chair. (I had rather be transported to Botany Bay.) How anxiously must that model of enforced patience keep watch for some irregularity, and with what joy must he seize the opportunity of crying Order. How sweet to his ears must be the sound of his own voice, thus coupled with the sense of authority.

A long debate is, to me, like a long story, of which I know the conclusion before it is begun. To read or listen to it is as tedious as to play a game which you are sure of losing, or to fight for your life when you know that, in case of defeat or victory, it is alike forfeited. The catastrophe of every discussion may be so clearly foreseen, and the very arguments, and also the very metaphors of each member, so easily anticipated, that it is a cruel oppression to force a man to tread the intricate mazes of eloquence, in order to arrive at a point to which a hop, step, and jump, may carry him. I proposed to speak briefly of brevity, and lo, I have produced a long discourse upon length. I intended to shew that lovely things are brief, and I have digressed into an exposition of the unloveliness of lengthiness. Lest I should utterly belie my title, I will even conclude here.

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

The popular Song of 'Oh the Roast Beef of Old England' was set to music by a composer of that period, named Leveridge. As he was one day passing a Butcher's Shop, where the owner was employed in scraping his chopping block, he was greeted by the sound of 'God bless you, Master Leveridge—God bless you, Master Leveridge'—turning to the butcher, from whom he perceived it came, he thanked him for his benediction, but said he was wholly ignorant how he deserved it. 'God-bless you, Master Leveridge,' the man repeated, 'You have given us a fine song upon the Roast Beef of Old England, it goes off rarely; but, Master Leveridge, could'n't you be so good as give us another upon boil'd beef, for that sticks on hand confoundedly.'

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 4, by Agnes.

The first equation, by transposition, will become

$$x^3 + \frac{xy^2}{3} - x^2y - \frac{14y^3}{3} = 0$$

This, with the addition of $\frac{125y^3}{27}$ is evidently the cube of $x - \frac{y}{3}$. If, therefore, we add to both sides

of this equation $\frac{125y^3}{27}$ we shall obtain, by evolution,

$$x - \frac{y}{3} = \frac{5y}{3}; \text{ and, hence, } x = 2y.$$

Let this value of x be substituted in the second given equation, and we shall have,

$$a^2y - 2ay^2 - 3y^3 = 0;$$

and by transposition, and division,

$$a^2 - 2ay = 3y;$$

If to both sides of this equation we add y^2 , and then extract the square root, we shall find $a - y = 2y$.

Wherefore, $y = \frac{a}{3}$, and $x = \frac{2a}{3}$.

A solution was received from Amicus.

Solution of No. 5, by Mathematicus.

Let d be the diameter of the sphere, $a = 3.1416$, and h = height of the segment; then, $d\pi$ will represent the circumference of the sphere. Now, by measurement, the convex superficies of the segment, whose height is h , will be $d\pi h$; again, by a well known property of the circle, $(d-h) \times h \times 4 \times \frac{a}{2} = d\pi h - ah^2$ = area of the base of the segment, whose height is h ;—lastly, 4 times the area of a circle whose diameter is h , is ah^2 ; consequently, $d\pi h - ah^2 + ah^2 = d\pi h$.

Prosebury Road,
Macclesfield, April 1st, 1822.

Q. H. D.

Solutions were received from X. Y.—J. H.—and Gordius.

Question No. 7, by Agnes.

Find the length of a pendulum that will vibrate seconds, where a heavy body descends from rest through 10.4 feet in a second of time.

Question No. 8, by V.

Having given $x + 40y - xy^2 = 40$

And $48x - x^2 + 50y - y^2 = 545$ to find x & y .

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

An Acrostic, a Solution of Charade No. 2.

W ar is allowed by all to be
"A national calamity."
R ing, with high and low in compass,
R emains "a pledge of union."
I f you would find half a dead sheep,
N o doubt you'll look for mut-ton cheap.
(G uarded by union and peace
T hat plenty here may never cease),
O f these three, then, war, ring, and ten,
N ough can be made but Warrington.

ARION.

Charade, No. 12, ascribed to the celebrated Porron.

My first, though your house, may your life, he defends,
You ungratefully name like the wretch you despise,
My second, (I speak it with grief) comprehends
All the good, and the fair, and the learned, and the
wise,
Of my whole, I have little or nothing to say,
Except that it tells the departure of day.



POETRY.

ORIGINAL POEM BY THE UNFORTUNATE DR. DODD.

GRATITUDE.—AN ODE.

AWAKE, awake the grateful lyre,
With rapture touch each tuneful string;
Spirit of love, my voice inspire,
And aid me while the Saviour's praise I sing.
Blessed master, whence to me
All this rich benignity!
Call'd from nothing, form'd from earth,
Thine my being, thine my birth;
What had I, alas! to claim?
Freely all thy bounty came!
If I wonder, why more free
Flow those bounties, Lord, to me,
Than to thousand sons of dust,
Who prefer a claim as just!
All researches fruitless prove;
—'Tis the Lord, and it is love.

Ah me! behold yon brother toil
Up that sandy hill's high length,
With feeble steps and slow; the while
The thirsty sunbeams drink up all his strength!
And his back a burden bears,
And his head is white with cares;
On his cheek sits want, all pale,
And his languid eye-balls fail;
Labour, penury, and he
Hand-in-hand, a woeeful three!
Tottering on her staff behind,
Weak in body, sad in mind,
Lo—up she drags her weary frame,
His long-approv'd industrious dame;
Sighing oft, as on she goes,
Revolving all her long life's woes!

Tell me, oh tell, ye aged pair,
As my flouting wheels whirl by,
Can ye behold me, seated here,
With other than a discontented eye?
I marvel not; and, gracious heav'n,
If aught, sure this, may be forgiv'n.
How they labour! while I ride,
Dear affection by my side.
Full health mantling in my eye,
Gladness, peace, vivacity!
Soothing friendship gives her balm;
Soft content her happy calm;
'Plenty wears me at her breast,
Pleasure lulls my soul to rest.
Ev'ry hope and fear flows even
From their source, firm faith in heav'n!

Thrice holy!—whence such love to me!
These, these are thine, as well as I:
My fellow-Christians, dear to thee—
For ah! for them thou didst not scorn to die!
Let me then the thought improve
Into gratitude and love:
Come, and make my heart thy home,
Humanity, bright cherub, come;
And my inmost soul impress
With sympathetic tenderness:
Time prolong but to bestow
Balm to ev'ry brother's woe:
Love I ask—may love be given;
God is love,—and love is heav'n!

A.D. 1760.

W. DODD.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE STORMING OF ALGIERS.

A FRAGMENT.

Close to thy vaulted mole Algiers,
Silent the dauntless Charlotte steers.

But soon are heard, with deep emotion
The mandates of the Queen of Ocean;
Obedient to her dreadful breath,
Lo! prostrate myriads bow in death:
And bastion, fleet, and tower
The pride and strength of lawless power
Vanish like vapours in an hour.
Around her, smoky wreaths are curling,
Darker and higher still are curling;
While on that gloomy warp on high,
As thick the thwarting fuses fly,
The fates seem weaving busily
A fire woofed canopy.

'Tis done! the British arm hath broke
The Infidel's degrading yoke;
Hath snap'd, and hurl'd the felon chain
In ocean, ne'er to rise again.
Securely, gay feluccas, sail!
Hesperia seize each favouring gale!
But, in his mid-day dreams of fear,
The shuddering Corsair long shall hear
The passing balls terrific hum;
The ploughing, bounding, bursting bomb:
The rocky armament careering,
A fiend each flamy rudder steering,
Threat'ning aloud with tiger-tone,
One awful moment heard above,
Then lost in crash, and shriek, and groan.

W. G. H.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SORROWS OF ERIN.

'May the wings of Peace return unto thy dwelling, and
the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery.'
Dr. Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.

Erin! thou child of sorrow and of woe,
What storms around thee beat, what tempests blow;
Dark clouds hang o'er thee, pealing thunders roll,
And gloomy terror frights the drooping soul.

With desolating sway, wild uproar reigns,
Spreading destruction through thy fertile plains;
Inhuman discord wields the dreadful spear,
And shouts of clamour strike the list'ning ear.

Mark yon dread hand with savage fury bent,
On rapine, murder, earnestly intent;
Bager they rise to shed their country's blood,
And glory to behold the crimson flood!

Behold emerging through the shade of night,
Wide conflagration's sad destructive light;
'Tis the mad havoc of a lawless race,
With hearts as callous as their deeds are base.

Devoted land of sorrow and of grief,
Thy aching bosom pants for sweet relief,
Affliction's tear bedims thy lovely eye,
Thy swelling breast heaves forth the bitter sigh!

May fierce contention's angry, foaming tide,
Stop her wild course and into peace subside;
No more let brother's arm 'gainst brother raise,
Nor faction's storm disturb thy future days.

May the All-wise, his heavenly aid impart,
Wisdom to guide and regulate the heart;
May love celestial glow in every breast,
And calm each troubled passion into rest.

T. T. L.

April 5th, 1822.

TO A LADY WHO SAID SHE WAS UNHAPPY.

A SPIRIT, Lady, pure as thine,
Must ne'er like sinful souls be sad:
Delight was meant for things divine,
And woe should only wound the bad.

Ah! who would dream that care had prest
Her seal upon so sweet a brow?
Who would not weep to see distressed,
So bright so pure a saint as thou?

The path is not a path of sweets,
That leads us onward to the tomb:
Full many a briar the traveller meets,
Where only roses seem'd to bloom.
Yet Hope will whisper, mortal sorrow
Is but the darkness of a day;
What joys, what grieves us now—to-morrow
Rolls with the tide of time away.

TO THE LADY BIRD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! pretty one, stay,
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay,
With me shall no mischief betide thee here;
No arm would I do thee no harm as I were,
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children will roam,
List! list! to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then Lady-bird, Lady-bird fly away home,
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing!

Fly back again, back again, Lady-bird dear;
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here,
With them shall no peril attend thee;
They'll guard thee so safely from danger or care,
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
They'll love thee, and ever befriended thee.

TO A LADY,

Who chose for the motto to her seal, 'Forget me not.'

Forget thee?—never!

While all that's lovely—all that's kind,
Can live in the retentive mind,
There will recollection find
Thy form with every thought entwined

For ever!

Forget thee?—Never!

While summer's crimson-bosom'd rose
Reminds me, lady, but of those
Which on thy blushing cheeks repose;
Or while the winter's drifted snows
But make my memory's eye behold
A bosom whiter—not so cold—

For ever!

Forget thee?—Never!

While thus the changeful seasons give
Remembrances of charms that live

For ever,

In an aching heart that knows
Nothing of passion but its woes,—

Oh never!

The flower that rears its humble shrine
Upon rude winter's bed of snow,
Will tell me of that open brow

Which ever

I shall so doat to think upon;
Spring will present that smile of thine;
In summer's suns that eye will shine;
And autumn's falling leaf will show
My faded hopes and pleasures gone

For ever.

Believe me, lady, though we sever,
That this fond bosom will "Forget thee never."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr Millman has another Poem preparing for publication. The subject is a fine one—Belshazzar.

Mr. Washington Irving has a novel forthcoming; report says that a thousand guineas is the price of the copyright.

The author of 'The Hermit in London,' has in the press a work entitled 'The Hermit Abroad.'

THE MUSAEID.

NO. IV.—THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1822.

Erant rumores et timores varii. WHISTLEBRAFT.
What silly fears are these which fill the town,
What idle rumours that float up and down!

The world talks a great deal of nonsense. We were never more convinced of this, in our lives, than during the last fortnight. We have scarcely gone into any company, or conversed with any of our acquaintance—female we mean—but, 'that abominable Iris,' 'that shocking Musaeid,' 'that scandalous Paper,' have been reiterated in every tone, from the toothless mumble of sixty-eight to the lisp and snaffle of garrulous seventeen.

Yesterday afternoon we called on our friend Sam. Sugbury. It was about half-past five o'clock. We had just smacked our lips over the first glass of wine and were cracking over again the nut shells which had been left on a dessert plate, when his mother, ready cloaked and calashed for a tub-rout, toddled into the room. 'Samuel,' said she, 'remind John to come for me at half-past nine, and let him bring my clogs and umbrella in case it should rain.' We spoke to the old lady. 'How do you do Doctor Panacey?' said she, 'really I did not see you; have you seen Mrs. Diskin to day, I hope she's getting better; and how's poor Miss Ambiot? Jane Garden is nearly well! I understand. Pray,' said she, advancing to the fireplace, and drawing the silken mitten over her shrivelled arm, which, from the habitude of five and forty years, was naturally infected to the dealing curve. 'Pray,' said she, and she pursed up her mouth into as much austerity as would have done for prof. or play-alone—two by honour, or single, double, and the rubber, 'Pray, Doctor Panacey, is it true what the town says of you?' We were quite sure from the rigidity of Mrs. Sugbury's visage, that the town had been saying nothing good, and therefore pronounced that it was not true. 'Well, I did not believe it when I heard it, and said I was sure Doctor Panacey would have nothing to do with such a thing—that he was too much of a gentleman.' We thanked the old lady for her good opinion of us, and ventured to enquire what it was that she had heard. 'Why don't you know,' said she, 'I thought you denied it—that you're the writer of those abominable Papers in the Iris—it's really shameful to see how people are quizzed.' We professed that we knew nothing of the sort—we had indeed seen some sketches—a scene in Saint Ann's-square, and an account of a morning visit—but we considered them mere jeux d'esprit, and never thought that they had any personal application. 'O dear yes, I assure you there's a great deal said about it—there's something about Miss ———, and her brother declares that if he can discover the author he will horsewhip him.' A pretty mess thought we. 'And Mrs. ——— and Miss ——— they're both in, and Mrs. ——— is taken off about her painting, and her husband makes a pretty fuss about it, and declares he will prosecute the authors for a libel—' This mess is five times as much as the other, thought we. 'So I'm very glad you've nothing to do with it—and there's the whole party at Mr. ———'s are quizzed in the most abominable way; and—dear o-me it's six o'clock, I must go—and I'm very glad you've nothing to do with the matter, Doctor; don't forget to remind John—Samuel; John,' said she, as he opened the door for her to depart, 'you'll bring my clogs and umbrella at half-past nine o'clock, don't forget; at Mrs. Primitive's, remember; don't be later John—bless me how it blows!'—

We had scarcely time to make our bow to Miss Durnoves, as we came out of church on Sunday morning, before we were attacked about the Iris. We were quite unprepared for such an encounter, and endeavoured to evade it, by an observation on the progress of the new steeple; but all to no purpose. 'No shuffling if you please Mr. Volatile, we mean to know positively whether you be the authors of those papers in the Iris, every body suspects you, and we were de-

termined all service time that we would ask you as soon as it was over.' 'Your thoughts might have been better employed young ladies; what's the matter with Mrs. ——— this morning; she seems in no very amiable mood after her prayers, that bow of hers was any thing but charitable.' 'Do you suppose any one so tame as not to resent your impertinence?' said Miss Durnove. 'Of what have we been guilty.' 'Guilty!' said Miss Durnove, nay, do not pretend to be so ignorant; you know very well what you have done!' We protested that we did not know how we could have offended Mrs. ———. 'Do you mean to say that you have not written the Musaeid?' It would be of no purpose to answer that question, for even if we had, we should not acknowledge it. 'Then you're ashamed of it?' No! we saw nothing in it to be ashamed of, nor any thing particular to boast. 'Will you tell us candidly whether you be the author?' 'We will not tell you candidly any thing of the sort;'—'Very well then we shall suppose that you are the author: and we think it quite shameful of you to indulge in so much personal satire: the poor Miss ——— are mortified beyond every thing; I don't know whether you have not provoked them to rage, by what you say of their complexions, and that hint that they make their own dresses is abominable.' Really we had seen no such hint in the Musaeid, nor did we know before, that the daffodil and stem complexions were intended to refer to Miss ———. Upon our honors this was quite a new light. 'O! and I dare say you'll deny that Mrs. Finnikin and her daughters are meant for Mrs. and Miss ——— or that Frank Prattelcloud is designed for young ——— or that the two old maids are Miss ——— or that the night cap lady is Miss 64.' 'Indeed we would not deny any such thing, it was the first word we had heard of it—we could not think there were any allusions of the sort; we did not believe there were;—people fancied things.' By this time we were opposite the billiard room, and, seeing Mr. Raveone on the steps, we pretended business, and stopped to speak to him.

On Tuesday morning we were passing Satterfield's in haste: we saw Miss Vervins in the shop; and moved to them, but, remembering, that their father was unwell, we returned to enquire how he was. Without replying to our question, both ladies simultaneously raised their hands, as if in astonishment, and wondered we had the presumption to speak to them! Now we are very fond of Miss Vervins, we think they are very agreeable, and amiable young women, and were therefore sorry to perceive that there was something serious lingering in their minds, notwithstanding the good nature and affectionate in their manner of expressing it. We really were unable to divine what it could be. 'Don't we look wretched said one of them!' 'Did you ever see such complexions,' said the other. 'Like daffodils dissolved into their stems,' observed the first. This puzzled us more than ever; we knew the quotations, but we could not tell what reference they had to Miss Vervins' indignation against us. We remembered what Volatile had told us of his conversation with the Durnoves, but could not recollect any connexion of the Vervins and ———, or find out any other reason why this imaginary insult should be revenged by the former. 'Oh Mr. Tacit,' said Miss Vervin, 'you look very guilty—now come, confess was it not ill done of you.' We begged an explanation. 'What, disingenuous too! I thought all that confusion would at least have ended in an apology.' We were not sensible for what we should apologize. 'Nay—nay—first to abuse your friends and then to shrink from the consequence is both ungenerous and unmanly; is it not Mr. Tacit?' We began to feel very little, and really could not tell why. 'Upon our honour, Miss Vervin, all that you say is a mystery. You seem to be offended, and to think that you ought to be offended with us; but why?' 'Are not you Tacit of the Musaeid?' 'What has Tacit of the Musaeid—or the Musaeid itself, to do with Miss Vervin's anger? We have heard that that publication is supposed to be personal in its satire; we really do not think it is so—we cannot believe that the sentences you quoted just now are intended

to apply to Miss ———. 'No! they're meant to apply to us, and we're very much obliged to you Mr. Tacit.' 'And who has ventured to apply them so?' 'No one—we applied them ourselves.' 'The least reflection might have taught you better, Miss Vervin; were we fifty times the author of the Musaeid; we should never have dared such an affront: but the same has been given to Miss ————or perhaps, they have taken it to themselves, and a dozen others may have done so likewise. Sincerely, if we were concerned with the Musaeid we would not confess it to any one; authors like to be concealed; but let us persuade Miss Vervin to view the sketches in a more liberal light—let her not divide them individually, but examine them as wholes; do they not contain, as far as they pretend, just pictures of manners; is not the first such a scene as may frequently be met with in the Square, and the second what most probably occurs every morning in the ennuyous congregations of fashion.' Miss Vervin and her sister are rational beings, and, before we quitted them, candidly allowed that they had been too hasty in their censure, and that really they half thought that they had nobody to blame but themselves for the daffodil painting of their complexions.

We certainly did not expect to hear the accusation of personality repeated; our disclaimer, last week, was written in all singleness of conscience. If people will find originals for our portraits we cannot help it: but the personality is theirs and not ours if they do so. We have no doubt that there are many foolish people in the town who correspond well enough with the foolish characters in our papers, but whose fault is that? We have no doubt either that there are many calumnious people who are ready enough to apply the resemblances to their friends, but whose fault is that? nor do we question that many conscious people will take our descriptions to themselves, but whose fault is that?—'Just hearken,' says Miss Matilda to her sister when she is reading a novel, Sir Charles Grandison, Cecilia, or any other of the kind, 'Just hearken Maria, is not this like Lucy Manners?' 'Exactly it might be taken for her.' 'Is not that head like Charles Morenaud?' says the connoisseur to his companion when he is viewing a painting. 'Upon my honour, I never saw such a thing.'

There are rumours of threats against us; besides the hint which we received from Mrs. Sugbury, we have had several other intimations, and one young gallant has been bold enough to write to us. 'If you are a gentleman,' says he in a letter addressed to Will. Volatile, 'I call upon you to reveal yourself, and I demand from you that satisfaction which as a gentleman you cannot refuse.' Really, it would but have been prudent in the writer to have considered first whether he were a gentleman himself. We beg the ladies will not alarm themselves; a thousand such menaces cannot provoke us; and while we can maintain our temper no harm will ensue, though half the town should lose theirs.

In conclusion, though we must still assert our entire innocence of any such motives as are ascribed to us, we cannot but confess that we have, in some way, been the cause of a great deal of scandal. We are very sorry for this, but we will not be blamed for it. In order to give angry passions time to subside, we shall not publish the next Musaeid for a fortnight. The same interval of time will elapse between every subsequent publication; under which arrangement, every one will allow, we shall only be half as personal and offensive in future.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lucy has our Compliments: her communication is unavoidably postponed.

Mrs. Matadore's wish that we would describe a Tea and Turnout, cannot be complied with; we have never visited in that way. Perhaps the old lady will have the goodness to invite us to her parties; or, if it be lawful to divulge the sacred rites, will favour us, herself, with an account of those eleusinian mysteries.

We must defer noticing our other correspondents.

Is it necessary to remind our readers that we are the EDITORS of the MUSEID at the IRIS OFFICE?

WEEKLY DIARY.

APRIL.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 14—*Low Sunday.*

It was a custom among the primitive Christians, on the first Sunday after Easter-day, to repeat some part of the solemnity of that grand festival; whence this Sunday took the name of *Low Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree.

FRIDAY, 19—*Saint Alphege.*

A native of England, Alphege was first Abbot of Bath, then Bishop of Winchester, in the year 984, and, twelve years afterwards, Archbishop of Canterbury. In the year 1012, the Danes being disappointed of some tribute money which they claimed as due to them, they entered Canterbury, and burnt both the city and church; the greater part of the inhabitants being put to the sword. After seven months' miserable imprisonment, the good archbishop was stoned to death at Greenwich.

SEA STORIES;

Or, the Voyage and Adventures of Cyril Shenstone, Esq.

No. VIII.

FELIX.

When happened it?

CARLOS.

About the setting of the sun—
It was a gentle spirit,
A drom light as the moonbeam, and its smile
It's heavenly smile that was unspeakable,
I think I shall not live long. I have heard;
These things are ominous,

The King of Spain.

(Continued from our last.)

XXIX.

Long time we sat in close debate,
And some cried, 'Leave him to his fate,'
But Hawberk said 'I never had
A braver or more faithful lad.
Pity it were though desperate
His case, to leave him to his fate,
Without one struggle him to save,
And rescue from untimely grave;
An action all your hearts beneath
Careless to give him thus to death.
Trust me none here would he serve so,
If aught of Langton Blount I know,
And that in justice does demand,
We save him from the hangman's hand.'

XXX.

Save him, ay, save him without doubt,
The cavern echoed loud the shout,
And when that pledging shout was given,
Ne'er were we from our purpose driven;
The short remainder of the day,
Gave Hawberk time his schemes to lay,
Who thus the expedition planned,
'Small guard we'll leave and go by land;
When we the scene of action gain,
Another guard must there remain,
While through the vaults our path we trace,
And gain the centre of the place,
Then easily will Oscar find
The place where Langton is confined;
But if this plan should not succeed,
I have another in our need.'

XXXI.

When thus far he the tale had told,
And more proceeding to unfold,
Vicentio said, 'Thou'st sure forgot
To-night our errand and our plot.'
'No, but the time I thought 'twould cheat,
If I related of that feat.'
'Right didst thou, but that tale so true,
My recollection brings to view,
And what I ask'd thee now I learn,
So save the rest till we return.'
'Captain your thoughts I well divine,
Till we come back the rest is mine;
I'll give it then in words sublime,
Of an old bard we had that time,
Who often eased with tuneful rhyme,
The sad remembrance of some crime.'

XXXII.

He canted, for rose behind a brake
To view the Castle of the Lake,
That on a jutting headland stood,
Circled by mountain lake and wood;
With ivy clothed, that twined around
Its turrets high, by time embrown'd;
A lawn receded from its base,
Then rose in wild luxuriant grace,
Of briar and thorn a tangled brake,
Fringing the lawn and lucid lake;
Beyond the lake of waters clear,
Distant the heath brown hills appear,
More distant still the mountains bleak,
That now were gilt with Cynthia's streak,
Those beams of her's so fall so pale,
Slanted in beauty down the vale,
Tinged in their passage tree and stone,
And on the castle mildly shone,
Whose narrow windows high in air,
Like steel reflected dazzling glare.

XXXIII.

Vicentio silence now imposed,
And further conversation closed,
Their plans were laid before, I ween,
And when a bow shot from the scene,
The boatman pulled direct for land,
And quickly gained the wooded strand,
Where did not gleam one moonlight ray,
The midnight ruffians to betray.
It was a grove of fir and oak,
From whence the screech-owl sent her croak,
A place of gloom, of dread and fear,
Darkness congenial hovered there.
The skiff was guided up a cove,
To the recesses of that grove;
The boatman ceased to ply the oar,
And then the robbers stepped on shore.

XXXIV.

In silence through the wood they pass,
Except that rustled fern and grass,
Or a misplaced returning bough,
Some owl disturbed or rook or crow,
That flew away (its slumber broke)
And sunk on some more distant oak.
Ere they arrived within the dell,
Twice heavy tolled the castle bell,
Those peals seemed loud enough to wake
The slumbering groves around the lake.
Then did the gentle zephyrs bear
The lengthened murmur to the ear,
That fainter grew—again it thrills,
Echoed by reperousive hills;
Responsive mountains all around
Reverberate the murmuring sound.

XXXV.

But ere the echoing sounds were o'er,
The robbers gained the passage door,
And for a single moment halt,
While sparks are struck to light the vault.
Then stooping low they winding pace
Along the subterraneous place,
Feeble and faint their torches gleam,
Amid the damp and vapoury stream;
And on the death-like drops that crawl
Down the irriguous mouldering wall.

The robber crew proceeded on,
And ere ten minutes more were gone
The deed of violence was done.
Now their returning footsteps sound,
Approaching torches gleam around,
Fast bound and gagged the ruffians bore
A child and lady to the shore;
Placed in the boat then down the bay,
They with their prizes sailed away.

As soon as this tale was concluded, the Captain started up, and repeating his exclamation that it was now getting late; advised us to retire to our hammocks. We took the hint, and after wishing each other sound repose, sought oblivion from all our toils and pleasures in the arms of sleep.

My slumbers were light and refreshing. I dreamed of home, and long-remembered scenes, and my voyage and my cares were alike forgotten. How soon, alas, were these airy visions of pleasure to be driven away by the stern hand of adversity—how quick alas does sorrow tread upon the heels of joy.

I dreamed that I walked with my aged parent in the small garden that fronted our little white washed cottage. It appeared to me to be a mild evening in spring; we gazed upon the closing flowers, and I watched the snow-white hair of my father lifted up from his unbonnetted brow, by the light wind that sighed past us. Never shall I forget this dream. Words cannot express the sensations that I feel at the thoughts of it. It may appear incredible, but I afterwards learnt, that it was about this time that my good father died. It seems to me the last meeting that we ever had; and I feel convinced that if souls can return, that of my father was hovering in the dreams of his slumbering son. There was too one circumstance, attendant upon this, which I must not forget to mention. In the early part of my life, I had been slightly tainted with the sceptical doctrines which a pernicious companion endeavoured to infuse into me, and being desirous to have some convincing proof of the immortality of the soul, I had extorted a promise, and given one in return, that if it were possible, whoever of us died first, should appear to the other, and thus, by bringing incontestible proof, put an end to further doubts. This, for I soon after abjured all these atheistical positions, was forgotten, and it was only afterwards that I called it to mind.

My father, as was his usual custom, (I dreamed) took my arm, and we walked slowly to and fro in the garden. I had planted a little rose tree, on the day on which I departed, though then the thoughts that I had left home never struck me. We came to it—my father pointed it out—it was withered and shrunk, and shewed no signs of vegetation. I felt a deep sorrow, and yet I knew not why. Suddenly my father stopped. "My dear son," he exclaimed, "look upon me." He turned his venerable face towards me. The delicate light of the moon added even an unusual softness to his mild countenance; a tear stood in his eye.—"My dear son," said he, "I have fulfilled my promise." Saying this, he squeezed my hand, and departed, I knew not how. Heavens what a chill crept over me, our ancient compact entered my mind. And he is dead, I exclaimed—oh—could I think of it—my dear, my virtuous, my—pardon me, reader, my tears are blotting the paper.—

NEW SECT IN AMERICA

The following advertisement of a new sect is copied from a New York Paper of Feb. 15.

'Politics is Religion, and Religion is Politics.
Nature teaches Wisdom: Revelation, Love.'

'Constitution for the "Union Concentric Society of light," a Commonwealth of Immanuel! in Paradise regained:—

'The government is in a male and female president, and twelve male and twelve female deliberators, always balloted for monthly; each sex voting in their own. These twenty four elders are also a grand jury; and male culprits are tried by the male judge and jurors. The females try their own sex. No other officers can exist, and no proxy work. The concurrence of the two parents, and of the upper and lower house, must always be had.

'The law is—love each other, and be to others what they should be to you, as explained by Jesus, the priest of revelation, and not Moses, the priest of nature.

'A free church, and all religious opinions in the world will be tolerated.

'The trumpets and music shall rejoice at the birth of a live child.

'Animals for food shall die by a guillotine.

'These members who eat flesh, work six hours a day,—those who eat none, three hours: provided they refrain from imported tea, coffee, all manner of spirituous and fermented liquors, and tobacco. If they use any of these luxuries, then, for each, it is fifty minutes a day added to the six or three hours. But spirituous liquors, two hours.

'This being a theocracy, the dress shall resemble the cheapest and easiest made among the first Jews. The houses shall be only one story high. No money, gold or silver, shall be kept within the commonwealth. Self-love and self-will shall yield to social love and the aggregate will. All property is in common. *Misce and thine abolished.* One half of each individual's prior wealth is sunk in the land, and perhaps one fourth for books, museum, arts, and sciences. The youth of both sexes are at school till twelve years old, all the day; and till eighteen, half. They should know more than any others on earth of their age, for the credit of the cause. All punishments are in the ratio of the offence to the danger of the community.

'No member can be ejected while he abides by this constitution, a part of which shall never be altered, but lasts with the land, both unchangeable, unsaleable, while grass grows and water runs, an everlasting inheritance.

'Given at the city of *Peace*, (though in too much reality, New York), this being a general invitation to your tents, O Israel.

'EDWARD POSTLETHWAYT PAGE.'

VARIETIES.

GAS FROM COAL TAR.

It has been found, by experiment, that the coal-tar liquor, which is sometimes considered as waste by those who make gas, if mixed with dry saw-dust, exhausted logwood, or fustic, to the consistence of paste, and allowed to remain till the water has drained off, two cwt. of the mass being put into the retort instead of coal, will produce more gas, and be less offensive, than the same quantity of canal coal. This process will probably be found very convenient in some circumstances for the consumption of the tar produced by the distillation of coal in gas-works.

LOTTERIES.

The first Lottery in England of which we have any account, was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1569, and consisted of forty thousand lots, at ten shillings each lot. The prizes were plate. It began to be drawn Jan. 11, and continued day and night till May 6.—In 1586 another lottery was drawn, the prizes of which consisted of rich and beautiful armour: a house of timber and board was erected at the great west gate of St. Paul's for the purpose.—In 1612 was another lottery, the chief prize of which was 4000 crowns in plate. It was drawn at the west end of St. Paul's.

PAWNBROKING.

The institution of *Monts de Piété*, or Pawnbroking, is not so modern as has been supposed. Mich. de Northburg, Bishop of London, by will in 1361, (35 Ed. III.) left 1000 marks to be lent upon pledges.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

In the Isle of Man it was formerly the law, that to take away an ox or a horse, was not a felony, but a trespass, because of the difficulty in that little territory of concealing or carrying them off; but to steal a pig or a fowl, which is easily done, was a capital crime, for which the offender was punished with death.

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.

It appears from 'Gardiner's England's Grievance in relation to the Coal Trade,' that in the time of the commonwealth, the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, punished drunkards by making them put a tub over their heads, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through, called the Drunkard's Cloak, and thus walk through the streets of the town.

MISER.

Dr. Laurentius lived some years ago in Leipzig. He was a jurist, noted for his opulence. At home, he lived like the poorest person, keeping neither man nor maid, partly from thinking he could not maintain them, partly from fear of being robbed. He lived in a building attached to a large house of his own, in which he had a suite of four rooms, through all which he had to pass on going out. He kept these rooms fast locked, that thieves might be obliged to burst open four doors, before they could reach his chamber. He seldom sent for meat enough for one meal, and on this, when he did, he lived at least three days. He took neither beer nor wine nor coffee. In short, his life at home was a constant fast. Though when invited by his legacy-hunters, he stuffed like a thrasher, and topped like a canon.

Under the most biting hunger (of which he actually complained to me) he had not the heart to rob his coffers of a single penny. He came to me, oftener than once, as I was eating my breakfast, and begged for a bit of roll. 'He felt a little qualm: otherwise he never, never eat. A single mouthful was enough. More would be his death. He would cheerfully send for a whole roll, but, he vowed to heaven, he had not a halfpenny at home—and it would be a sin too, as all above a mouthful must be left to spoil.' But when I forced upon him half a roll, he eat it with the utmost glee.

I have twenty times witnessed, when servants brought him presents, how he would steal to the grated hatch, to spy if they were thieves; with what fawning devotion he would draw his bolts, take the cake and wine into custody, and begin: 'Ah! my dear fellow, return a thousand thanks to your master and mistress for the refreshment they vouchsafe a poor wretch—ah! how glad should I be to give you something to drink—but, look you, may I never share the joys of heaven, may I be cast into everlasting perdition, if I have a farthing of money here within—but, be sure, tell them in my name, I will remember them in my will—trust me, I will not forget them.'

HENRY IV.

In a history of Henry IV. it is asserted that an ingenious artist contrived to inscribe the names of all the good kings who had appeared in the world, within the circumference of a farthing, and that he had still sufficient room for all the good kings who might appear to the end of the world.

TOLERATION.

One of the last sheets of the *Iris*, a German newspaper, contains a papal brief, which, admonishing M. Fesselles, a professor at Prague, expresses the indignation and grief of his Holiness, that the bishops and clergy of particular dioceses permit (especially clergy) to read unpunished the works of authors not Catholic; such for example as the amorous and romantic poetry of Schiller, Herder, Goethe, Wieland, and others!!

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Just returned from the adjourned Annual Meeting of the Lancasterian School, I feel desirous of communicating to those readers of your elegant and useful paper who had not the happiness of being present, some of the information, the agreeable feelings, and cheering reflections I experienced on that interesting occasion. The decent apparel of the children, their pleasing physiognomy, their correctness in the exercises of reading and spelling, the skill and readiness of their answers, which were returned, without the help of slate or paper, to arithmetical questions with which they were not previously acquainted, and some of them rather intricate; together with the dexterity they displayed in various evolutions resembling military parade, spoke powerfully in commendation of the master, and did not pass unnoticed by the courteous president, and the very respectable though not numerous assembly. The report informed us that upwards of 8000 children, including the present number of more than 900, had received instruction in the institution, the beneficial effects of which were evinced by the fact that, out of so many, only one had ever been brought to the bar of justice; and that the plan of education is so economical that they cost the society not more than seven shillings individually per annum: but that, in consequence of the default of subscribers, it must have been considerably in arrears, had not the deficiency been supplied by extraordinary donations.

The business was conducted in the most polite and gentlemanly manner by the excellent president, and many valuable observations fell from the various speakers. At the conclusion the ladies were requested to exert themselves in aid of the funds of the institution. They will doubtless comply, and it may be presumed will meet with success from every enlightened mind and truly patriotic heart. What, Sir, can be greater and more noble in the deed, or more beneficent in the effects, than to furnish the means of education to the children of the poor? To do this is to elevate by far the larger portion of mankind from vice to virtue, from misery and disorder to comfort and peace. The truth of the former part of this assertion was proved most impressively by a fact related by one of the speakers, that a late ordinary of Newgate had stated in a printed account, that nineteen out of twenty of the malefactors executed there were unable to read. The correctness of the latter part will be perceived in a moment, by any one who reflects on the mighty difference between the state of unenlightened Africa and that of enlightened Britain, or on the difference between the ancient and present condition of our native country. And what system can be better suited to accomplish these invaluable ends than that adopted in this institution? In it every movement is performed with the utmost ease and promptitude. Simplicity, despatch, and conver-

nience prevail throughout. The work of education is no longer a tedium to the master, or a hated task and toilsome drudgery to the scholars. He speaks and it is performed. They take delight in their employment, they instruct one another, each pushes on the rest. It may justly be compared, for order and regularity, to a machine, of which the superintendent has only to touch the spring, and all the parts are duly put into motion. But though it operates thus mechanically, the children are not merely taught by rote. They acquire the principles of real knowledge; knowledge which, as their answers to the questions put to them this morning satisfactorily shewed, they are able to apply and improve. What an animating prospect does the improvement, which a system like this may be expected to produce in society, present to the benevolent mind!

Rectique cultas pectora roborant.
April 3rd, 1822. OBSERVATOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As your Correspondent, O, in your last number, probably never read Dr. Darwin's *Zoonomia*, allow me to refer him to that work for an interesting account of that, and analogous, phenomena. The experiment with coloured circles cannot fail to please him much. If several concentric circles of different colours are placed in a strong light and the eye suffered to rest on a point in the centre for a minute, or two, and then gently closed, we behold a rapid succession of the prismatic colours, the beauty of which, I believe, has no equal in nature. When one side of the body is much tired we find considerable relief by simply changing our position, but much greater relief by throwing the opposite side into strong exertion. Also when the eye is fatigued by dwelling too long on one colour, we find more relief by letting the eye rest on another colour, than by gazing on vacancy. If we close the eyes the retina seeks relief by throwing itself into a state which gives to the mind the sensations of opposing colours. Also if the eye is suffered to dwell too long on an object of a certain colour, the retina will at last become insensible to that particular colour, and the object will disappear. On the other hand, rest increases the sensibility of the retina, as the following experiment will shew. Look steadily on a large black letter, in the middle of a white sheet of paper for a few minutes, and then look on another part of the paper, and you will perceive a bright white image of the letter, that part of the retina covered so long by the black letter having become more sensible to light than the surrounding parts. I long to enter more fully into the subject, but recollecting your injunction—"Be concise,"—I hasten to conclude,

A FRIEND.

April 3rd, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I witnessed, on Monday evening, the performances of Messrs. Roquemir and Minasi, and I was, in a high degree, gratified by the entertainment. Nothing can be conceived more graceful and elegant than Mr. Roquemir's action, or more skilful than his thrusts and guards: and these qualities, united with a person extremely well formed for the art, render him the ornament and head of his profession. He will soon I have no doubt, cause the accomplished art of fencing to become fashionable in Manchester. Master Minasi, by his performance on the Auto, proved that the very strong praises which have been bestowed upon him were well merited. This young gentleman is certainly destined, if he live, to make a figure in the world. There is more fascination in his music than could easily be imagined by those who have not yet heard him. Art and nature have combined to produce in him a real prodigy. The anxious eyes which watched his performance, and the rapturous applause that followed it, at every pause, evinced

the genius which excited them. Those theorists, who allow nature but a small share in the formation of the human mind,—who ascribe all the proficiency that is made in any pursuit, to the influence of education, will, I think, find Master Minasi to be an anomaly in their doctrines.

AN ADMIRER OF THE FINE ARTS.

P. S.—I beg to propose the following query for the consideration of some of your ingenious correspondents:—Is the musical genius of Master Minasi the gift of nature, or has it been grafted by circumstances, or, in other words, by education?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If through the medium of your very valuable miscellany, any of your readers could inform me of the date of the first translation of Euripides, it would be a material service rendered to myself and others engaged in a literary pursuit.

If also, the name of the translation could be added, the information would be still more valuable.

PHILOMATHES.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of March, 1822, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.79
Highest, which took place on the 31st.....	30.34
Lowest, which took place on the 6th.....	29.08
Difference of the extremes.....	1.22
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 30th.....	1.33
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	5.15
Number of changes.....	14

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	46.9
Mean of the 1st. decade, commencing on the 21st. and ending on the 30th.....	48.8
Highest, which took place on the 27th.....	60
Lowest, which took place on the 1st.....	30
Difference of the extremes.....	30
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 10th and 30th.....	31

RAIN, &c.	
4.306 Inches.	
Number of wet days.....	17
" " foggy days.....	0
" " snowy ".....	1
" " haily ".....	3

WIND.	
North.....	1
North-east.....	1
East.....	0
South-east.....	0
South.....	4
South-west.....	13
West.....	9
North-west.....	3
Variable.....	0
Calm.....	0
Brisk.....	3
Boisterous.....	6

REMARKS.—March 1st, white hoar frost in the morning:—6th, much rain, and gusts of wind from the west, during the whole of last night; thunder heard at intervals in the course of the day:—7th, strong north-west winds, attended with hail, snow, and rain showers:—10th, a very boisterous day, with hail and rain showers:—11th, fine day, but windy, with hail showers:—12th, a delightful fine, sunny, clear, and calm day:—30th, extraordinary great changes of pressure; last night the barometer stood at 29.95, to day about noon at 29.36, at bedtime up to 30.10; the range is the greatest in 24 hours for the month.

Bridge-street, April 12th, 1822.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, April 8th.—Brutus: with the Coronation.
Tuesday, 9th.—Iron Chest: with the Coronation.
Wednesday, 10th.—Wallace: with the Coronation.
Thursday, 11th.—West Indian: with the Coronation.
Friday, 12th.—Castle Spectre: with the Coronation.

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

UNDER the Patronage of Col. Dunne, and the Officers of His Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards.—For the BENEFIT of MR. BASS, on Friday Next, the 19th April, 1822, will be performed by particular desire, a favourite New and interesting Play, as acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, called DAMON and PYTHIAS. By especial permission of Colonel Dunne, and for that night only, the numerous and excellent Band of the Dragoon Guards, with their Trumpets and Kettle Drums, will attend the Theatre, and perform several popular pieces of Martial Music.—After which will be presented an entire new and laughable Interlude, now acting at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, called Mr. TIBBS; or, How to get a Dinner.—The whole to conclude with the new grand and popular Melo Drama, with appropriate music, called THERESE; or, the Orphan of Geneva.—Tickets to be had of Mr. BASS, 11, David-Street, Garrat.

TO OUR READERS.

In consequence of the unprecedented and increasing demand for the IRIS, the first number is already OUT OF PRINT. The Proprietors, therefore, respectfully announce to the Public, that it is their intention to REPRINT it, as soon as possible.

The inconvenience of reprinting the subsequent numbers has been guarded against, by striking off an extra quantity of each impression. In order that the Iris may form a neat annual Volume, the proprietors intend to publish at the conclusion of each year, a Title page and a Copious Index. Those Subscribers who have not their numbers complete, are therefore, recommended not to delay making up their sets.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the communication from 'The Chat Club.'—We must, however, decline inserting it, unless the author will favour us with an interview.

Owing to our engagement to the public, we must decline the very well written and spirited castigation, which 'Whipcord,' has sent us, in reply to the last letter of 'An Observer.'—Our columns will always be open to 'Whipcord,' on any other subject; and his present letter should not have been rejected had it been received before we gave the pledge which must exclude any communication, on the subject.—'Whipcord's' letter has been returned agreeably to his wishes.

The interesting question of J. H. is under consideration. The communication alluded to, by Gordius, has not been received.

Communications have been received from Mr. W. M. Laurie, —Septimus, —Pauper, —Zeno, —Viator, —S. T. —Z. —Sphinx, —O. R. —and G. P.

Letter-Box in the Door

MANCHESTER: Printed, Published, and Sold, by HENRY SMITH AND BROTHERS, 84, Ann's Square.

AGENTS,

Ashton, Mr. Cunningham. Oldham, Mr. Lambert.
Bolton, Messrs. Gardner & Co. Rochdale, Miss Lonsdale.
Bury, Mr. Hellawell. Stockport, Mr. Clay.
Macclesfield, Mr. Swinerton.

The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

PUBLISHED

WEEKLY.

No. 12.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1822.

PRICE 3^d.

VOLCANOES.

TO LAPIS,

SIR,—In the essay on Volcanoes, inserted in the *Iris* of last week, accompanying the sketch of certain theories which have been framed for the explanation of those phenomena, are introduced certain original opinions, which appear to me to stand much in need of explanation.

Amongst the minor inaccuracies, in the third paragraph of your communication, you state, that "there undoubtedly is in the interior of the earth, a large space filled with fire and water, &c. &c." an assumption not only gratuitous, but absolutely irrational:—an assertion, not only unsupported, but actually contradicted, by existing phenomena.

In the first place, the question naturally occurs, how has this cavity been formed? how has this fire been excited?—how is it maintained? If, by the term fire, is implied, actual combustion, whence is obtained the necessary supply of fuel? Is it granite that burns? Or schist? Or if, by the term fire, is signified simply, the accumulation of caloric, I reply, although by the aid of iron, water may, by this agent, be decomposed, and a certain portion of hydrogen liberated; yet it is also a notorious fact, that, in such a process, the iron is rapidly oxydized and rendered incapable of effecting further decompositions: the supposition, therefore, that a process, thus necessarily limited in its duration, should have produced a quantity of hydrogen, sufficient for the maintenance of the various volcanic fires, during so many thousand years, is evidently absurd.

But supposing the existence, and maintenance of a central fire possible, yet is the hypothesis perfectly insufficient for the explanation of existing phenomena: the non-occurrence of simultaneous eruptions proves, that the volcanoes in different parts of the globe have no communication with each other; the long interruption which takes place between eruptions, proves that the volcanic agent is not continually in action; the small portion of the globe, affected during eruptions, proves that the various volcanic sources are situated not far below its surface.

You appear to consider the occurrence of earthquakes, a proof of the existence of a central fire: I have no hesitation in asserting, that earthquakes do not originate in the operations of a central fire. For, in the first place, were this the case, it is evident that all

agitations, instead of being confined to a limited tract, should extend over a large portion of the globe. In the second place, it is a notorious fact, that, where the convulsion has been comparatively extensive, the structure of the agitated district has remained undamaged; whereas, had internal expansion produced this agitation, it is evident, that extensive dislocations must constantly have taken place; the structure and organization of the disturbed tract, must have been deranged; the "shell of our world" must inevitably have been "broken up," and the earth "destroyed, at least as a habitable globe."

The supposition, therefore, of the existence of a central fire is unsupported, and erroneous; and some other hypothesis must be adopted for the solution of existing phenomena.

P.

"THE CLUB."

No. VI.—FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1822.

—l'armi pietose, e 'l Capitano,
Che 'l gran Sepolchro liberò di Cristo.
Molto egli oprò col senno, e con la mano;
Motto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto:
E invan l'Inferno a lui s'oppose, e invano
S'armò d'Asia e di Libia il popol misto;
Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto ai santi
Segui ridasse i suoi compagni erranti.

TASSO.

One of our friends, who has subscribed to the Lectures on the History of English Poetry, which Mr. Tayler is now delivering at the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, has been so charmed with the ability displayed by that gentleman, and so much interested by the subject of his discourses, that he has, for two or three evenings, scarcely spoken of any other subject at the Club.

As our friend is a man of lively imagination, and ready elocution, he has insensibly communicated his own feelings to the other members of the Club, and in consequence we are all at present deeply engaged in poetry and romance. It was the less difficult to give this direction to our studies and conversation, as two or three of us, when we were a good deal younger than we are at present, were warmly attached to these branches of literature, and still think of them with that delight which usually attends the recollection of the first voluntary studies of youth.

Our friend, the antiquarian, is one of those

whose studies have formerly been of this description, and who still devotes some time to the pursuit. He has formed in the course of the last 20 or 30 years, a pretty extensive collection of our early romances, together with most of the poets whose productions are of a romantic character. Mr. Burke was not a greater admirer of the age of chivalry than is this gentleman. He thinks Tasso and Spenser greater poets than Milton and Pope, because the subjects on which they write are more agreeable to his taste. He told us the other evening that he had been kept up the whole of the preceding night by the romance of *Perceforest*, the folio edition of which, he had, by great good fortune, purchased from his cheesemonger for a few shillings.

The reader who considers all these circumstances, will learn without surprise, that we have, for the present, abandoned all common subjects, and exist only in the regions of magic, and enchantment.

We have smiled several times this evening, at the warmth with which several points of fabulous and romantic history have been contested amongst us; but our smiles were converted into laughter when the President gravely asserted, that Godfrey of Bouillon, was, in his opinion, a greater hero than the Duke of Wellington.

The mention of Godfrey of Bouillon, naturally led to that of the Crusades, and we were detained a full quarter of an hour beyond the usual time of separation, by a discussion of the policy, and consequences of those important expeditions.

When I left the Green Dragon, and had returned home, my thoughts were still occupied with the subject; and instead of retiring to bed, I sat down in my elbow chair, and retraced in my own mind, the several opinions which I had heard during the evening, or read at different times, respecting the Crusades.

If we may believe Voltaire, the Crusaders were a band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe, in order to desolate a country to which they had no right, and to massacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince, more than four-score years old, against whom they had no pretence of complaint.

This is one of those smart, epigrammatic decisions of the Patriarch of Ferney, which his admirers repeat with an air of triumphant confidence, and which at once save them the trouble of thought and research, and flatter their vanity by reflecting disgrace upon the

great objects of their ridicule,—superstition and priestcraft.

Yet if, (with all proper deference for the father of the new philosophy,) we venture to consider the subject for ourselves, we shall, I think, be led to a conclusion much more favourable to the understandings and humanity of the warriors of the cross.

In the age of the crusades, and for some centuries previous to those expeditions, it was the received opinion of the Christian world, that nothing could possibly be more meritorious, as it respected the obtaining of salvation, than a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The world is now of a different opinion; but men are to be tried by the notions which prevail in their own times, and not by those of a different period. While the merit of these pilgrimages was unquestioned, and when, in consequence, the number of pilgrims was great, their personal safety, and proper treatment, in the countries through which they had to pass, were of course objects of importance to all Christian nations. Now the principal motive to the crusades was the cruelty exercised upon the Christian pilgrims by the Turks; and so far were the crusaders from having no pretence of complaint against the people they invaded, that there was no power in Christendom, some of the subjects of which had not been oppressed, robbed, or murdered, in attempting to approach the Holy Sepulchre for purposes purely devotional.

When we speak, in our times, of the Turkish empire, we speak of a power alike weak, and despotic, which continues to exist only by the mutual jealousy of the Christian potentates. But at the period of the crusades, the Turks were a powerful and warlike people, governed by able and ambitious princes, and believing themselves destined to subdue the world, and to spread every where the Mahomedan faith by the power of the sword. Already the greatest part of the eastern empire was in their possession, they threatened Constantinople, and the Saracens had invaded Italy. The ambassadors of the Greek emperor were present at the council of Placentia, in which the first crusade was resolved upon, and there implored the assistance of their western brethren against the implacable enemies of the Christian name. We must doubtless ascribe the crusades, in the first place, to a noble and chivalrous spirit, animating the warriors of the cross to redress the wrongs which had been suffered by the Christian pilgrims, and to regain from the enemies of their faith, the Holy Land and the Sepulchre of Christ; but we should judge most erroneously, if we supposed that the authors of these expeditions were blind to the danger which threatened Christendom, from the progress of the Turks; or insensible to the advantages of meeting, at a distance, and with their united force, the fanatic myriads who wanted only the possession of Constantinople to enable them to rush, like a torrent, upon the nations of the west. The crusaders appeared in arms, not only as the champions of the cross, but as the allies of the Greek empire. They fought to avenge the wrongs of their Christian brethren, to recover the territories which had been wrested from their allies, and by repelling the Turks to preserve themselves from slavery, and their religion from destruction. So far therefore are the assertions of Voltaire from being true, that perhaps no war was ever, in its origin, more

just, necessary, or politic, than the first crusade.

Nor were the consequences of the crusades, generally speaking, less beneficial to Europe, than the causes from which they sprung were just and politic. Their first objects—the conquest of the Holy Land, and the preservation of the Greek empire, were obtained. The Turks and their allies were driven back almost to their native mountains, and Godfrey of Bouillon reigned in Jerusalem. The crusades prolonged the existence of the Greek empire four hundred years. In that space of time the maritime states of Venice and Genoa became formidable, and all the nations of the west increased so much in strength, that although, in the 15th century, Constantinople was taken by the Turks, yet the progress of their arms was effectually checked by the Christians, and their further successes have never been considerable or permanent.

Besides these great and obvious advantages arising from the crusades, there were others of too much importance to be overlooked. When these expeditions commenced, Christendom was parcelled out into a multitude of petty divisions, the property of the barons, who were subordinate indeed to the sovereign power, but each of whom claimed and exercised, the right of making war upon his enemies, and the power of life and death in his own territories. Every kingdom had within itself a number of almost independent states, and every state its little despot, the ruler, or the tyrant of his vassals. The condition of these vassals, sometimes pillaged by their own lord, and sometimes invaded by his enemies, was often extremely wretched, and generally such as to render national improvement extremely difficult. The crusades had a very happy effect in remedying these disorders.

The Truce of God, as it was called, which forbade all private warfare, was proclaimed by the Pope. Great numbers of the most turbulent and martial barons assumed the cross, and departed with their military followers, for the Holy Land. Many of these barons alienated, or mortgaged their estates to equip themselves for the expedition; and others perishing in the war, their possessions reverted to the crown. Every where the condition of the people was improved, and the power of the monarch, which was then too weak, was augmented. "Among the causes," says an eminent historian, "that undermined that gothic edifice the feudal system, a conspicuous place must be allowed to the crusades. The estates of the barons were dissipated, and their race was often extinguished in these costly and perilous expeditions. Their poverty extorted from their pride those charters of freedom which unlocked the fetters of the slave, secured the farm of the peasant, and the shop of the artificer, and gradually restored a substance and a soul to the most numerous and useful part of the community. The conflagration which destroyed the tall and barren trees of the forest, gave air and scope to the vegetation of the smaller and nutritive plants of the soil."

The limits of an essay do not permit me to dilate upon the advantages which resulted from the crusades to commerce and the arts; or to speak at any length, of the improvements in navigation and geography to which they gave occasion. Neither can I do more than mention that several articles now considered as almost

necessaries of life, among which are silk and sugar, were first brought into general use in Europe in consequence of the crusades. But there are two subjects connected with these expeditions which it is scarcely possible to dismiss with quite so much brevity. I allude to the personal character of Godfrey of Bouillon, and to the influence which the crusades had upon the popular literature of Europe.

If the *ex cathedra* decision of Voltaire was entitled to credit, Godfrey of Bouillon must be considered as no more than the captain of a numerous banditti. But we have already seen with how much injustice the appellation of vagabond thieves has been given to the warriors of the cross: and perhaps history does not furnish a finer example of the heroic character than is exhibited in the person of the illustrious leader of the first crusade. Uniting great personal courage with equal prudence, and, (for the age in which he lived) great military skill. Unaffectedly pious, and entirely disinterested, it was to his real and superior virtues, and not to art or selfish policy, that he was indebted for the kingdom of Jerusalem. Such is the hero whom the professed enemies of intolerance and prejudice would hold up to the world as a vagabond thief!

Very different was the opinion which, in the age of chivalry, was formed of the illustrious Godfrey and his companions in arms. Their adventures and exploits were, for a long period, the favorite themes. The distant countries in which they fought opened new and more splendid scenes to the imagination of the poet, and enabled him to blend, with his native superstitions, the grand and extravagant fictions of the east. Spells, and talismans, and enchantments; golden palaces, and gardens of unfading beauty, gave a novel delight to the inhabitants of less genial climes; while their piety and patriotism were equally gratified by exaggerated descriptions of the prowess and success of the heroes of the cross.

From the songs of the minstrels, and the metrical romance, these heroes, and this mixture of Oriental and European imagery and fable, were transferred to the early prose compositions of a romantic character, which, from their commencement till the reign of Charles the 2nd, and perhaps still later, were the favorite studies of most classes of readers. Of the influence of such studies upon national character and manners I may hereafter speak more particularly. At present I shall only add that some of our best English poets, as Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, were deeply versed in the old romances, and have evidently derived many of their incidents and illustrations, as well as many noble sentiments, from compositions for the existence of which we are indebted to the crusades.

A. A.

ON PHILOSOPHY.

'When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend.'

Dr. Goldsmith.

WHEN we reflect that we are in a world ever variable and shifting, amongst beings whose characters and dispositions, inclinations and tempers, virtues and vices, are so numerous, fickle, and capricious, it behoves every reasonable being to study well the doctrine of

philosophy, to give it long, continual, and serious reflection; to penetrate the very depths of its science, and engraft into the heart its incontestable truths. Its genial influence extends to all classes of society, however situated in life, or whatever the character of the individual. To the king upon the throne, it teaches, that he is frail and mortal, subject to all the diseases incident to human nature; that he does not stand alone superior to the humblest subject of his realm in the wisdom of the Omnipotent, nor escapes the great and ostensible decrees fixed upon by an overruling power. This exalted doctrine teaches him to rule in mercy, and to administer justice to all, with undeviating impartiality. It learns him also, to support with patience, the scoffs of the envious, the threats of the discontented, and the malice of his enemies;—it shields him from the designs of the flatterer, the artifice of the cunning, and the intriguing influence of self-interested, crafty, and ambitious men. In a great measure it similarly guides and actuates the minds and conduct of nobles: their influence and power over those in the more humble walks of life, preponderates in a coequal degree with the head of the state, (unto whom they are required, to espouse faithfully and loyally, the dignity of his crown, as well as to be the firm and steady protectors of the liberties of the people); they are alike subject to the censure of the sovereign, and the detestation of the multitude; but, if integrity rule their actions, philosophy, with undaunted courage, strengthens and fortifies the heart, and they rise superior to every blast of calumny and reproach:—it also cautions them against falling into degeneracy and licentiousness, thereby setting a worthy example deserving imitation.

The middle ranks of society, and especially those who are in professional, commercial, and agricultural pursuits, cannot too strenuously grasp hold of the all-supporting aid of this god-like science. Dependants generally on the success of their avocations and enterprises, they launch their bark on a sea of storms, and tempests, dangers and vicissitudes; their voyage of hope is chequered by a thousand mischances, and exposed to endless perils. Should the interposition of providence frustrate their designs and mar all their projects, it would be the height of folly, as well as of impiety, to murmur and complain. Who dares arraign the wisdom of infinite justice, in the regulation of his works?—who dares to say to the burning lightning, “thy blaze is cursed, for it has destroyed my wealth;”—or, to the overwhelming flood, “ye are ministers of evil for you have been my destruction;”—or, to the desolating earthquake, “thou yawning chasm art a hell, sent accursed to bereave me of the fruits of my labours.” Such awful maledictions could only proceed from the heart of one totally regardless of consequences, living only for the world, and, as he would gladly have it, the world for him.

If physical causes produce such feelings and sentiments, how must moral misfortunes affect the mind?—such, as being ruined by treachery, deceived by misplaced confidence, credit destroyed by the blast of calumny, reputation and honor by detestable scandal, fair fame, trampled and spit upon, and all unmerited and undeserved!

Without thee, Philosophy, thou rational soother of the desponding heart, man, borne

down by such calamities, would almost, in the bitterness of his soul, curse the wide creation!—but here again we beheld its benign influence;—it checks these unhallowed conclusions,—it overcomes the rising storm of furious passion, and subdues the spirit of malevolence,—it summons to our aid fortitude, greatness of soul, and almost every god-like virtue!

That riches are blessings, under proper guidance, is beyond the power of sophistry to deny; for who would be dependant, if he had the ability to become otherwise? who would subject himself unnecessarily to the numerous wants conducive to comfort? or openly expose himself to the taunts, rebukes and scoffs of the world? Certainly no one; if possessed of reasonable mental faculties, or having the full and perfect use of bodily functions.

Wealth, unquestionably should be courted, sought after, and respected, that we may be enabled to dispense her blessings to those reduced to extreme distress, shut out from society, or disclaimed by the world;—to be enabled to dry up the tear from the suffering widow's cheek, and to appease the anguishing cry of the unprotected orphan.

It is the philosopher's maxim, not to disregard riches, inasmuch as, by possession, he has the power of exercising them to many advantages, and benevolent purposes. Yet, on the other hand, should all his endeavours to accumulate them, be of no avail, philosophy bids him be of good cheer, he has laudably exerted himself to obtain his object, and though success has not crowned his efforts, he has the inward satisfaction of having strenuously made the attempt:—if fortune has smiled for a time, then frowned, and made wings to his riches to flee away, he is consoled by religious philosophy, knowing well the various chances and changes which every thing is liable to on this sublunary earth, and that the immutable decree of nature is,—“man is born to trouble.”

The humble peasant who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, may derive unnumbered benefits from this comfortable study, if capable of investigating its treasures!—it will learn him to bear with resignation and patience the storms of life, will alleviate the scourge of oppression, and soften the rugged path of adversity:—it will give vigour to his industry to fulfil honestly and well the situation he is placed in, it will teach him to be obedient and contented in his station, will reconcile him to his lot, and instil into his mind the truth, that “man wants but little here below, nor that little long.” The vicissitudes of life are so many and various, and the human frame so interwoven with ills and dangers, that to cherish the expectation of passing through the world without sharing even a portion of its woes and troubles, would be contrary to every principal of sound orthodoxy; yet it is wonderful as well as lamentable to observe, the countless numbers who indulge in perpetual disquietudes and murmurings, arising from causes and effects, which no human power can control or subvert. The philosopher is almost tempted to smile on beholding man, so eagerly toiling to the end of his days in pursuit of true happiness, in a world where it is morally impossible to find it; the very progress of his labours are intermixed with vexations and perplexities, and the issue of all his assiduous exertions terminates in disappointment and

delusion. Where then is man to find hope or relief, to cheer him on his way, to raise his drooping spirit, and soothe his troubled breast? Philosophy will direct, instruct, and support him; her path is virtue, her precepts, wisdom; her shield and staff, reason and religion; neither the sunshine nor the frowns of the world can agitate or disturb the calm serenity of her dignified mind; she knows that its pleasures and sorrows are transient and fleeting, and, ere long, will cease and be no more; her consolation is, that there is another and a better world, replete with happiness and perfection, whose law is love, and existence without end, perpetual, for ever!

T. T. L.

Manchester, April, 1822.

ACCOUNT OF FACTITIOUS GILDING FOR CHAIN-BRIDGES, AND OTHER WORKS IN IRON.

By John Robinson, Esq. F. R. S. E.

The Mooches and Nuqqashes of India, who are the makers and painters of a variety of objects whose purposes require ability to stand the effects of the weather, use an application in ornamenting their works, which, in appearance, nearly equals gilding, and costs little more than common paint. It appears to me that this application might be useful in some cases in this country, particularly in chain-bridges, and other works where iron of a smooth surface is exposed to the atmosphere.

In preparing the factitious gilding in the small way, a quantity of pure tin is melted, and poured into a joint of bamboo, (perhaps a foot long, and two or three inches in diameter,) close at both ends, except the perforation at which the tin is poured in, which is instantly plugged up. The bamboo is then violently shaken, which, if well managed, soon makes the metal assume the form of a very fine grey powder: this being sifted, to separate any coarse particles, is mixed up in thin melted glue, and, if I recollect right, is levigated on a stone with a muller. The result is poured into dishes, (commonly cocoa nut-shells) to settle, and the superfluous moisture poured off.

When to be applied, it should be of the consistence of thin cream, and is laid on with a soft brush, like ordinary paint. When dry, it appears like a coat of common grey water colour. This is gone over with an agate-burnisher, and then forms a bright uniform surface of polished tin;—a coating of white or coloured roghan (oil-varnish) is immediately laid over it, according as it may be intended to imitate silvering or gilding.

I have had tent-poles, travelling trunks, baskets covered with painted leather, and other articles, in constant tear and wear for years, in which, from its cheapness, this mode of ornamenting had been very liberally applied, and have often had occasion to remark the power which it appeared to have of resisting the effects of the weather.

On a first trial, some little difficulty of manipulation may be found, in bringing the tin to a sufficiently impalpable powder, and also in hitting the proper quantity of glue to be put in. If the size be too strong, the agate has no effect; and if too weak, the tin crumbles off under the burnisher. A very little practice will make the process exceedingly easy.



POETRY.

SACRED MELODY.

There is a Joy 'midst sorrow's gloom,
Which through the heart will spread :
'Tis like the gay, young flowers, that bloom
Above death's mould'ring bed ;
Now fresh and fair, they meet the gaze
Of melancholy's eye,—
Remind the heart of former days,
Then wither droop and die.
This is the joy which springs from earth's poor
pleasures,
The dazzling glitter of life's fickle treasures.

There is a Hope 'midst sorrow's tears,
That lifts the unfetter'd soul,
Above the reach of gloomy fears,
Beyond earth's poor controul ;
'Tis like the dear inspiring glow,
Kind thought will sometimes give ;
Yet has no image here below,
Of all that breathe or live.
This is the brightest gem to mankind given,
The everlasting smile,—the Hope of Heaven !

H. B. P.

April 10th, 1822.

TRANSLATION

*of Stanzas written in the Prison of the Conciergerie,
by Mons. N. Montjourdain, (one of the numerous
victims of the tyranny of Robespierre,) the day before
he was guillotined.*

The time draws near when I must pay
The awful debt to nature due ;
No lurking wish have I to stay,
Nor does low fear my soul subdue :
But, ah, I leave my partner dear
In grief and widowhood to sigh ;
And tho' I check th' unmanly tear,
Yet still it must be hard to die.

This hand so warm now pressing thine,
To-morrow will be stiff and cold ;
These eyes which now with rapture shine,
Will set, nor more those charms behold ;
In the dark tomb shall I repose,
Nor more on that soft bosom lie—
Ah spare that precious tear that flows,
Else I shall find it hard to die.

We have some happy hours enjoyed,
Yet must not my sweet girl deplore ;
Thy youth should better be employed ;
A moment grieve ; I ask no more :
Some favour'd one may in his turn
Recall thee back to love and joy ;
His flame, as mine, may purely burn ;
I shall not then regret to die.

My spirit from those blest abodes
Where virtue dwells in bliss supreme,
Shall visit thee when care corrodes,
And hover o'er thee in a dream ;
In fancy future joys shall rise,
And grief shall cease to dim thine eye :
Death's terrors I can now despise :
This thought enables me to die.

And if to-morrow's fated blow
My tender mother should not kill ;
Should not my sire before it bow,
But still endure life's good and ill ;
O cling to them in all alarms,
Their constant stay—their other I :
And life for them will yet have charms,
Nor sorrow force a wish to die.

April 15th, 1822.

L. N.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If the inclosed free translation of the lines
on Master Minasi, in your No. 10, meet with your
approbation, I shall be obliged by its insertion in
your next Number.

MASTER MINASI.

From the Italian.

When Cupid heard the matchless strain,
Which flowed from young Minasi's flute,
His heart beat high with envious pain ;
He threw away his pipe, abash'd and mute.
But soon the little warbler's potent charms
Subdued all anguish in his breast ;
Love flew enamoured to th' enchanter's arms.
And owned himself with heavenly rapture blest !
16th April, 1822. C. T.

FAREWELL.

*Lines suggested on viewing some Specimens of Mr.
Minasi's exquisite Portraits.*

What from the breast can wring a sigh
Or flood with tears the single eye ?
Or cause the heart with grief to swell ?
It is the parting word—"Farewell !"

O ! what afflicts the bardy tar
With more of dread than wave or war ?
It is the plaintive tale they tell
Who whisper to him—"O Farewell !"

How friendship's glow is quickly chilled !
How friendship's heart with sorrow filled !
When to its ear the deathly knell
Rings mournfully—"Farewell, farewell."

But 'mid this woe one solace yet
Might mitigate the deep regret,
Minasi's pencil—Fortune's spell !
Might shew us one who sighed—"Farewell."

On such a portrait still the eye
Of friendship might dwell anxiously ;
And sweetly then would fancy tell
Of all that mingled with—"Farewell."

Or should a tender flame impart
Its secret influence to the heart ;
Then might we think, perhaps, how fell
The soft confession !—sad "Farewell !"

Manchester, April 18th, 1822.

A TEAR.

O that the chemist's magic art
Could chrystallize this sacred treasure,
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye,
Then, trampling, left its coral cell
The spring of sensibility.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !
In thee the rays of virtue shine
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem which gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude controul
Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age ;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

IMPROMPTU

*On seeing Miss ———, at the Concert Room, on
Thursday last.*

Though thy fingers are cover'd with circlets of gold,
And thy locks they are braided with flowers ;
Though art may have made thee repulsively cold,
And fashion submit to her powers :

Nor fashion nor art weigh a feather with me,
Thy flowers nor thy circlets of gold ;
There's still of dame nature sufficient in thee,
To take thee to "have and to hold."

Ardewick, April 19th, 1822.

STANZAS,

*Occasioned by a late visit to the ruins of
Kenilworth Castle.*

No warder kept the massy gate,
No gen'rous host within doors sate,
To welcome to the hall ;
No merriment nor banquet shout,
No joyous sound of wassail rout,
Was heard within the wall.

The court-yard and the vaulted arch,
Where sentinels with steady march
Their vigils us'd to keep ;
Where once the mellow bugle's sound
Call'd forth the huntsman and the bound,
Now forms a ruin'd heap.

Here see the long-extended aisles,
Here fallen, desolated piles,
With ancient ivy crown'd ;
Here turrets weary'd out with age
Trembling amid the tempests rage,
Fall thund'ring to the ground.

Scarce is there vestige of the hall,
Save where by chance a mould'ring wall,
Or moss-clad buttress stands ;
Where once the jovial bowl went round,
Now nought but tufts of grass are found,
And heaps of drifted sands.

This stately mansion of the great
Has borne the hard yet common fate
Of sublunary things ;
This place where England's queen hath trod,
(Who govern'd kingdoms with her nod,)
Fell time to ruin brings.

O Time ! dread monarch of the world !
How oft whole nations hast thou hur'd
To misery and woe !
With whelming storms, and cank'ring rust,
Thou lay'st the noblest works in dust,
The strongest castles low !

Manchester, 1822,

L. Y.

SONNET.

TO THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

Sweet flow'ret ! harbinger of brighter skies,
That in the lonely thicket lov'st to dwell ;
Hail, bashful Primrose clad in tenderest dyes,
Hail, meekest tenant of the silent dell !

Tho' vivid robes the gaudy tulips boast,
They ne'er exhale a fragrance sweet as thine ;
And still thy simple vestiture pleases most,
Nor can their streaks thy soften'd hues outshine.

Here to thy parent root unnoted cling—
Here bloom awhile, neglected and unknown ;
Save by the pensive bard who loves to sing,
Careless of favour, fortune, or renown ;
Far from the great, alone, unstain'd, and free,
Content to live—then fade, and die like thee !

VARIETIES.

MARQUIS DE PONTELIMAR.

This nobleman was once engaged in arguing against the late King of Portugal, on the power of kings. The sovereign, who would admit no limitations to his authority, warmly observed, that "If he ordered the Marquis to throw himself into the sea, he ought, without hesitation, to jump into it head foremost." Pontelimar immediately turned short, and went towards the door. "Where are you going?" asked the monarch, in a tone of surprise. "To learn to swim, Sire!" replied the Marquis. The King laughed heartily, and the discussion ended.

LINES ON THE ISLE OF MAN.

When the Isle of Man was a place of security for unprincipled debtors, a wit, who happened to be there, but was leaving it, left the following lines in his bedroom; they are severe, but perhaps will not be thought too much so, by some of our readers.

When Satan tried his arts in vain,
The worship of our Lord to gain;
The Earth (quoth he) and all is thine,
Except one spot, which must be mine;
'Tis barren,—bare—and scarce a span,
By mortals called the Isle of Man;
That is a place I cannot spare,
For all my choicest friends live there.

CURIOUS SCHOLASTIC DISQUISITIONS.

Amongst the subjects for the disquisitions of the learned, in the eleventh century, were the following ones; of the Substantial form of Sounds—of the Essence of Universals.

The following question was a favorite topic; and, after having been discussed by thousands of the acutest logicians, through the course of a whole century,

'With all the rash dexterity of wit,'
remained unresolved.—'When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about its neck, which is held at the other end by a man; whether is the hog carried to market by the rope, or by the man?'

There were at one time, in one of the colleges of the University of Oxford, six Physicians. Of two, the feet and breath were offensive; one was remarkably lean; two were quarrelsome and turbulent; and one was ignorant in his profession. They were called 'Plague, Pestilence, and Famine; Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death.'

DR. FRANKLIN.

When Dr. Franklin was agent in England for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the stamp act; but his answers were uniformly the same—"That the people of America would never submit to it."

After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with him, and in conclusion, offered this proposal,—"That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped papers, &c. &c. the parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor, having paused some time upon this question, at last answered, "This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there—'Hah! Monsieur, voulez vous give me de plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run tis poker only one foot into your body?' 'My body?' replied the Englishman, 'what do you mean?' 'Vel den, only so far!' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other, 'I tell you if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.' 'Vel den,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner, 'Vil you, my good Sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and expence of heating this poker?'

FRENCH HUMOUR.

During the tyranny of Robespierre, when the prisons of Paris were filled with victims of every rank and description, few of whom ever found their way out, except to undergo a sort of mock trial, which was usually followed by immediate execution, there was kept at the Conciergerie a dog remarkable for his superior size, strength, and sagacity; his name was Ravage, and it was his duty to guard the court-yard of the prison during the night. Some prisoners having made a hole for the purpose of escaping, nothing opposed their design except the vigilance of Ravage, and the noise he might make; he was however quiet, and the party got clear off. But though they were well aware that a moment's delay might be fatal, still they could not resist the desire of having their joke; and next morning the surprise and mirth of the whole prison were excited, on seeing Monsieur Ravage proudly parading the yard with a paper attached to his tail; which on examination was found to contain an assignat of 100 sous, and the following words, "On peut corrompre Ravage avec un assignat de cent sous et un paquet de pieds de mouton."—Ravage may be bribed with an assignat of 100 sous and a quantity of sheep trotters!

ANECDOTE OF A GASCON, AND THE FRENCH MINISTER COLBERT.

Colbert, beyond a doubt, was one of the greatest ministers France ever possessed. A Gascon Officer having obtained a gratification of a hundred and fifty pistoles from Louis XIV. in 1680, went in search of Colbert, that the sum might be paid. The minister was at dinner with several nobles, the Gascon without any introduction entered the dining room, with that effrontery which the air of his native province inspires, and with an accent that bespoke his country, approaching the table he asked aloud, "Gentlemen, with permission, pray which of you is Colbert?" "I am that person," said the minister, "what is it you require?" "Oh, no great affair, said the other, a trifling order of his Majesty to pay me five hundred crowns." Colbert who was in a humour to amuse himself desired the Gentleman to take a seat at the table, ordered him a cover, and promised to expedite his business after dinner. The Gascon accepted the offer without the least ceremony, and ate inordinately. Having dined, the Minister sent for one of his Secretaries, who took the Officer to the treasury. Here a hundred pistoles were counted, and given to him, on which he observed the order was for a hundred and fifty. "True, replied the Secretary, but fifty are retained for your dinner." "Fifty!" replied the Gascon, "fifty pistoles for a dinner! Where I dine I pay but twenty sous." "That I can very well believe," replied the Secretary, "but you do not dine with the Minister Colbert, and that is an honour for which you must pay." "Oh, very well," rejoined the Gascon, "since that is the case, keep the whole; it is not worth my while to accept a hundred pistoles; I will bring one of my friends to-morrow, and we will eat up the remainder." This discourse was repeated to Colbert, who admired the Gasconade, and ordered the full amount to be paid the Officer. It was allowed that none but a Gascon was capable of such an act.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Saturday, April 13th.—The Royal Oak: with the Coronation.

Monday, 15th.—Macbeth; with the Lady and the Devil.

Wednesday, 17th.—Speed the Plough; with How to die for Love.

Friday, 19th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Bass: Damon and Pythias; Mr. Tibbs, or How to get a Dinner; and Therese, or the Orphan of Geneva.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 6, by Mr. Wm. M. Laurio.

A triangle is equal to half a parallelogram of the same base and altitude, (Euc. 1. 41.) therefore, the base of a triangle, equal in area to a given square, will be equal to twice the side of a given square.
Q. E. D.

Solution to the same, by Gordius.

Let x = the base, and h = the height of the triangle; and a = the area of the square. Then, (by Mensuration) $x \div 2 \times h = a$, and hence, $x = \frac{2a}{h}$, wherefore, double the area of a triangle divided by its height will give the base.

Solutions were received from Mr. Wilson,—X. Y. and J. H.

Question, No. 9, by Amicus.

It is required to cut from a sphere of 5 feet diameter, a segment whose superficies shall be equal to twice its solidity.

Question, No. 10, by Mr. Wilson.

Required the duplication of a cube, by a neat algebraical process.

"Respecting the origin of this problem," observes Mr. Hutton, "a very curious circumstance is related. During the plague at Athens, which made a dreadful havoc in that city, some persons being sent to Delphos to consult Apollo, the deity promised to put an end to the destructive scourge, when an altar, double to that which had been erected to him, should be constructed. The artists who were immediately dispatched to double the altar thought they had nothing to do, in order to comply with the command of the oracle but to double its dimensions. By these means it was made octuple, but the god, being a better Geometrician, wanted it only double. As the plague still continued, the Athenians dispatched new deputies, who received for answer, that the altar was more than double. It was then thought proper to have recourse to the geometricians, who endeavoured to find out a solution of the problem. There is reason to think that the god was satisfied with an approximation, or mechanical solution; had he required more, the situation of the people of Athens would have deserved pity indeed."

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Answer to Charade, No. 12.

Curfew.

Charade, No. 13.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

Explore my name ye British fair divine,
For by my aid your charms redundant shine.
I am the base your happiness supports,
But oft'ner found in cottages than courts.
A chart by which you ne'er can go astray,
Make me your guide you're certain of the way,
Guarded by me you may the rake defy,
And every snare pass with derision by.
Prize me ye fair beyond or pearls or gold,
For which alas! too often am I sold.
But if once gone I'm irretrievable
And ev'ry vice soon grows habitual.
The lovely bride tho' rich in worldly store,
Bereft of me for all her wealth is poor;
To Hymen's laws I give eternal joy,
Which fortune can't decrease nor even death destroy.
ECYOB.

WEEKLY DIARY.

APRIL.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

TUESDAY, 23.—*Saint George.*

Saint George is the patron Saint of England; for this the following reason is assigned: When Robert, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, was fighting against the Turks, and laying siege to the famous city of Antioch, which was expected to be relieved by the Saracens, St. George appeared with an innumerable army coming down from the hills all clad in white, with a red cross on his banner, to reinforce the Christians; this so terrified the infidels, that they fled and left the Christians in possession of the town. Under the name and ensign of St. George, our victorious Edward III. in 1344, instituted the most noble Order of the Garter. Its establishment is dated fifty years before the knights of St. Michael were instituted in France by Lewis XI, eighty years before the order of the Golden Fleece, established by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and one hundred and ninety before the order of St. Andrew was set up in Scotland by James V. The Emperor Frederic IV instituted, in 1470, an order of knights in honour of St. George; and an honourable military order in Venice bears his name. St. George is usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet: but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting, that by his faith and Christian fortitude he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse.—(Butler.)

There were some alterations made in the Order of the Garter in 1557, and 1786. It consists of twenty-six knights or companions, generally all peers or princes; of whom the King of England is sovereign, or chief. They are a corporation, having a great and little seal; their officers are, a prelate, chancellor, register, king at arms, and usher. They have also a dean and twelve canons, with petty canons, vergers, and twenty-six pensioners, or poor knights. The order is under the patronage or protection of St. George of Cappadocia, the tutelar saint of this kingdom. Their college is held in Windsor-castle, within the chapel of St. George, and the chapter-house, erected by the founder for that purpose.

The origin of this order is differently related by different authors. The common account is, that it was erected in honor of a garter of the Countess of Salisbury, which she dropped in dancing, and which was picked up by King Edward; but our best antiquaries denounce this as fabulous. Camden, Fera, and others, think it was instituted on occasion of the victory obtained over the French at the battle of Cressy; when Edward ordered his garter to be displayed as a signal of battle; to commemorate this, he made a garter the principal ornament of the order, erected in memory of this signal victory, and a symbol of the indissoluble union of the knights.

The habit and ensigns of the order, are, a surcoat, garter, mantle, hood, George, collar, cap, and feathers. The motto on the garter and star is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* (evil be to him that evil thinks). The garter is of blue

velvet bordered with gold. The George is the figure of St. George, on horseback, in armour, encountering a dragon with a tilting spear, the whole of gold enamelled. It may be enriched with jewels at the pleasure of the possessor. It is worn across the right shoulder pendant to a garter blue or dark riband. The collar is of gold. Charles II. ordained that the knights should always wear in public, embroidered on the left side of their coats or cloaks, the cross of St. George, surrounded with the garter, with rays of silver, forming a star of eight points.

This is the most antient and noble lay order in the world, and the only one which has been granted to foreign princes. Of this illustrious order there have been eight emperors of Germany; five kings of France; three kings of Spain; one king of Arragon; seven kings of Portugal; one king of Poland; two kings of Sweden; six kings of Denmark; two kings of Naples; one king of Sicily and Jerusalem; one king of Bohemia; two kings of Scotland; five princes of Orange; and thirty-four foreign electors, dukes, margraves, and counts.

At a chapter held June 3d, 1786, it was ordained that, in future, this order should consist of the sovereign, and twenty-five knights, exclusive of the sons of his majesty, or his successors, who have been or shall be elected knights of this most noble order.

THURSDAY, 25.—*Saint Mark.*

Saint Mark's Gospel was written in the year 68. The order of Knights of St. Mark at Venice, under the protection of this evangelist, was instituted in the year 737, the reigning doge being always grand master: their motto was '*Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista Meus.*'

On the 25th of April, or 15th day of Nisan, is celebrated the Jewish festival of the Passover, or the Paschal Lamb, according to the directions given in the twelfth chapter of Exodus, from the third to the twentieth verse, beginning with the words '*Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, in the tenth day of this month (Nisan) they shall take to them every man a lamb without blemish, a male of the first year.*' On this occasion, every house was not only ordered to provide a lamb to be killed on the fourteenth day in the evening, but its blood was to be sprinkled on the door-posts, and the lamb eaten by the people in their travelling attire, because it was known, that in consequence of the dreadful plagues, the Egyptians would send them forth in haste. They were also ordered to take of the blood, and strike it on the two side-posts of the door, and on the upper door-post of their houses, in order that, when the destroying angel passed through to smite all the first born of the land of Egypt, seeing this blood, he would pass over the children of Israel, so that the plague should not be upon them to destroy them. This feast of the Paschal Lamb, or the Passover, was therefore ordered to be kept throughout all generations, by an ordinance, for ever.

Among the antient Jews at Jerusalem, it was customary, when criminals had been condemned to death, to reserve them for execution till the celebration of the most solemn feasts, of which there were three in the year; viz. the Passover, the Feast of Weeks, and the Feast of Tabernacles. Then, when the Jews came up to Jerusalem to sacrifice, these malefactors were executed, in order that all Israel might see and fear.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MANCHESTER: a Poem, in numerous Cantos.

BY BEPPO.

We recollect to have heard of this author before; if we are rightly informed (*) he married a very amiable young lady, quarrelled with her, abused her, then published a long lampoon against her governante, in which he gives an account to the world of a thing with which they have little concern, namely, the origin of his misunderstanding with his lady. He subsequently quitted the kingdom, much disgusted with all about him, and, perhaps, more so with himself: he rambled for some time amongst the Grecian islands, and at length settled in the Pope's dominions; whence he has sent home whole reams of blasphemy, in return for which he has received good and substantial bills of exchange. For the work before us, though it may not possess the versatility of a Scott, the humour of a N—, the rich invention of a C—, or the correctness of a B—, still it has superior claims to eminence; and did the fame of the author rest upon nothing but this, we think this alone would be quite sufficient to establish his reputation. It is a common saying, that no man is a prophet in his own country; the truth of which saying is generally felt and understood; and, when we consider this, we must allow the author has had a very serious difficulty to contend with, that of making a subject interesting to all, which of itself is interesting to very few: and we may safely aver, he has completely surmounted this difficulty; for instance, what can be more interesting than the following:

O town of dirt, and smoke, and soot, and noise,
Where men are eager robes to procure,
As if they were the only earthly joys,
And if obtained, their happiness secure.
I sing thee, Manchester, thy pleasures, toys,
Thy women, men, and customs too—and sure
I've ta'en a theme, requiring much of skill.
My task, oh Muses! help me to fulfil.

There is a praiseworthy modesty too, observable in the three last lines, which gives an additional grace to the stanza.

Much praise was given to Homer, for being able to introduce into very good verse, the names of the Grecian commanders, and the number each vessel contained, which went to the siege of Troy; and the mere English reader will readily allow the praise was just, on reading Mr. Pope's translation, which in that part contains as many crabbed rhymes as can possibly be crowded together in so short a space. It will also be allowed, that the poem under discussion, contains as fine a specimen of difficult rhyming, as can possibly be met with in the English language. We will take the following as a sample.

I had much trouble, reader, I assure ye,
To make my last rhyme not to sound cacophonous,
Now oh! ye wits—fire off—I can endure ye,
Now all your brilliancy shew off on us;
But if you try to rhyme like this, 'twill cure ye,
And you will not so ready be to cough on us.
Stay! I'm forgetting th' subject of societies:
Reader you'll find here, many contrarieties.

* Is not the Reviewer napping here, and confounding the name of one author with the poem of another.—Ed.

We would dwell much longer on this little meritorious poem, but we fear to forestal the author in his profit and the public in their pleasure: we shall, therefore, draw to a conclusion, observing, that the author, in the short space of 320 lines, has contrived to convey the information, that Manchester has churches, chapels, and buildings, parsons, lawyers, and doctors, like other large towns, Cheetham's college, a collegiate church, an exchange, a portico, an infirmary, two work-houses, Cheetham's library, a literary and philosophical society, and a philharmonic. He thus beautifully takes leave of his readers.

The Philharmonic I must also mention.

As well as the Britannie—loyal souls:

The first doth meet with musical intention,

The other meets for pipes, and songs, and bowls;

As many others do—but your attention,

Must now be wearied.—How time rolls—

'Tis now quite late, and I must say good night,

If more you wish to read—again I'll write.

SIR JOHN SPENCER.

In 1610, died Sir John Spencer, formerly Lord Mayor of London. He was perhaps the richest citizen of his time; but the amount of his wealth cannot be ascertained: it was variously stated at three, five, and eight hundred thousand pounds. His opulence, however, was so noted, that one of the pirates of Dunkirk, who during the reign of James I. and Charles I. exercised their outrages with impunity on the English coasts, had laid a plot for carrying him off to France; but the design failed. His only child was a prize worthy the notice of a courtier, and she became the wife of William Lord Compton, afterwards created Earl of Northampton. At the funeral of Sir John, about one thousand persons followed in mourning cloaks and gowns. The amount of the inheritance seems to have exceeded all the expectations of Lord Compton; inasmuch, that on the first news, says Winwood, "either through the vehement apprehension of joy for such a plentiful succession, or of carefulness how to take it up and dispose of it," he became distracted for a considerable length of time. It must probably have been soon after his recovery that his wife addressed to him a letter which may be regarded as the most perfect exposition we possess of the wants and wishes of a lady of quality in the age of James the Ist.—"My sweet life. Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state; I suppose it were best for me to bethink, and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2000 quarterly to be paid. Also, I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works: and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlemen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to standing mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as be fit-

ting for all, orderly, not peevish my things with my women's, nor their's with either chamber-maids, nor their's with wash-maids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2000, and £200, and so, you to pay to my debts. Also, I would have £6000 to buy me jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you will pay my debts, build up Ashby-house, and purchase lands, and lend no money as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. . . . So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me £2000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."—MISS AIKIN.

ACCOUNT OF THE RELIGIOUS PAROXYSMS OF THE SHETLANDERS.

The kirk was remarkably crowded, since there was a sermon to be preached incidental to the administration of the Sacrament; on which occasion I had an opportunity of seeing the convulsion fits to which the religious congregations of Shetland are subject. The introduction of this malady into the country is referred to a date of nearly a century ago, and is attributed to a woman who had been subject to regular paroxysms of epilepsy, one of which occurred during divine service. Among adult females, and children of the male sex, at the tender age of six, fits then became sympathetic. The patient complained, for a considerable time, of a palpitation of the heart; fainting ensued, and a motionless state lasted for more than an hour. But, in the course of time, this malady is said to have undergone a modification such as it exhibits at the present day. The female, whom it had attacked, would suddenly fall down, toss her arms about, writhe her body into various shapes, move her head suddenly from side to side, and with eyes fixed and staring, send forth the most dismal cries. If the fit had occurred on any occasion of public diversion, she would, as soon as it had ceased, mix with her companions, and continue her amusement as if nothing had happened. Paroxysms of this kind prevailed most during the warm months of summer; and about fifty years ago, there was scarcely a Sabbath in which they did not occur. Strong passions of the mind, induced by religious enthusiasm, were also the exciting causes of these fits; but, like all such false tokens of divine workings, they were easily counteracted, by producing in patients such opposite states of mind, as arise from a sense of shame: thus they are under the controul of any sensible preacher, who will administer to a mind diseased,—who will expose the folly of voluntarily yielding to a sympathy so easily resisted, or of inviting such attacks by affectation. An intelligent and pious minister of Shetland informed me, that being considerably annoyed on his first introduction into the

country by these paroxysms, whereby the devotions of the church were much impeded, he obviated their repetition, by assuming his parishioners, that no treatment was more effectual than immersion in cold water, and as his kirk was fortunately contiguous to a fresh-water lake, he gave notice that attendants should be at hand, during divine service, to ensure the proper means of cure. The sequel need scarcely be told. The fear of being carried out of the church, and into the water, acted like a charm; not a single Naisid was made, and the worthy minister has, for many years, had reason to boast of one of the best regulated congregations in Shetland.

When I attended the kirk of Balinista, a female shriek, the indication of a convulsion-fit, was heard; the minister, (Mr. Ingram of Fetlar) very properly stopped his discourse, until the disturbance was removed; and after advising all those who thought they might be similarly affected, to leave the church, he gave out in the mean time a psalm. The congregation was thus preserved from further interruption; for, on leaving the kirk, I saw several females writhing and tossing about their arms on the green grass, who durst not for fear of a censure from the pulpit, exhibit themselves after this manner within the sacred walls of the kirk.—DR. HIBBERT.

THE LIMBO OF ODDITIES.

1.—Tom Coryatt, in his *Crudities*, says, that he was "quipped" with the nick-name of *Farcifer*, for introducing, from Italy, the use of the fork into England.

2.—James I. wrote a pamphlet against the use of tobacco, which he called *The Counterblast*; and which was decorated with a wood-cut of Beelzebub smoking.

3.—Burleigh, in reproof of a dilatory House of Commons on the subject of subsidies, quoted the proverb, "*his dat qui citò dat*."

4.—There is a pillar in Grand Cairo, to which, if fools are bound, they are said to recover their senses.

5.—The first newspaper established in England, was called the *English Mercury*; and was published in April, 1588. The first extant specimen of this paper, is dated July 23, 1588.

6.—The word *gazette*, is derived from *gazzetta*, a Venetian coin.

7.—Henry VIII. luxurious as he was, wore cloth hose. A pair of silk hose were presented to Edward VI. as a magnificent present, by Sir Thomas Gresham.

8.—St. George, the champion, in the *legenda aurea* of Voragine, is said to have originally dealt in bacon.

9.—Of all literary forgeries, that of a language by Paulmanazar is the most remarkable. The architect, Philander, a commentator on Vitruvius, forged a MS. purporting to be of Anaxagoras, to support his architectural opinions by ancient authority.

10.—A curious specimen of the manners prevalent among the higher circles in ancient Greece, is furnished by Homer, who introduces Penelope, the Queen, calling her maids, "*bitobes*." Ulysses associates with a cowherd, and broils his own dinner, of kids' entrails.

11.—Life in the 16th century.—"At seven o'clock every morning, my lord and my lady have set on their table one quart of beer, one of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, or a dish of sprats."—*Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland*.

12.—The Lord of Ormston, in Norfolk, is bound, by charter, to present the king with 100 herrings, in 24 pies, when they first come in season.

13.—The origin of the story of the Wandering Jew, is to be found in the 21st verse of the 10th chapter of St. John; "Then went they saying abroad, that that disciple should not die."

14.—There was no regular pavement for foot passengers, in the streets of London, till 1762. The foot-way in the principal streets, was divided, by posts, or a paling, from the carriage-way.

15.—Sweeping sickness.—Speaking of this epidemic, Camden says, that he had "observed it thrice, in the last age, rise through the whole kingdom of

England. I observed it first in 1485, when Henry VII. began his reign, some time after a great conjunction of the superior planets in Scorpio; 2ndly, less violent in the 33rd year after, in 1518, after a great opposition of the same planets in Scorpio and Taurus; and lastly, 33 years after, in 1551, after another conjunction of the same planets in Taurus, had exerted its malignant influence."

16.—The Irish.—Strato gives the following account of the Irish in his time. "They are cannibals, and feed on man's flesh to excess. They look upon it as a credit to eat the bodies of their dead parents, and scruple not to commit incest." Camden says, "They make no bones of raw flesh, after squeezing the blood out; to digest which, they drink usquebaugh. They let their cows' blood too, which, after it is curdled, they strew over with butter, and eat with a relish."

17.—French levity. Caesar says, that the Gauls of his time were inclined to alterations of government, from national inconstancy and levity. Silius Italicus describes the modern Gauls more exactly.

Vaniloquum Celtæ genus ac mutabile mentis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In thanking "*A Friend*," for his notice of my Query, I must at the same time express my regret, that one, who apparently possesses so extensive information on the subject, has not thought proper to offer some solution of this, at present inexplicable, Phenomenon.—Your's,
O.
April, 18th, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If any of your numerous Readers would, through the medium of the Iris, shew the origin of *Grocers having Grasshoppers* over their doors, it would very much oblige,
C. A.
Manchester, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Never having heard the following experiment explained, I should feel much obliged if either you would throw some light upon it, or else at your leisure insert it in your Iris; however improbable it may appear, it is nevertheless true.
O. R.
April 12th, 1822.

"Sling a shilling or sixpence at the end of a piece of thread by means of a loop; then resting your elbow on a table, hold the other end of the thread betwixt your fore finger and thumb, observing to let it pass across the ball of the thumb, and thus suspend the shilling in an empty goblet; promising, however, that the shilling is properly suspended, you will observe, that when it has recovered its equilibrium, it will, for a moment be stationary: it will then of its own accord, and without the least agency from the person holding it, assume the action of a pendulum, vibrating from side to side of the glass; and after a few seconds, will strike the hour nearest to the time of day; for instance, if the time be twenty-five minutes past six, it will strike six; if thirty-five minutes past six it will strike seven; and so on of any other hour.—Observe your hand must be perfectly steady; and if you find it difficult to keep it in an immovable posture, it is useless to attempt the experiment.—It is necessary to remark, that the thread should lay over the pulse of the thumb, and this may in some measure account for the vibration of the shilling; but to what cause its striking the precise hour is to be traced, remains unexplained; for it is no less astonishing, than true, that when it has struck the proper number, its vibration

ceases, it acquires a kind of rotary motion, and at last becomes stationary as before."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It has been said there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Now, Sir, I am sadly puzzled to determine which of these epithets could be most properly applied to the following Spenserian stanza. As a child of my own, I wish to believe it sublime, but the world may think it ridiculous, and, as it is desirable to have the public opinion upon it, previous to my putting myself to the trouble of writing more in the same style, I request that '*the Club*,' at the Green Dragon, will form a Committee, and favour me with a critical report thereon, through the medium of the Iris.

Methought I saw a wretch with hollow eyes
And cheek cadaverous and wond'rous thin,
With high protruding bones: And mo't be seen
His ghastly skull scarce cover'd by the skin!
And from his workshop, as I look-ed in,
Abominable stench did quick escape;
And poverty sat there, amid the din,
Who while the hungry wretch for food did gape,
From his ill-covered bones the scanty flesh did scrape!

The personification of poverty and her employment are frightfully sublime—but let me not anticipate the sages of the Green Dragon.

VAMPIRE POLIDORI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—In consequence of our introducing into the Iris, *Advertisements connected with Literature and the Arts*, it is our intention to add, occasionally, an additional half-sheet to our numbers, without at the same time increasing the price. We also take this opportunity of returning our acknowledgments to those friends who have obligingly favoured us with their Advertisements.

We never refuse to listen to any suggestion respecting the Iris, however insignificant may be the source from which it originates, or however contemptible the manner in which it is offered. It has been imputed to us, as matter of complaint, that we have not made a sufficient distinction between our Original Articles, and those which we have Selected. Our readers will, however, do us the justice to recollect, that we do not claim originality for any article but such as is headed, '*For the Iris*.' We persuaded ourselves that the initials only, would have been sufficient to enable our readers to distinguish the Selections from the Original Articles, independently of the other criteria which we furnished. We think so still, notwithstanding the Philippic of an anonymous writer, who, assails us doubtless, under the influence of the mortification which our rejection of his paltry communications has occasioned. We have received several obliging letters on this subject; in reply to which the preceding remarks will, we trust, be a sufficient explanation. The above paragraph was written before these favours came to hand.

We assure the fair members of the '*Chit Chat Club*,' that we have no such motives as they impute to us: we shall return them their communication; but, must remark, that, in our opinion, the reason stated by them, for declining an interview, is not the real one.

We shall feel obliged to Ybznk, if he will favour us with the name and date of the Magazine to which he alludes, as we think he is mistaken, the Author of the Lines being well known to us.

Julia's '*Original Poetry*,' is mislaid.

Communications have been received from L.—B.—H. W. R.—W. F.—Oudeis.—Bob.—Zeno.—and Quiz.

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

FOR the BENEFIT of Mrs. M'GIBBON, on Monday Next, April 22nd, 1822, will be presented the celebrated Tragedy of ADELGITHA; or, the Fruits of a Single Error. After which an Interlude called THE BATH ROAD; or, the Londoner's Ostrivited. The part of Helen, (first time) Mrs. M'GIBBON, in which she will attempt the FAVOURITE COMIC SONG, called "NICE YOUNG MAIDENS." To conclude with the favourite Melo-Drame of THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN. The part of Adela, Countess of Glencairn, (for that night only), Mrs. M'GIBBON.—Tickets to be had of Mrs. M'GIBBON, 15, Oldham-street; and of Mr. BLAND, at the Theatre where Places for the Boxes may be taken.

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PUBLISHED

WEEKLY.

No. 13.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1822.

PRICE 3½d.

We have been favoured with the following from the MSS. of a Literary Society, in Liverpool.

THE DUEL.—A FRAGMENT.

Now the Marquis insisted upon maintaining his point, and notwithstanding all his friend, the Abbé, had advanced to the contrary, still would he be positive that there was no other way of satisfying his wounded honor. 'And therefore,' said he, 'my good friend, say no more, for not all your rhetoric—not all your reasoning shall deter me from executing my project—I will be revenged—the villain shall dearly pay for the insult he has offered me.'—'I beg, my Lord,' said the Abbé, 'I may be permitted to say a few words more, in addition to what I have already said, on this subject. Duelling, my Lord, is at least but a tyrant custom, which, by long usage, is got so interwoven with our other customs, as to make it appear indispensable. But when we consider the horrid extent of this worst of practices, every feeling and unprejudiced mind must shrink with detestation from the bare idea of it; suffer me, my Lord, for a moment, to put the present case to point. This young Chevalier, you say, has materially injured your honor—he it is so—you send him a challenge—you meet—he falls—of what benefit is it to you, and what reparation to your honor, that a fellow-creature should lose his life, and society perhaps an useful member—I am fully persuaded none;—but to reverse the case,—suppose (your Lordship will excuse me) suppose he kills you! Then, my Lord, how will your revenge be satisfied?—Even with your own blood!—You might, in that case, leave a disconsolate wife, a wife who has ever loved, and honored you—your children too—who would protect them from the rude insults of a wicked world; consider, my Lord, the danger there is to yourself in this affair, and I think you will not hesitate to relinquish this odious design. 'But,' you may urge, 'what will the world say to my conduct, if I refuse to call the villain to account? Shall I not, with justice, be accused of pusillanimity—branded with every cowardly epithet—and avoided as a mean and despicable person?' What has the world to do in this affair, my Lord? Is not your life of greater value to you than ———.' 'My good friend,' interrupted the Marquis, 'I feel the force (in some degree) of your reasoning—but you must excuse me, when I say, I cannot satisfy the nice sense of honor which I feel within me, otherwise than by complying

with this same custom, against which you have said so much.'

The next day, the Marquis was brought home on a litter—pale, and weltering in his blood; he fell a sad victim to the horrid practice of duelling. A few hours before he breathed his last, he called the Marchioness to his bed-side, and seeing her weep—'Alas! my love,' said he, 'how unavailing are those tears, yet they give me an additional proof, if I needed one, of your affection for me,—oh! could they but call back yesterday!—but that is impossible. Adieu! my dear—strive to forget the murderer of your peace—and, oh! train up our children in the path of virtue. And you my child—my Edward—you must now succeed to the titles and fortune of your unhappy father,—but beware, my child, beware how you follow him in his prejudices, and customs; a fatal compliance to the false notion of honor, which I had imbibed, has brought me this day to the gates of death!—I die—I die—Edward—take warning by me, and never risk your precious life, to comply with the diabolical custom of duelling. My friend, my good friend, the Abbé, I am ashamed to see—tell him—to—pardon my obstinacy—and—pity my—weakness. I can—no more—oh! mercy—mercy, heaven!'

The Abbé when he saw the Marquis stretched out a livid corse, burst into tears. 'Adieu, my noble friend,' said he, 'I lament thy death, thou wert deserving of a better fate, for though thou gavest way to the evil prejudices of mankind, yet, hadst thou a heart generous, affectionate, feeling, and sincere;—a heart ever penetrable by the sad voice of affliction, and thou wert ever ready to afford comfort and relief to the way-worn travellers of this miserable world.'

F.

ESSAY ON TASTE.

"True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us in her works, of the Scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine."

WHAT is taste? No question has been more frequently asked; no one, hitherto, less satisfactorily answered. In our opinion, it is that peculiar relish which we possess for any justly agreeable object, and is more or less perfect, according to the degree of judgment we may employ in distinguishing the excellences and

varieties of that object. It ought always to be founded on the principles of truth; but it often proves to be only the child of opinion, or the result of mere accident. True taste is not acquirable without toil and study; and we find but few who are not too indolent to accept of its advantages on such trying terms; while a false taste is more of a natural than a cultivated property; and hence, in a division of mankind, would number ten to one in its favour. If the generality of men are ambitious of being deemed witty, wise, or learned; and most women anxious to appear amiable and well educated; so are they desirous of securing the reputation of those qualities, upon as easy conditions as possible. The most industrious would avoid labour, and the least discerning have sense enough to discover how few can distinguish the true from the false coin; and with how much comparative facility the latter is obtained, and passed upon the world. Of this foible we all, perhaps, partake in a lesser or greater degree. Like men of high ambition and narrow fortunes, we counterfeit the style we are not able to purchase; and fondly flatter ourselves, that our tinsel will prove as current as the gold it is designed to resemble.

Nothing is more common than the affectation of *taste*; nothing more rare than its reality. The variety of incidents that concur to render this misfortune almost universal, is infinite. Among these are to be reckoned, bad principles of education; ineligible company in early life; the imperfect judgment of those who undertake to direct our choice; and perhaps, natural or acquired prejudices of our own. But as the prevalence of a defect is no excuse for its encouragement, neither should the difficulty of its remedy, deter us from attempting its removal. So much, both in regard of the elegance of life, and the morality of conduct, depends upon the possession of taste, properly so called, that there is scarcely any exertion of which its acquisition is not worthy. It is a great, and should be a general accomplishment. It is only where its elements are instilled and settled, and the mind formed and polished by its rules, that a polite character, of either sex, can be said to have received its best gloss. A good taste is the crown of science, the ornament of virtue, and the heightener of beauty: if not the creator, it is the guide of knowledge; and while it refines the manners, it sweetens the intercourse of life. By its aid we elevate our own pleasures, and form a due estimate of the merits of our friends. Taste teaches us to enlarge

the circle of our rational enjoyments, and imparts a praise-worthy character to our happiness. In a word, taste is the quintessence of propriety, and the centre of all that is amiable and pleasing.

Genuine taste is the follower of truth, and the admirer of beauty; and beauty and truth include whatever is excellent in form or spirit. Easily to distinguish truth and beauty from their opposites, under all the possible diversity of circumstances in which they may be viewed is to possess a well-established, and vigilant taste; is to display a free and active discernment, and to evince the bounty of nature improved by the most laudable, because the most liberal of arts—the art of pleasing; for that taste is very imperfect which does not pervade and direct the exterior carriage, as well as the internal sentiments. To possess this two-fold excellence, and to exercise it in both its provinces, is to promote elegance, and to practice virtue; since, as *fitness* and beauty are concomitants in the natural, so are *truth* and beauty in the moral world.

It is one of the commendations of taste, that, like the cultivation of our judgment, its promotion demands the previous rejection of prejudice; that its attainment is incompatible with error and partiality; and that its essence is opposed to every feeling of impropriety, and every principle of injustice. It is on these grounds, that moralists insist on the false taste of the vicious. "True taste," say they, "cannot be reconciled with bad inclinations. It regards them with disgust, and best displays its own pure nature, by its inherent aversion to irregularity and turpitude." This property of taste, even were it the sole feature of that attribute, would be its sufficient recommendation; but if not an equal, it is a more obvious benefit that it confers, in directing our preference in matters of science, literature, and the polite arts. Not confined to its advantage as a moral guide—as a director in the choice of our companions and our pleasures—it includes or induces the love of refined gratification, the enjoyment of elegant literature, the admiration of excellence, in painting and sculpture, and, in a word, the whole circle of *civilization*, in the higher sense of the expression. Its principles, while they influence life and conduct, impart a delicacy to manners; and not only give a conciliating cast to the actions of business, but exalt the capacity for pleasure. It is in the absence, and only in the absence, of true taste, that absurdity prevails, and the rougher habits are indulged; that we deviate into those errors of demeanour, and that inferior choice of books, or company, of which our politeness is afterwards exhausted, and which our returning reason never fails to condemn.

Whether there be an eternal dissimilarity in the essence of human souls; whether they are invariable in their native powers, or exert themselves more or less vigorously in proportion to the strength or delicacy of the organs they animate; or whether the force of education, habit, or society, gives an inferior or superior turn to the mind, philosophy has never determined. It is, however, not less certain, that there is an immeasurable difference in the individuals of either sex, (whatever its real cause) than that some persons are distinguished by so many and such striking perfections, as almost to be elevated above the

rank of humanity. But, however great may be the natural capacity, toil and patience are necessary to reduce it to regularity, and mould it into beauty. But the price of acquired excellence is always high; and the mind that shrinks from the labour indispensable to valuable attainments, is deficient in the best of human energies. Nature, in leaving much to the achievement of art, even where she has been most liberal in her endowments, paid a compliment to the diligence on which she imposed the task of completing her gracious design. It is no slight happiness that the performance required on the part of the well-gifted, is so perfectly within their reach; and that, of the inappreciable acquisition of taste, few indeed need despair, who are wise enough to prize, and resolved to attain, the most elegant and generally useful of all human accomplishments.

MYRA.—A PORTRAIT.

Myra was and is attractive. Her face and person are, without any claims to be called beautiful, fully entitled to the epithets fine and commanding.

Her mind was disposed by nature for the advantageous reception of the most useful and liberal ideas; her heart possessed all the inclinations to amiability.

But the fairest work of nature may be marred by art. The tree which, in its native forest or solitary wild, would have spontaneously branched out into forms the most picturesque and beautiful, becomes a tame and insipid object, when fashioned by the hands of the gardener.

I have said Myra was attractive: of course "she had the gift to know it." This could do no harm if there had existed in her youthful mind a corrective consciousness. Unfortunately for her, however, her system of early education was confined to the common-place round of boarding school attainment. The plain and wide distinctions between mere accomplishments and liberal acquirements was never pointed out to her view; no friendly tongue was near to whisper her, that beauty which comes by chance,—unearned by exertion—unsought for—nay, unwished for—unwilled—although it may command involuntary praise, ought to excite no real respect for its possessor; while, on the contrary, a cultivated mind and chastened feeling, invariably call on us to admire and reverence the person whose property they are, because we know them to be the result of "persevering and well-directed application."

Vanity forms a considerable portion of the good and bad of every individual. The plainest woman shares it in common with the most attractive. That Myra inherited this dangerous quality, was not, therefore, her fault as a woman, but her misfortune as a human being.

But if not her fault, it was her still greater misfortune, that she possessed within herself no antidote to this bane of every thing simple and dignified. It was Myra's greatest misfortune that her mind was left a prey to its own devouring vanity, and her heart a passive victim to the tyranny of that mind.

The consequences followed naturally, and easily established themselves.

As far as regarded her acquirements, every thing that could add a grace to person, a fascination to feature, or a charm to manner was cultivated with anxiety; while every thing that could confer superiority of thought, or propriety of feeling was neglected.

But, in the attainment of only exterior accomplishments, Myra again fell into a mistake. Even here, a tasteful mind would have been necessary to make a tasteful choice and a judicious arrangement. Myra possessed it not, and, acting merely from the dictates of the master feeling, vanity, she selected the most gaudy accomplishments, and even these she put on ostentatiously. She imagined that to become altogether irresistible, a certain blandness of manner was necessary: in the acquirement of it she was but a timid or mimicking imitator: no originality, of taste or temper existing in herself, gave cadence to her words, or easiness to her motions; and the inevitable consequence was, that Myra adopted the mere surface and tinsel manner, for the real softness of feminine delicacy.

Hence her fine language is, to any intellectual ear, somewhat in the Mrs. Malaprop style:—hence her modulations seem borrowed from the tuning key; hence does she oftentimes mistake the dignity of the lady, for the sweep of the tragedy-queen.

Her "*Hoc & do, Mr.*"—when Myra would be magnificent; the air of her head, and the whole manner accompanying it, is not the simple evidence of an internal consciousness, naturally acted upon and as naturally developing itself, but rather a studied effect got up for an occasion, whose highest praise may be, that it is very like nature, but whose well-earned censure must be, that it is not nature.

Yet Myra can be natural. There is as much difference between Myra at a social fireside, and Myra figuring in a drawing-room, or receiving the afternoon visit of "somebody," as there is between a fine woman in Grecian drapery, and the same woman in Queen Anne's ruffs, hoops, and stomacher.

In the former situation, Myra is easy without affectation, and often times capable of the expression of a naturally exalted feeling. Her mind occasionally gives proof of the strength and energy of its original construction, and her heart of the amiability of its texture; which not all the subtle interweavings of the world, have been entirely able to disguise.

But this, as I said, happens at the fire-side, and when "nobody" is by. Who shall speak of Myra's heart at two o'clock in the afternoon? Sometimes of an evening, it can indulge its own bent, while its master, the head, is completely disengaged; but during the busy hours of day, it is occupied, like every other slave, in sedulous attendance upon its tyrant. Then it dare do nothing but obey the orders, and discharge the duties imposed on it.

Thus Myra sometimes does a good-hearted, or says an innocent or ingenious thing; but it is more than probable, that by the next morning, vanity will whisper, that such and such are not done or said according to the rigid rules of *bienséance*; and, acting upon this all-powerful dictate, Myra will seek for an opportunity to give the lie to her own heart, and consequent pain to the hearts of others.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Among the papers of a worthy country parson who flourished in Lancashire about a century ago, I found two or three common-place books, which have afforded me a good deal of entertainment. They seem to be made up of proverbial expressions, quaint sayings, useful remarks, and striking sentiments, collected in a course of very desultory reading. They are arranged not according to the subjects, but in alphabetical order, and this often produces a ludicrous effect, by the rapid transitions from one kind of subjects to subjects of a contrary description. If you think they will be conducive in the least to the amusement of your readers, I shall send you occasionally a few extracts, of which you will be pleased to accept of the following as a specimen.

I am, &c. INDEX.

SCRAFFANA.

No. I.

Anger is ye eclipse and interregnum of reason.
 As ye good man saith so say we;
 But as the good woman saith, so it must be.
 A man will dy of ye physick for fear that ye physick do not work.
 An angry person never wants woe.
 As sure as God is in Gloucestershire.
 All goes down guttur-lane.
 As wise as the man of Gotham.
 Atheniensis was contra totum mundum.
 Altera pars vivit, manet et pars altera tellus.
 Argumt bad, like a wooden legge wch is used in a lame cause, for want of a better.
 Ambition among the heathen to derive their arts from some of their Gods.
 Adam never look'd towards Eden without tears.
 Adrian IV. the only English Pope.
 Alas, alas, poor Prince Leo.
 Amor pes Animæ.
 Alexander kept hope for himself, when he gave largely to his military captains.
 An Petrus Romæ fuerat, sub iudice lis est;
 Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.
 Amor civium, Regis munimentum. K. Ch. I. Motto.
 Asher's shoes were brass, but his feet were dipt in oyle.
 Æternitatis Gemma, anima.
 Æsop had a deformed body, but an excellent witt.
 Atheistical speeches, words clothed with death.
 Aliud canto, aliud cogito. St. Bernard. Væ mihi quoniam ibi pecco, ubi peccatum emendare debeo.
 Idem, ibidem.
 Anger seeks a man's own reputation, but envy the injury of another.
 An ill grounded hatred draws God's blessing upon the party unjustly hated.
 As a man is friended so is his matter ended.
 Aben-zama is gone abroad. Jewish Proverb.
 Action not good because the end is so, unless the means conducing to the end be good too.
 Bounce Buckram Velvet's dear;
 Christmas comes but once a year,
 And when it comes it brings good cheer.
 Bona dona, quedam damna.

VARIETIES.

PROOF OF CIVILIZATION!

A writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes: "After having walked eleven hours without having traced the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a man hanging upon a gibbet; my pleasure at the cheering prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a civilized country."

A German Poet having written a gastronomic song upon the pastry of one of the best pastry-cooks of his place, the latter thought he could not better testify his gratitude, than by sending him one of the objects he had celebrated in his song. The Poet was at first enchanted with the work. But O, grief! on finishing the last morsel, he recognized in the paper on which it lay, when baked, the copy of his song with which he had testified his homage to the pastry-cook. In a great rage he ran to his shop and accused him of the crime of læsæ pœticiæ. "Ah, Sir," replied the artist, not in the least disconcerted, "why so angry? I have only followed your example.—You made a song on my pastry, and I have made a pie upon your song."

ANTIQUITIES.

Rome.—On the 7th of February, a Columbarium, in perfect preservation, with beautiful paintings and 200 inscriptions, was discovered in the Vigna Ruffini on the Via Nomentana. Among the inscriptions, one only belongs to a person of the age of eighty (Vixit Annis LXXX.). Friends have scratched their names on the monument, which therefore furnish a remarkable addition to the specimens of Roman running hand. The proprietor means to leave the whole as it was found, and to build a shed over it.

JACK TAR'S RETORT.

A sailor went into a pastry-cook's shop at the west end of the town, and taking up a custard, crammed it in his mouth; 'Polly my dear!' said he, 'what may ye call this?'—'It is a custard;—sixpence, if you please?'—'Cust hard, by goles,' he replied, 'to pay so much for dividing ones teeth asunder.'

SLOW POISON.

A physician observed to Fontenelle, that coffee kills by a slow poison. Yes, very slow indeed, answered the philosopher, smiling, for I have taken it every day for these four score years past, and am still alive.

REPUBLICAN REVENGE.

In the beginning of the French Revolution, when party spirit ran high, Mons. Feulon, the Minister of War, in a moment of heat, or irritation, happened to let fall the expression that the people deserved to eat hay. Some time after this, when he was out of power, and the mob was almighty, they remembered this, and a body of them went to the house of his friend, Mons. de Sartines, at Viry, some short distance from Paris, where Mons. F. was in concealment, and dragged him thence, and, by way of punishment for what he had formerly said, they put a necklace of nettles about his neck, and a bouquet of thistles and a bundle of hay on his back, and in this state he was conducted to the hotel de ville, of Paris, and delivered over to a Committee, where he underwent a long and painful examination: which ended, the committee were for sending him to prison, in order that he might be regularly tried; but this was not what the mob wanted, and they were loud and clamorous for his instant execution. It was in vain that the Marquis de la Fayette, their favorite, endeavoured to appease them: the dreadful cry of à la lanterne resounded from all parts, and the unfortunate man was led to a lamp-post, where, after three different attempts, they at length succeeded in terminating his sufferings. When he was dead, they crammed a handful of hay into his mouth, and cut off his head, which was carried on a pole about the streets of Paris.—*Hist. de la Revol.*

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 7, by Mr. Wilson.

It is demonstrated by writers on mechanics that the space through which a body falls by the force of gravity in the time of one vibration of a pendulum in a cycloid, or small circular arc, is to half the length of the pendulum, as the square of the circumference of a circle to the square of its diameter, or as $3.1416^2 : 1$. Let x = the length of the pendulum, then as $1 : 3.1416^2 :: \frac{x}{2} : 10\frac{1}{2}$. Therefore $x = \frac{20\frac{1}{2}}{(3.1416)^2} = 2.107$ feet = the length of the pendulum.

Solutions to the above have been received from Amicus, J. H. and the proposer.

Solution of No. 8, by the Proposer.

From the first equation, by transposition, we have $x - xy^2 = 40 - 40y$, whence, dividing by $1 - y$, we have $x + xy = 40$. And $2x + 2xy = 80$, which, added to the second given equation, gives $50x - x^2 + 50y - y^2 + 2xy = 625$. Whence, by subtracting $4xy$ and changing the signs, $x^2 + 2xy - 60x + y^2 - 50y + 625 = 4xy$. And $x + y - 25 = -\sqrt{4xy}$, whence $\sqrt{x} + \sqrt{y} = 5$, &c, by reduction, $x = 4$ & $y = 9$.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of solutions to the same question from Amicus, Mercurius, and J. H.

Question, No. 9, by Mr. W. M. Laurie.

With what part of a cylindrical stick should a person strike, to give the greatest blow; the length of the arm being 24 inches, and that of the stick 60?

Question, No. 10, by Gamma.

A. and B. together can do a piece of work in 12 hours, A. and C. in 20, and B. and C. together in 15 hours. In what time can each person do it separately?

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Solution to Charade, No. 12.

My first, that my house, perhaps my life, oft defends,
 Is my 'Cur,' (so we also name those we despise.)
 My second, (I speak it with grief), comprehends
 All the 'few' that are good, fair, learned, and wise.
 Of my whole, I have little or nothing to say,
 'Tis the 'CURFEW' that tolls the departure of day.
 April 19th, 1832. ZETUS.

AN ACROSTIC,

In answer to Charade, No. 13.

Virtus, be thou to every bosom known;
 In ev'ry breast do thou erect thy throne;
 Reign, reign despotically with resistless sway,
 Teach us thy God-like counsels to obey.
 Undaunted then may we each vice defy,
 Ever defended, Virtus being nigh.

P. Q.

Charade, No. 14, ascribed to the celebrated Person.

My first is the lot that is destined by fate
 For my second to meet with in every state,
 My whole is by many philosophers reckon'd,
 To bring very often my first to my second.



POETRY.

SONNET.

I dreamed—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed;—one summer's day I step't aside,
To let him pass: his face had manhood's seeming;
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden whom he called "his Bride;"
Once more;—'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And in the midst I marked the smiling Sire.—
The heavens were clouded;—and I heard the tone
Of a slow moving bell;—the white-haired man
was gone!

TO A LADY WHO FROWNED.

Dispel the sad frown which encircles thy brow,
In its stead let a smile there be placed;
Thy beauty I often have gas'd on ere now,
And still pray it may not be effac'd.
A smile looks as cheerful as sun-beams in June,
While a frown but resembles a dull wintry noon!
The rose in its blossom is charming to view,
And the violets which bloom in their bed
Are lovely—but ah! my dear girl it is true,
That no nettle should there raise its head.
A smile looks as cheerful as sun-beams in June,
While a frown but resembles a dull wintry noon!
G. G.—M.

WOMAN.

Woman, dear Woman! in thy name,
Wife—Sister—Mother, meet;
Thine is the heart by earliest claim,
And thine its latest beat!

In thee the angel virtues shine;—
An angel's form is given;—
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to heaven.

From thee we draw our infant strength;—
Thou art our childhood's friend;
And when the man unfolds at length
On thee his hopes depend.

For round the heart thy powers have spun
A thousand, dear, mysterious ties!—
Then take the heart thy charms have won,
And nurse it for the skies!

PYTHIAS.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

Ever lovely and benign,
Endow'd with energy divine,
Hail VIRTUE, hail! from thee proceed.
The great design—th' heroic deed,
The heart that melts for human woes,
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.

Though fortune frown, though fate prepare
Her shafts, and wake corroding care;
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
Though lightning glare, and storms arise,—
In vain to shake the guiltless soul
Chang'd fortune frowns, and thunders roll.

Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;
Let sloth recline on beds of ease,
Admir'd ador'd; let Beauty roll
The magic eye that melts the soul,—
Unless with purifying fires
VIRTUE the conscious soul inspires,
In vain to bar intruding woe
Wealth, fame, and pow'r, and pleasure flow.

To me thy sov'reign gift impart,
The resolute unshaken heart,
To guide me from the flow'ry way
Where pleasure tunes her syren lay;
Deceitful path! where shame and care
The poisonous shaft conceal'd, prepare;
And shielded with thy gen'rous pride,
When fashion scoffs, and fools deride.

Ne'er let ambition's meteor-ray
Mislead my reason and betray
My fancy with the gilded dream
Of hoarded wealth and noisy fame;
But let my soul consenting flow
Compassionate of others' woe:
Teach me the kind endearing art
To bind the mourner's broken heart,
To heal the rankling wounds of care
And sooth the frenzy of despair.

So lovely Virgin, may I gain
Admission to thy hallow'd fane,
Where peace of mind, of eye serene,
Of heav'nly hue, and placid mien,
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
And strikes the consecrated lyre.

TO THALIA.

Goddess of the dimpled smile,
In sweet laughter's robe array'd;
Whose fond charms so soft beguile
Thoughts that oft our spirits jade—
Tripping light the plain along—
Hark! I hear thy pleasing song:

Ye who slaves to cold-care made,
Direful ills and woes produce;
Ye with hands to foreheads laid
Vexing brains to little use:
Come, from all your sorrows flee,
Come, and laugh away with me.

Come, we'll skip the verdant ground,
While the stream sweet music breathes,
In the fairy dance we'll bound;
By the white-moon bind our wreaths:
By the broad-leaf'd tree we'll sing,
Pale care flies on outstretch'd wing.

Or upon the sea-beat shore,
Let us run the sportive maze;
While the waves with sullen roar,
On our joyous pastimes gaze;
All among the yellow sand,
Side by side, and hand in hand.

We'll not seek the black-wood's shade—
Thither grief, deep-brooding, glides:
We'll not seek the dreary glade—
Thither madness, shrieking, strides:
But upon the beach, along,
There we'll tune the merry song.

When the white-moon rises high,
When her shade at last shall go;
First, in frolic-chace we fly,
Then we sing the vespers low;
Then we swift prepare for flight;
Part, to meet again at night.

S***N.

Manchester, April 15th, 1822.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

Mr. Applegarth is about to apply one of those inventions by which he proposed to improve Bank-notes to book printing. His first experiment will be made on an *Universal Catechist*. As a book in question and answer, the monotonous effect of the page will be relieved by the questions being in red and the answers in black; as both colours are produced at the same instant by one machine, the volume will be a curiosity in typography.

ANTIDOTE FOR VEGETABLE POISONS.

E. Drapiez has ascertained by numerous experiments, that the fruit of *Fewillea Cordifolia* is a powerful antidote against vegetable poisons. He poisoned dogs by the *Rhus Toxicodendron* (Swamp Sumac), Hemlock, and *Nux. Vomica*. All those that were left to the poison died; but those to whom the *Fewillea* was administered recovered completely, after a short illness.—*American Paper*.

HOOPING COUGH.

Dr. Archer, an American physician, says, relative to the cure of the hooping-cough by vaccination, "I have vaccinated six or eight patients that had the hooping-cough, and in every case it has succeeded in curing this most distressing disease. To arrest this afflicting disorder in its progress, I would recommend vaccination in the second or third week of the hooping-cough, i. e. when the symptoms of the hooping-cough are fully ascertained, then to vaccinate. Should the convulsive cough be violent, I should immediately vaccinate; being well assured that the distressing symptoms of the hooping-cough are checked by vaccine disease. The termination of the vaccine disease will be the termination of the hooping-cough."

A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

A strange little boy was one day brought before the magistrate at the police office, New York, reported on the watch returns as being a lodger. This extraordinary child, ten years of age, was very thinly clad, and but four feet two inches high, of delicate make, and weak eyes. On being asked by the magistrate who he was, and whence he came, he gave the following account.

"My name is De Grass Griffin; I am ten years old; my father is a boatman in Killingworth, Connecticut; my mother left there last summer; she parted from my father; he don't take any care of me. About four weeks ago I started from Killingworth for Philadelphia, to see my mother; had not a cent when I started; walked part of the way, and rode part. My sister, who is a married woman, told me in what part of Philadelphia I would find my mother. When I got there, I found that she was dead; I remained there, going about the town, about a week; I then started to come back. A gentleman in Philadelphia gave me a twenty cent piece, an eleven-penny bit, and a five-penny bit; I have the twenty cent piece yet. I got into this town yesterday morning; had nothing to eat all day yesterday, till in the evening, when I got some clams at a little stand near the river. I calculate to start for home this morning, and to get a stage driver to give me a ride." *Magistrate*. "I will send you to the alms-house, over the way, that you may get your breakfast, and be taken care of." *Answer*. "Very well, but I wish to start on."

It was truly astonishing to behold such a child perform (in the depth of winter) a journey of upwards of two hundred miles, with such a trifle of money, without warm clothing, and the snow on the road nearly as high as himself. His deportment was mannerly; his answers prompt, clear, and brief; he appeared to feel no want, asked for nothing, nor made any complaint; but had perfect confidence in his own powers and ability to get to the end of his journey on his *twenty cent fund*. The decision and fortitude of this little destitute boy, might furnish a profitable example to many an irresolute and desponding individual of riper years.

THE MUSÆID.

No. V.—THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1822.

— Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fæbula narratur. Hon.

Change but the name, and, what you think your friend;
You'll find yourself; then laugh not, but amend.

We prefer the Concerts to the Assemblies. Bad taste, we know, some of our fashionables will call it; but not bad feeling, at any rate, for every body seems happier at the Concerts. All the discontents and jealousies, disappointments, envies and vexations, which so mightily prevail at the one, seem wholly to be laid aside or forgotten at the other. There are no anxious mammas fidgetting to display their daughters; no daughters sighing to find themselves outshone; no rival fair ones strategematising for superiority of attraction; no manœuvring for partners; no laying out for beaux; no fond lovers jealous of 'their mistresses' flirtations, or gloomed by their neglect; no systems of distinction and exclusion; or if such things be they are not the bases but the adjuncts of the scene. Besides these, the Concert has other advantages, negative to be sure in their nature, but positive in their effects. We do not go there to submit our pleasures to the humours and caprices of the company we meet; we do not depend for gratification on the smiles and good temper of this or that fair lady, nor on the talents and conversation of such and such a companion: we are not there bound to be pleased, delighted, charmed, enchanted, or, what is much the same thing, to appear pleased, delighted, charmed, enchanted, for a tedious two thousand seconds, with dullness, titter and grimace. Oh! the horrors that we have endured in this way. Nor, ah us! are we obliged, on the other hand, at the expiration of a few fleeting minutes of enjoyment, to quit and surrender to some triumphant and fortunate successor, grace, beauty, wit, modesty and goodness, which might make us happy for ever. Ah us, again! this too we have suffered.

But the Concert is a garden of the fairest flowers, where we human butterflies and bees flutter round the gay parterre, and skim the surface of a thousand hues and fragrances, or rest in tranquil pleasure with some favourite blossom, and gather the delicacies of converse and the joys of sentiment, which honied lips impart. Some people may think this metaphor too refined for the occasion, and indeed, from the difficulty we had in its composition, we are led to the suspicion that there is 'something in it more than natural,' and, only that we dislike the trouble of erasements, we would not suffer it to stand. Seldom has it been our lot to gather the sweets of intellect at the Concert. Occasionally we may have met with something conversible in female shape, but the general class of imaginations can only range among the feathers and the flowers, the features and the forms, the names and the occupations of the people that are present. We look for nothing more, and are therefore never disappointed. At the Assembly it is otherwise, the company there form the only entertainment, and when they are not amusing us with their heels, it is but natural to expect that the balance of diversion should be found in the opposite extremity. But alas, how the order of nature is inversed in a ball-room! The understanding sinks into the legs, and capers ascend into the head; and the body and the mind seem equally whirled into confusion.

But at the Concert, as we were saying, we are never disappointed. We have known the Concerts ever since we ran among the people's legs in the holidays, and we know what to expect there. We believe, if we could prove it, that it was at the Concerts we first learned to be pert. We can trace the degrees by which we advanced in presumption and consequence, from sitting betwixt our father and mother, with a frill neatly turned over the collar of our light blue jacket, the bow of a black ribbon peeping under our chin, the nankeen trowsers and the spruce yellow gloves, in which we hardly dared bend our fingers; our eyes devoutly fixed on the performers, or cast-

ing a sidelong glance of immoveable gravity on the dazling chandeliers, the figurative embellishments of the walls, and the living scene of beauty on the benches; to our first parade in lapped coat and black silken neckcloth, when we had just sufficient confidence to reply, 'yes ma'am,' and 'yes sir,' to the enquiries whether we were pleased, or mournfully to ejaculate 'next week,' when asked how soon we should return to school, by some grave gentleman or lady who had formerly patted or stroked us on the head, and would now condescend to shake hands. From this period we cannot specify the additional coxcombs which every half-year taught us to assume. But very soon, we remember, we felt in nowise dashed at addressing ourselves to the severest and most solemn personages, and would perk with our interrogatories and compliments to the gayest and the proudest belles of the company. Even now we think it is something of old recollection that fastens in our memories and makes us love this scene, associated with happiness and childhood, better than the gayer spectacles and amusements which we have entered upon in maturer age. It is the spirit of remembered pleasure which rises amid all the follies and distractions with which we must now commingle, and haunts us with its secret charm in the maze of tumult and dissipation, which without this consecrating influence must indeed appear despicable and absurd.

These reflections were suggested to us on Thursday last by meeting, at our first entering the room, an old lady whom seventeen years ago, we remember, accompanied our father and mother when they first took us to the Concert. We then thought her the wisest woman in the universe; and we have since had reason to know she is the best. 'How d'ye do, William,' said she, putting out her friendly hand, 'how d'ye do, my good boy?' 'Dear madam,' said we with emphasis, and for an instant all our quizzical intentions evaporated in a sigh, as deep as the grave of memory from which it was exhaled. 'How do we look, dear madam?' said we again, after a pause, and in a more lively tone than that in which we first addressed her, 'do you think we are improved since you first saw us at a concert, or are we as little changed as yourself?' again shaking her hand, and smiling pleasantly to see how well the old lady was looking. Our good friend shook her head, and pointing to her fair companion, bade us 'flatter Mary and not her,' and at the same time found a place for us betwixt them. We sat down according to her invitation, and the first act of the performance was passed in a delightful chit-chat of events, past and present, and to come, in a flow of animated sentiment from the young lady, and of condescending cheerfulness from the old, which so abstracted us from surrounding objects, that in the centre of a gay and crowded assembly we had a retirement as perfect and entrancing as any which the heart could wish. When the orchestra was cleared, we remained for a few minutes absorbed in the contemplations to which the evening had given rise; we thought Mary had never appeared so enchanting before, and the amiable qualities of our good old friend had never been more eminent or pleasing. 'Is Mr. Volatile about to faint,' said the former, tapping us playfully on the shoulder with her fan. We started from our reverie. 'Wont you walk round the room?' said Mrs. —

The interlude of bustle, clamour and confusion had commenced. The beaux were swarming in the alleys, each elbowing his passage to some prime point of particular attraction, and nodding most familiarly and grossly to any one he might recognize in his route,—nods which so eloquently express 'I see you, but you're not worth stopping at.' Remembering our design for the Musæid, we hastily requested our old friend to reserve a seat for our return, and plunged into the stream, suffering the living-current to carry us whithersoever it might please.

The first person we could find in our patience to notice was Miss Gossamer, and 'we hope you have been entertained,' was the only salutation which our invention could immediately suggest. 'Delighted; who's this,' using an arch and winking expression of

the eye towards a lady on her left. We did not know. 'Can you tell me who that is on the opposite side—there about the centre—she sits one, two, three, four—the sixth from Mrs. Minton—don't you know her—how stupid you are—there, can you tell me who this is—this gentleman in the olive coat—stands close at your back.' 'Would you have us turn round and ask him?' 'Good gracious, no; who's that with the curious head-dress, about the middle of the room—do look what a fright Miss Mainon is—did you ever see any thing so vile as Mrs. Renyon's feathers?' These observations and enquiries were uttered in such rapid succession, that, had we been in the humour to indulge Miss Gossamer's curiosity, we should have been bewildered in following the direction of her eye, as frequently and quickly as it was changed. 'Good night,' said we, 'Mr. All-known is coming to you, a much better assistance than we are; together you will find out every body in the room, good night?'

'What has Miss Gossamer been saying?' asked Mrs. Twanum as we addressed her. 'She seemed to be speaking about us, her eye glanced constantly this way.' 'She was coveting Miss Twanum's flowers we believe.' 'Well she might,' said Miss T. 'for her own are dropping to pieces, I've seen them in this room a hundred times.' 'Mamma, look at Maria Hinohman's body—the same—the very same; don't you remember I said last night she'd have it on, I knew as well as possible,—the old quilled tucker and every thing. I wonder Sarah Jenner will wear that odious gauze twisted in her hair, it is so very shabby, I'm quite surprized at her.' 'Do see,' said she, elevating her glass in order to display her own costly appendage, 'is not that the old family chain—which Miss Garron is wearing on her neck, I think it looks better than usual, it must have been new gilt—or jackered perhaps, that's cheaper.' At these, and fifty other similar remarks, we knew our cue was to laugh, and when we had endured, what we thought, a sufficient penance of this kind, we left the young lady and her mamma to go through the same routine of observation with the next person that might accost them.

Miss Ryddons were looking about quite disconsolately. We had compassion on their forlornness. 'How pale, how woe begone,' said we, approaching them. 'Good heavens! pale!' cried they, turning towards each other with faces of fearful anxiety. 'You're not pale, Bessy; am I?' said the elder. 'Not at all,' replied the other. 'Heavens! how you frightened us,' said Miss Ryddon. 'Miss Wingrove's pale if you please, do look at her.' 'O, call her fair, not pale.' 'Why could you not pay us that compliment. We once did tell you that you were passing fair, can we say more?' 'Yes, that now they're past!' whispered Miss Jorran, who it seems had been listening to the conversation. Our attention was now divided between these waning damsels, and for some minutes we were placed in the awkward situation of being obliged to listen to their remarks on each other, without being able to repeat a syllable that was said by either. Miss Jorran occupied the right ear, and Miss Ryddons the left, and their acrimonious jealousies often met midway in our head, where they effervesced and were neutralized like the union of an alkali and an acid.

When we left these contentious spirits, we made our obeisance to Mrs. Surron. 'Here Mr. Volatile,' said the lady seeing we were about to pass by her. 'Here Mr. Volatile, don't abate me in that manner.' 'Who are those people you've been talking to.' 'Miss Ryddons and Miss Jorran.' 'Dear o me, I didn't know them,' turning round and jerking her head with the most intimate and delighted recognition. 'I do so hate those women,' said she, 'almost I believe as ill as they dislike each other,' drawing back her head, apparently with the utmost reluctance, and then twisting her neck again and nodding as pleasantly as before. 'But they're a sort of persons it's as well to keep on terms with; pray how have you been pleased?' This question recalled our thoughts to the other end of the room, and we hastened to station ourselves again with the happy party we had left.

WEEKLY DIARY.

MAY.

MAY is so called from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, to whom sacrifices were offered by the Romans on the first of this month; or, according to some, from respect to the senators and nobles of Rome, who were named *Majores*, as the following month was termed Junius, in honour of the youth of Rome.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

WEDNESDAY, 1st.—*May Day*.

We have now reached that period of the year which was formerly dedicated to one of the most pleasing and splendid festal rites. The observance of May Day was a custom which, until the close of the reign of James the 1st, alike attracted the attention of the royal and the noble, as of the vulgar class. Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and James, patronized and partook of its ceremonies; and, during this extended era, there was scarcely a village in the kingdom but had a *May-pole*, with its appropriate games and dances.

Eight masqueraders in the most grotesque dresses, consisting of *Robin Hood*, *Maid Marian*, *Friar Tuck*, *Little John*, the *Fool*, *Tom the Piper*, the *Hobby-horse*, and the *Dragon*, with from two to ten *morris-dancers*, or, in lieu of them, the same number of *Robin Hood's men*, in coats, hoods, and hose of green, with a painted pole in the centre, represented the most complete establishment of the May-game.

All these characters may be traced, indeed, so far back as the middle of the fifteenth century; and, accordingly, Mr. Strutt, in his interesting romance, entitled '*Queen-hoo Hall*,' has introduced a very pleasing and accurate description of the May-games and Morris of Robin Hood, which, as written in a lively and dramatic style, and not in the least differing from what they continued to be in the youthful days of Shakespeare, and before they were broken in upon by the fanaticism of the puritans, we shall copy in this place for the entertainment of our readers.

In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the inclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required.

Six young men first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy-leaves intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed,

Six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow decorated with ribbons of various colours, interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by

Six foresters, equipped in green tunics, with hoods, and hoses of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldric of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came

Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief falconer,

who personified *Robin Hood*; he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hose were parti-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldric of light blue tarantini, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold.

Fabian a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellarman the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came

Two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courtships, strewing flowers; followed immediately by

The *Maid Marian*, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground; over which she wore a white linen rochet with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double bow on the left side, her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net work cawl of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets. She was supported by

Two bride-maidens, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads of blue and white violets. After them, came

Four other females in green courtships, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then

Sampson the smith, as *Friar Tuck*, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris the mole-taker, who represented Much, the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end: And after them

The *May-pole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours; and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by 'The *Hobby-horse* and the *Dragon*.'

When the *May-pole* was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation—and during the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the inclosure were opened for the villagers to approach, and adorn it with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them.

The pole being sufficiently ornamented with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant; and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The woodmen and the milk-maidens danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief minstrel, on the bagpipes, accompanied with the pipe and tabour, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory the jester, who undertook to play the hobby-horse, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and, frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the

spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a dragon, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of Much, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the inclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the mean time, Sampson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a *pater-noster* or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time: but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back: the well-nurtured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example; which concluded this part of the pastime.

Then the archers set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades: and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again; when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest.

The pageant was finished with the archery; and the procession began to move away, to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the *May-pole* in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom.

There is a singular species of festivity at *Padstow* in Cornwall, on the 1st of May. This is called the *Hobby-horse*; from canvass being extended with hoops, and painted to resemble a horse. Being carried through the street, men, women, and children, flock round it, when they proceed to a place called *Triber-pool*, about a quarter of a mile distant, in which the hobby-horse is always supposed to drink; when the head being dipped into the water, is instantly taken up, and the mud and water are sprinkled on the spectators, to the no small diversion of all. On returning home, a particular song is sung, that is supposed to commemorate the event that gave the hobby-horse birth. According to tradition, the French on a former occasion effected a landing at a small cove in the vicinity; but seeing at a distance a number of women dressed in red cloaks, which they mistook for soldiers, they fled to their ships, and put to sea. The day

generally ends in riot and dissipation.—(*Hitchin's History of Cornwall.*)

WEDNESDAY, 1.—*Saint Philip and Saint James the Less.*

Philip was born at Bethsaida, near the sea of Tiberias, the city of Andrew and Peter. Of his parents and trade the Gospel takes no notice; though he was, most probably, a fisherman. James the Less, called also *James the Just*, and, by the apostle Paul, *James*, the Lord's brother, was the son of Joseph, afterwards husband to the Virgin Mary, as is probable by his first wife. The first of these martyrs was stoned to death, and the second, having been thrown from a high place, was killed by a fuller's staff.

FRIDAY, 3.—*Invention of the Cross.*

The Romish church celebrates this day as a festival, to commemorate the *invention* or finding of a wooden cross, supposed to be the true one, by Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.

SATURDAY, 4.—*Ascension Day.*

From the earliest times, this day was set apart to commemorate our Saviour's ascension into heaven; and all processions on this, and the preceding rogation days, were abolished at the reformation. In London, on this day, the minister, accompanied by the churchwardens, and a number of boys, with wands, walk in procession, and beat the bounds of the parish. But this is not always practised, nor in every year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR:

SIR,—I have, as long as I can recollect, been much addicted to riddles, and fond of searching for meanings which have been ingeniously rendered mysterious. In these amusing researches much practice has rendered me usually successful; but there are cases, in which I purpose to request, at intervals, the assistance of your correspondents, which have hitherto baffled all my sagacity. In the number, is the Epitaph* inscribed upon the tomb of the late Mr. Goward; for a rational explanation of which, I should be obliged to any of your readers.

A MANCUNIAN.

April, 22nd, 1822.

* The Epitaph to which our correspondent alludes, is inscribed on the tomb, erected in the grave-yard of the Chapel, in King-street, Salford, and is as follows:—'All feared—none loved—and few understood.'—ED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was rather surprised at the reply of your correspondent, 'O,' and thought of passing it over unnoticed, but have since determined to address you once more, on this interesting subject. If 'O' is as ignorant in these matters as he pretends to appear; my note might have been sufficient, at least, it ought to have suggested to him the propriety of making himself acquainted with analogous phenomena, before demanding the explanation of, what he calls, an 'inexplicable phenomenon.' But if, as I suspect, he is deeply versed in these things, his query is captious, and unworthy of its author. However, as I may mistake my man, I humbly ask his pardon, and in perfect good humour, will now say a few words more in illustration, though I do not possess so extensive information on the subject as he jeeringly pretends.

I can assure him to enter fully into the subject would require several whole numbers of the Iris.

He says, (page 72) 'I closed my eyes a second time, and found the sun's image, which was before of a brilliant red colour, now tinged with yellow: I repeated the experiment, and found the image to assume successively the prismatic colours; passing from red to a deep violet.'—I will be bold to say I do not think the Phenomenon quite correctly stated, for in no case have I seen the spectra appear in the order of the colours, red, orange, yellow, &c. in all instances the colour of a spectrum has been the reverse of that which preceded it, unless mixed with extraneous colour. What explanation does 'O' wish for? Does he wish me to show him how the spasmodic motions were produced in the optic nerve? If so, his query, I conceive, will remain unanswered for ever. As well might he enquire how the liver secretes bile? what is sensation? what is thought? But if he merely wishes to know why the spectra were produced, the following I offer as my opinion. This property of the retina is a scheme of nature's to diminish the pain which attends a sudden change from light to darkness, and to restore the nerve to its pristine vigour sooner than it can be done by rest alone.

1st, If we gaze steadily on the setting sun, which is yellow or red, for a certain time, and then close the eyes, a direct or yellow spectrum of the sun will be seen. 2ndly, If we fix our eyes a still longer period on the luminary, the spectrum will be inverse, viz. blue. These phenomena may be illustrated by innumerable analogies. During that state of the body called sleep, in which volition is suspended, when one set of muscles are fatigued, the antagonist muscles exert themselves, and change the position of the body. Some persons are known to raise their knees in their sleep, and when tired of that posture to suddenly extend their legs again, so as to throw off the bed-cloaths.—Uncomfortable bedfellows! Also slight grief is mostly expressed by sighs and tears, but great grief frequently by violent fits of laughter.

If 'O' wishes to be told why the spectrum assumed all the prismatic colours, I thus explain it. Having looked a considerable time on the sun, that power by which the retina distinguishes yellow light was almost suspended. The nerve having suffered so severely, spontaneously fell into a spasm, or opposite sort of action, and produced a blue spectrum. This spectrum having ceased, the retina being considerably relieved, the next spasmodic action would not be so opposite, it would be green; and so of the rest. The spectrum continuing to recur till it had worn away the painful impression of the sun.

Before concluding, I must just observe that these delicate experiments ought to be made with every precaution, if we wish to obtain an uniform result.* If 'O' will take the trouble to make another trial, and vary the light admitted to the eyes, after gazing on the sun, he will find the result to be different. He will be amply repaid for his trouble in courting a closer acquaintance with these delicate and beautiful phenomena.

Pendleton, April 23rd; 1822.

A FRIEND.

* Had another Querist (O. R. page 96) made one experiment with sufficient attention, he would not have been puzzled with the thing. I had never heard of it before, therefore thought it worth a trial, in making which, its fallacy was instantly apparent. I found it would also tell the number of fingers on one hand, the days in a week, months in a year, &c. It may however serve to show the power of the human mind in colouring objects. Well may rival beauties think each other so ugly and unamiable.

VOLCANOES.

TO "P,"

SIR,—I was surprised on perusing the first part of your communication, to see that you treated the idea of subterranean fire and waters, as irrational, and unsupported by fact; for I always thought they had been

such generally received opinions, that they would not have been disputed.

You ask how a cavity came to be formed in the interior of the earth? yet, you must be aware, no positive answer can be given to your question, as Moses, from whom we have all the information we are possessed of on the subject, does not undertake to tell us how God created the earth hollow, i. e. what cause he employed to produce that effect, but satisfies himself with saying it was "without form and void," which is commonly defined, empty, hollow; the idea of a subterranean cavity is, therefore, perfectly agreeable to scripture, and Mr. Whiston in his theory, Keil in his remarks on the same, Penrose in his letters, and, I believe, most who have written on the subject consider it in the same light. In proof, however, of the existence of a central fire, (*observes*, I here mean a simple accumulation of caloric, not actual combustion), some facts may be adduced of which I shall mention one. It invariably happens, that on descending deep into the earth, by a well, mine, or otherwise, you feel the air sensibly heated, which heat increases as you get further from the surface, till at last it becomes so oppressive as to hinder breathing, and the air is so rarefied that it will not support combustion; now, without the supposition of a central fire, how is this fact to be accounted for? and respecting subterranean waters, without allowing their existence, I think, you cannot well account for the quick disappearing of that immense mass of fluid which caused the deluge, a column whose altitude was 15 cubits. (22 feet) above the summit of the highest mountain in the world, could neither be supported in the air as clouds, nor be imbibed by the earth; therefore, some receptacle must be allowed, and what is more proper than a subterranean one?

You say, it is a notorious fact, that iron, in the decomposition of water, becomes rapidly oxydized, and, therefore, incapable of further decomposition; but you should consider, it is a fact, equally as notorious, that, after a certain degree of temperature, the oxygen contained in any metallic oxyde, has a stronger affinity for caloric than for the metal, and escapes in the form of gas, and though chymists have not yet been able, by the heat of their furnaces, to reduce oxyde of iron without any mixture, from its strong affinity to oxygen, yet we may reason from analogy; and as mercury, manganese, &c. part with their oxygen, by a simple increase of temperature, we may conclude, that iron, in the intense heat of the subterranean regions, would do the same, and become again able to decompose water.

I cannot see how the non-occurrence of simultaneous eruptions proves, that volcanoes have no connexion, or, that the length of time, which elapses between each eruption, proves the volcanic agent is not always active; if a central fire be allowed, one part of such an immense globe of caloric might be hotter and more expanded than another, and that heat, or expansion, might feed a volcano, or cause an earthquake at Naples, without extending itself to its antipodes; and I think, the non-continuance of volcanic fires, merely proves the agent is not always in a state of activity, intense enough to manifest itself in such a violent manner.

You say, earthquakes cannot be occasioned by a central fire, because they are so limited in their extent; now, it appears to me, that if the accumulation of heat were greater under England than elsewhere, such is the natural repulsion of caloric, that, instead of becoming gradually of an uniform temperature, it would produce a violent expansion or earthquake, which would affect England principally, and might be felt on the shores of the neighbouring countries; but, I think, if you will consult the account of any earthquakes, you will find they have not been so confined in their operations as you seem to suppose. In your next paragraph, you allow that earthquakes have been sometimes "comparatively extensive," but then you say, had they been produced by a central fire, the structure of the earth should have been more disturbed than it was; but if you will give the subject a little consideration, I think you will find, that, instead of several violent dislocations, that part of the earth

affected, was more likely to have become convex (outwardly,) by reason of the expansion, which convexity would increase until the earth burst, and when a vent was thus given to the superabundant heat, there would have been no occasion for such dialogues as you speak of.

LAPIS.

Manchester, April 24th, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The drama is generally acknowledged to be the most rational and delightful amusement; the most conducive to the practice of virtue, by the lessons it inculcates, of any that has yet been invented for public entertainment; it is, therefore, always considered a subject of sufficient importance, to occupy a conspicuous place in a publication like the present. Theatrical Criticism, (especially if it be local) is read with some interest by those who do not frequent the theatre, while to the play-goer it is ever the most attractive article. It is to be regretted, that such critiques are too frequently dictated by prejudice, or indiscriminating partiality—that censure often proceeds from personal enmity, and praise sometimes emanates from the individual object of it, and (not seldom) from managerial policy.

The ill-success of the drama, of late years, in this large, populous, and wealthy town, has occasioned much surprise to persons who, through ignorance or inattention to the subject, have not attributed it to its right cause. To all who can form a right estimate of theatrical requisites, the cause must be sufficiently obvious, namely, *an annual falling-off of talent, each year producing a worse company than the preceding.* Surely the managers will, at length, open their eyes to their interest, and, not only effect an alteration in the company, (which it is understood they are about to do) but will be careful to provide better performers.

From the change which, according to report, they have already resolved upon, I anticipate no very considerable acquisition of strength, at least, the small quantity of genuine ore which the company at present possesses, will be expelled, to make room for that which (whatever its value) has been elsewhere rejected, while much of the present dross will be suffered to remain. It was my misfortune, the other evening, to witness the play of the Castle Spectre. In most of the characters scarce a line of the author could be traced. I had not seen the play for upwards of fifteen years. On its first introduction, I repeatedly witnessed its representation in a small provincial theatre, and always with pleasure. It was gotten up with greater scenic effect, and far more talent, than its late performance here displayed. There, for instance, the armoury scene was what the author designed it to be. Agreeably to the stage-direction, there were several suits of armour arranged on both sides upon pedestals, with the names of the possessors written under each, the whole producing a grand and pleasing effect. Here, there was a single pedestal, and upon that pedestal Mr. Bass stood, after Mr. Rees had equipped him in something which served as an apology for armour—but why he was so equipped, and for what purpose he stood upon the pedestal, those who had not read or seen the play before, had no opportunity of conjecturing from the intolerable mutilation of the dialogue. The oratory scene, too, was a splendid one in the little theatre I have alluded to. An elegant female figure, with white and flowing robes, was discovered standing at an altar, on which was a crucifix and an open book. On her retiring, after performing the necessary action in front, the oratory became suddenly illuminated, and a loud swell of an organ was heard. Here there was no crucifix—no book—no illumination! There was an organ-swell indeed, and a fine swell it was! owing, I suppose, to the laziness or inability of the bellows-blower, it grated on the ear like the choked vociferation of a man struggling with

a night-mare. The ghost too! who ever associated the idea of corpulence, with the 'spirit of Evelina?' yet Mrs. Moreton was the spectre!

Of the comparative merits of Mr. Salter and Mr. Vandenhoff, his expected successor, it is not to my present purpose to speak.

I have no doubt, that by a judicious alteration in the company, and by better attention to the scenic department, the managers would promote their real interest, and seldom have to complain of an empty house. I would suggest too, the propriety of their taking half-price at the end of the third act, in conformity with the general custom throughout the kingdom, and in the metropolitan theatres. The reasons in support of such an arrangement are too obvious to need explaining; the arguments which may be used against it, are too light to counterbalance those which may justly be urged in its favor. I have no hesitation in giving it as my opinion, (and it is the opinion also of most with whom I have conversed on the subject), that the managers would find their treasury benefitted by it.

MERCUTIO.

Manchester, April 24th, 1822.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, April 22nd.—For the Benefit of Mrs. M'Gibbon: Adelphi; The Bath Road; and The Warlock of the Glen.

Wednesday, 24th.—Adrian and Orilla; with X. Y. Z.

Friday, 26th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Andrews: Ivanhoe; The Promissory Note; and A Roland for an Oliver.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dramaticus is informed, that if he will considerably curtail his remarks they shall be inserted: they would at least occupy one page of our work, which is more space than we like to devote, at one time, to the subject.

The Essay, by *Vindex*, has been received; but it is, we think, unfit for publication in its present state.

We have received, from "A Constant Reader," a letter respecting a nefarious action. We should be glad to have an interview with the writer before the letter is inserted. The case is deserving of exposure.

We apologize to *S—*, for having omitted to acknowledge, in our last, the receipt of his first letter. It was mislaid at the time of writing our notices. He will, it is hoped, excuse the alterations we have made.

Mercutio will perceive that we have taken a little liberty with his letter, which, in its original state, was much too long for our publication.

We approve of *Julia's* choice, but we do not admire her poetry.

Ybsak is informed, that the lines to which he alludes, were not handed to us as original; we misunderstood the author.

A Correspondent wishes to be informed,—"From where is procured the immense supply of *White Sand* used for household purposes in Manchester and neighbourhood—the method of procuring it, and the supposed quantity?"

Communications have also been received from 'No Gull,' of Stockport.—A Well-wisher.—Ophelia.—Juvenis.—Grotius.—J. B. jun.—Syphax.—Censor.—L. N.—A. F. X.—J. W. B. and A..

ERRATA.—Our readers are requested to correct an error in the second line of the verses on seeing Mr. Minasi's exhibition of paintings. "Single eye," ought to be "tender eye."

THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

MR. SALTER, impressed with feelings of the greatest respect and gratitude to his Patrons, the Inhabitants of Manchester and Vicinity, for their continued kindness and support, begs leave to announce that his BENEFIT is appointed for Monday, April 29th, when will be acted (first time this season) the Tragedy of VIRGINIUS. Virginus, by MR. SALTER, his first appearance in that character. The Gentlemen composing the Manchester Military Band, have kindly offered their services on this occasion, and will perform several admired Pieces of Music, in the course of the evening. After the Tragedy will be performed an interlude called the RENDEZVOUS. MR. SALTER will then have the honor to deliver his FAREWELL ADDRESS. The evening's entertainments will conclude with the Melo-Drama of ELLA ROSENBERG.—Tickets may be had of Mr. SALTER, at Mrs. Edge's Library, King-street; and Tickets and Places may be taken of Mr. ELAND, at the Box-office of the Theatre.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

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"THE CLUB."

No. VII.—FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1822.

When life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis Woman, whose sweetness beamed
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, Woman!

MOORE.

THE case of an anonymous writer is rather hard, as respects the topics upon which he writes; since he is often criticised and complained of rather on subjects to which he does not advert, than on those which compose his speculations.

It has, for example, been imagined, from our silence on the subject, that we are indifferent about the fair sex; but this notion has been very erroneously formed, since we can assure our readers, that the ladies are not spoken of with greater respect any where, than at the Green Dragon. No persons can entertain a higher regard for the best parts of the female character than we; and we perfectly concur with a celebrated Metropolitan Lecturer in thinking that, in all cases where females can, with propriety, be introduced, their presence serves as a powerful stimulus to exertion, and their applause is, by no means, a trifling reward. We have, indeed, often lamented the existence of the circumstances, which exclude them from the Club. A sensible man can find, on this side of the grave, few purer and more refined pleasures than the company of an elegant and accomplished female; and the Turks are said to have carried their admiration of the fair sex so far, as to imagine that the society of beautiful females constitutes the highest reward in a future state, for meritorious actions in the present.

The approbation of the ladies has ever been a motive to great and generous actions. Their influence over our sex has remained unaltered, in every vicissitude of time or of climate. The

erratic African, burning at the equator, and the fir-clad Esquimaux, freezing at the pole, are not less sensible of the power of female charms, than is the civilized European.

The heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it go where it will, cannot flourish alone;
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.

Most great writers seem to have estimated highly the applause of the ladies. The saturnine Johnson, who surely received praise enough to satisfy an ordinary man, and who was by no means averse to well-timed flattery, confessed that no compliments that had ever been paid to him, (and he had been complimented by Majesty itself), gave him so much pleasure as to hear his wife say, after having read one of his essays, that "she did not think he could have done so well."

The only person at the Club who ever speaks lightly of females is the widower. He ridicules the folly of love; he wonders that men have so much weakness as to become the dupes of such frail creatures as women; and he declares he is sure that it would be quite impossible for him ever to think of committing matrimony again! All this declamation passed off very well for a time, and was taken as the expression of his real sentiments. But we have lately found that this tone has only been assumed to keep up a variety of opinion at our meetings; for one of the younger members assured us a short time ago, that he had seen the widower go six times to church, and four times to the theatre, with the same young lady during the last winter! He was also caught by another member in the summer, assisting a lady to carry her ridicule as she was taking an evening walk, in the country. These, and other instances of his gallantry, prove to us that though our friend may, like most other professed women-haters, deny the influence of the fair sex with his tongue, he cannot help confessing it by his actions.

Another member and the widower had a warm discussion about a fortnight since on this subject. The former observed, that he knew of no object in the creation more lovely

than the Circassian lady whom he saw when he was abroad a few years back. "A Circassian lady!" exclaimed the widower, laughing, "she was only a woman, and all women are alike. You remind me," he added, "of an anecdote mentioned by Ker Porter. 'When a traveller among the Circassians arrives at one of their abodes, his host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to prepare his meals, and when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part of the entertainment would be considered as a great affront to the young lady, as well as to her father.'" "Humph!" said the chairman, stroking his chin to hide the truant smile which played upon his lips, and disturbed the habitual gravity of his countenance, "I suppose the young lady and her father, then, are seldom affronted in this particular." Our travelled member urged that the anecdote was entirely in favour of his opinion; the Circassians are an hospitable and generous race, and the host, conscious of the power of female beauty, bestows upon his guest, in the way alluded to, the greatest favour he can confer.

One of the bachelors, who has always had a great aversion to cards, has, for some time, been occasionally away from the Club without assigning any very intelligible reason for his absence. We have, however, lately discovered, to the no small confusion of our friend, that he goes frequently to visit a young lady, and that, at these times, he has been guilty of playing at the above game with the lady for his partner. We have been assured, by persons who have often been present at these interviews, that at the game of Pope, our friend and his partner have very often the luck to carry off matrimony! We often joke at the Club about this gentleman's amours, and we have amused ourselves the more frequently at his expence, since he accidentally dropped at the Club a copy of verses, which, with a pair of French gloves, he sent to the young lady on the 14th of February. We have sometimes alarmed him a little by threatening to publish the lines.

Indeed, we once seriously intended to do so; but the schoolmaster having discovered a false quantity in one of the lines, and something like an imitation in another, we feared that the piece might, if printed, fall into the hands of one of Mr. Blackwood's learned Reviewers, who might make upon the Club, on account of our friend's poetry, an attack similar to that which he formerly made upon the town, on account of Mr. Payater's Muse in Idleness.

C. W.

ON TASTE AND GENIUS.

TASTE consists in a general and unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although we do not find many possessed of a very good taste, yet the greater part of mankind is capable of it. When, for instance, the common people are separated from the great and rich, and made subservient to them, then the taste of nature takes her flight. The poor having their attention always fixed on mean objects, and the rich on what is superb and costly, lose sight of simple beauty; and this is the reason why we find so few individuals possessed of refined taste.

Genius, the pride of man, has been possessed but by few, even in the brightest ages. Men of superior genius, while they see the rest of mankind painfully labouring to comprehend obvious truths, glance into the most remote consequences, as lightning through a path that cannot be traced, they see the beauties of nature with spirit and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort; as the sun warms and enlightens the scenes upon which he rises, and frequently communicates to objects an unaccountable lustre that is not seen in nature. The poet and the painter have produced images which left nature far behind.

Oudeic.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

A GERMAN TALE.

I WAS crossing the Rhine in a small boat, one summer's evening, listlessly gazing upon the delightful and luxuriant scenery which surrounded me, when I was surprised by the undefined and strange glistening of an object which appeared under the waters. I ordered the person who rowed the boat for me to stop—he obeyed—we were not I suppose then above two hundred paces from the shore, for we had not made a direct passage across the river, rather sailing to enjoy the delightful breeze, than from any other motives. He stopped; the river was as clear as crystal; I saw the object floating at the bottom; I looked intensely; it seemed entangled amongst the water weeds which grew thickly there—what could it be—my curiosity was aroused. I leaned over the boat's side so as almost to upset it; it raised itself up a little, and then slowly sunk again. I seized a stone which lay as a kind of ballast in the inside of the boat; I threw it as near as I could upon it. The bubbles ascended—the water was slightly muddied for an instant—but again all was clear, and then it rose and sunk as before; I viewed it again and again.

I felt an indistinct suspicion, which gradually gained strength, that it was a drowned body;

I looked at Seltz; his dark glance confirmed me. I had little doubts but that it was the body of a woman, yet I wished to be sure—quite sure—but how to satisfy myself—I could not swim. Seltz was an admirable swimmer; I offered him a slight reward if he would dive to it, he assented, and prepared. I never experienced the impulse of curiosity so powerful before. I was convinced that some mystery there was to be developed. I felt that uneasy restless sense of agitation which I had formerly experienced, when unable to find a clue to unravel some deeply hidden secret in an old romance; I felt as anxious, as I did then to open the last leaves, and lay the whole explanation at once before me.

Seltz was now prepared; he was, as I have before observed, an excellent swimmer; I repeated my promise of reward—he dived down.—I beheld him descend; he had taken a wrong direction, and returned to the top of the water unsuccessful. He clung to the boat's side; the white object waved and streamed among the weeds, as if in mockery. Seltz looked at it, and then turned his marked gaze upon me, it seemed to say, the mystery must be unravelled. My glance answered in the affirmative; he looked at the object and dived again. I saw him lay hold of it; my heart beat quick—the water became muddy, and I was prevented from seeing. I waited anxiously—the water became darker and darker—and I fancied I discovered stains of blood in it; horrible ideas floated confusedly in my mind; the current was not strong, and, therefore, did not clear fast; a minute had nearly elapsed since the descent of Seltz, yet he did not return. I called out to him, little imagining how vainly; my heart beat quicker and quicker—my palate became dry—and my breathing thick and short; my eyes were fixed upon the dark stream; I would have given all I was worth that Seltz had re-appeared.

The stream became clearer; I looked, and could almost dimly behold the white substance—its horrible waving continued, I thought it changed into a human figure—and then into the mangled form of Seltz, that grinned in demoniacal mockery at me; it became clearer, I was now sure I saw Seltz. I looked; it became clearer; there he was clutching the object; he was bleeding, his legs were tangled in the weeds; the object had turned and discovered the blue livid face of a woman; the clear waters passed silently over them; Seltz was not dead; he seemed to be struggling and shivering. One hand was fastened in the white garments of the woman, the other was continually and vainly pointed upwards, but the weeds held their victim; he turned over—his eyes opened. I am sure he saw me, there was reproach sat in their glassy gaze—nothing is so dreadful as the curse or reproach of a dying man. I would have risked a hundred lives for him. I leaped out of the boat, I sunk—I rose—I struggled with the water—I again sunk—rushing sounds seemed to enter all my frame; I struggled violently, and became insensible.

I was washed by the current amongst some reeds and long grass that grew upon the shore; providence had rescued me from the dreadful death to which I had doomed the unhappy Seltz. I hastened to a small house at no great distance; I procured assistance and succeeded in bringing up his body; every means were resorted to, to restore animation—but in vain—he was dead. We laid him on the cold sand-

bed of the river; he was a fine young man; he had received a deep gash in the head, it had stunned him, and in the struggle he had entangled himself in the river weeds; and all this had happened through my curiosity.

Thus perished a bold, adventurous and gallant spirit, through my folly and impatience; and though I may be exculpated in the eyes of the world from any guilt in the transaction, yet my conscience everlastingly casts all the blame of this fatal event upon my rash and unbounded curiosity.

C. J.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE APPROACHING EXHIBITION.

Chelsea Pensioners receiving the News of the Battle of Waterloo.—This magical performance is by the hand of Wilkie.

Mr. Wilkie has been before known to us as a painter of in-door life; he now blazes before us as an artist of out-of-door scenery—and of scenery, in which his own species form, as usual, the prominent feature, and the mightiest of all military subjects, the motive for calling these features into play. We think there will be few alliterative proper names more grateful to posterity than those of Wellington, Wilkie, and Waterloo.

It is our intention to give a pretty minute account of this extraordinary performance, because, we think that, in the place which it is now doomed to occupy in the approaching Exhibition, it will probably shine "like the moon among the lesser fires."

It was natural that the hero of Waterloo should be desirous of decorating the mansion, voted him by the liberality of his country, with a specimen or two of the talents of her choicest artists. Accordingly, Mr. Wilkie was waited upon by the Duke of Wellington, in person, and was requested to undertake a picture for him, in which, among other things, he might introduce a few old soldiers, or Chelsea pensioners, playing at bowls or skittles. On receiving this commission, the intelligent mind of Wilkie soon seized upon a subject, appropriate in every respect, in which not only these Chelsea pensioners might figure in full costume, but the great achievement of his employer, be made the principal cause of bringing them together, and of engaging them, in action and discourse, in a manner the most natural and striking possible. We are glad, therefore, to find bowls and skittles discarded, as more exclusively appropriate to the canvases of Teniers.

This brings us to a description of the picture itself, which is the largest of all those ever executed by the artist. The precise moment taken, is that of a light-horseman's bringing the *Extraordinary Gazette* to a number of old Chelsea pensioners, and other soldiers, occupied in a boating boat, round a table, before the door of the Duke of York public-house at Chelsea. The whole scene is a portrait. The time of day is early in the afternoon. The artist has taken uncommon pains to make his atmospherical effect clear, bright, and natural. There is a depth, and at the same time, a transparency of tone, in the objects in the fore ground—while those in the back ground, touched with equal truth, are of a more delicate hue, and keep, at the same time, the harmony of the picture entire.

But it is these "fore-ground objects," that now claim our immediate attention; and glorious objects they are for British eyes to gaze upon. About the centre of the picture is a table, at which (as before intimated) some old Chelsea pensioners and other soldiers are regaling themselves with porter and pipes. In the front of the spectator, and to the right of the table, sits an old pensioner, who was engaged in the siege of Gibraltar—with his hat cocked on one side, and his head loose upon his shoulders—most exceedingly drunk. His maudlin eyes, his protruded underlip, his unsteady attitude—the way in which his just

extinguished pipe hangs loose in the hollow of his hand—his lean long legs, tucked up, and balanced against the chair upon which he sits—the emptied pot at his feet—all, all is the most exquisitely finished picture of stupefying intoxication that can be possibly imagined.

Above him, and well balanced upon his chair, in a see-saw position, is a strapping brawny Irishman, pointing with his right hand to the pensioner, who is reading the extraordinary gazette, and hallowing (as he turns to the left) in the ears of his drunken comrade, the leading particulars of the victory; but to which hallowing, the drunken old boy appears to be as insensible as if he were a figure cut in stone.

Above him, again—standing up, and leaning forward—with open mouth and eyes—and roaring, or chuckling, in the very joy of his heart—is a black musician in the 3rd regiment of Guards, dressed in the full costume of his regiment. The head of this man is a master-piece of Wilkie's art. The touch is absolutely magical; bringing the figure forth in the most surprising manner; while the gay colours of the regimentals—gold, white, and yellow—are of just sufficient power to balance the more sober tints of the surrounding objects. Another such figure would have put the whole group into jeopardy. This black was a servant in Moreau's campaigns in Germany, and had been a spectator of the decapitation of Louis XVI. Going on to the left, we approach the central figure at the table; which is that of a fine portly old pensioner, sitting down, and conveying an oyster at the end of his fork to his mouth—while, looking up to his comrade, who is reading the gazette, he seems hardly to know how to pause—even by the glorious intelligence which he hears—ere he devours the luscious morsel to his mouth. This man is a portrait of one of those who was in the late King's very earliest body guard. Above him are a woman with a child in her arms, and an old East India soldier—the latter with spectacles on; each is looking over the gazette, as the pensioner reads it. The expression of countenance of the woman, is that of terror and apprehension respecting the fate of the regiment to which her husband belongs.

The pensioner who reads the gazette, is as much our delight as the drunken one before described. His well-cocked hat—his blue, and widely-extended eyes—his transparent complexion—his half-opened mouth, giving palpable proof of most of his teeth having strayed from their strong hold—the earnest attention, and resolute determination with which he goes through the gazette, in spite of the sensible pressure of the left arm of a huge Glengary Highlander;—the whole is so happily conceived, and so happily executed, that it may be doubted whether the pencil of the artist could possibly go beyond it. This man is a portrait of one of the soldiers who served under Wolfe, at the capture of Quebec. To the left of him is the Highlander just mentioned, turning to his right, and looking up to the light-horseman who has delivered the gazette, while he raises his right hand, stiff clenched, and extends his left arm against the orator, as if he meant to convey the notion that "it was impossible for the 42nd to do otherwise than they did." Two or three figures are above him, turned to the messenger, and holding up glasses charged with beer or gin, in which they mean to drink his health, or success to the British arms. Behind is the head of a trumpeter, with his mouth open—shouting for the victory; while his left arm raises a trumpet to which a small flag is attached.

In order to finish the group round the table, we must notice the rear figure, of which the back is necessarily turned to the spectator. This is the figure of a lifeguardsman, who happened to have a horse or two killed under him at Hougomont; and who therefore, strictly speaking, could not be at the reading of the gazette. But who would not pardon an anachronism like this? Who would not wish those fine fellows, whose courage and blood were lavishly devoted on the memorable day of Waterloo, to find a place in every subject where the British

soldiery are depicted? This man is sitting on a small barrel, with his leg boldly stretched out across the picture, and he leans slightly to the left, peeping over the gazette as the old pensioner reads it. His accoutrements are finely and clearly painted; affording that strength of colour in the foreground, of which an artist is always anxious to possess himself. A word only about the messenger of victory. He is in his undress, on horseback, reining in the horse, who wants to trot forward; and he leans a little to his right side. An indication of a profile, rather than the profile itself, is seen; while a red cap, with white tassel, is on his head. Let us hear no more of the *bonnet rouge* of Teniers, while our Wilkie can produce such a bonnet rouge as this! The notion of the man and horse is full of grace. It was impossible to set a soldier better on his charger; and it is quite evident that he has been the bearer of this most extraordinary of all extraordinary gazettes. An artillery-man on foot, is standing by the side of him, resting on the horse. These figures close the left side of the picture.

We have thus described what may be called the central part, or *Sun* of Mr. Wilkie's performance; but the surrounding parts may be considered as so many planets and constellations of the largest class and brightest lustre. The spectator must now turn to the right, where he will find a numerous and animated group, occupied in various ways, and expressing their joy by a variety of characteristic gestures. We have first, two or three women, with a soldier of the Oxford Blues: this soldier is dandling a child, which he lifts in the air, having apparently received it from a young woman, sitting by the side of him, and adjusting her hair with a comb. These figures are admirable of their kind; the delicacy of the female being happily contrasted with the bronzed and manly visage of the soldier, whose long booted legs and military accoutrements are touched in the happiest possible manner. A black dog—known to all the army in the Peninsula, by the name of *Old Duke*—is standing by the side of the soldier. The countenance of a young woman smiling, next to that of the Oxford Blue, is perfectly enchanting; there being less preponderance of the ochre and leaden tints than are usually seen in the female faces of Wilkie. Above these figures is the heroine of the group—an oyster-woman opening oysters,* and turning round to the old pensioner reading the gazette. She is dressed in dark green; and is literally an *admirable* performance.

We must go on, and make our readers acquainted with the whole group. There is a small bay-window a little above, through which a crowd of people are pressing to hear the gazette—and in the foremost is seen a sergeant in the guards, with his hands resting on the sill of a window—his head is turned on one side to listen, and if he "had three ears" he would give them—to drink the sounds of the glorious news which is imparted! This is a portrait of a brave man, well known in other achievements than those of Waterloo. To the left of him is a countenance of a very different description; full of frightfulness, and of a tint as if steeped in indigo-juice. This, too, you may swear, is a portrait. An old veteran sailor, with a wooden leg, is standing to the left, looking, with a hard visage and fixed eye, at the reading pensioner. This is a man who served at the affair of Alcazar, and a fine weather-beaten hero he looks. Above is a Portuguese woman, shaking her white handkerchief above her head, as a demonstration of joy. The doors and windows of every house are crowded with spectators; while in the distance, as the figures diminish, we observe a Scotch bagpiper and a crowd about him—with a son of Levi shaking hands very cordially with some old crony, whom he may have rescued in former times. From the be-

* By the bye, are oysters known in London in June? The artist, however, wanted something to engage the attention of the immediate by-standers, and has thus introduced oysters. We may anticipate a long and learned note, in some future biography of English painters—published, perhaps, a century or two hence—that oysters might have been eaten in England, in the month of June, A. D. 1813.

ginning to the end—from the largest to the smallest figure introduced—there is one predominant passion, or feeling, of joy and delight.

All is in harmony. The sun shines above, and the heart glows within;—every countenance beams with satisfaction—and without the least vulgarity of effect, the lowest orders are made to unite in groups and gesticulations, quite worthy of the mighty event which has brought them together. Neither the mind nor the pencil of the artist seems to have flagged one minute; so that you should swear this marvellous production were conceived and executed in the very spirit of inspiration.

BURNS.

Our readers will be gratified to learn, that Mr. Flaxman has produced a model of the statue about to be erected to the memory of Robert Burns, and which has been approved by the committee. The poet is represented in his native costume, in the attitude of contemplative reflection; in his right hand is placed the *Mountain Daisy*, emblematical of one of his sweetest poems—in his left he holds a roll, on which are engraved the words 'Cotter's Saturday Night' a poem equally remarkable for its genuine piety and poetical simplicity. The likeness to Burns is very striking, being executed from the original portrait, by Nasmyth, procured for the occasion, by Mr. Flaxman, from the venerable widow of the bard. The statue, which is to be colossal, and in bronze, will be placed (by the kindness of the magistrates of Edinburgh) in one of the most appropriate situations in the New Town of that city.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 9, by Miss Agnes.

Let $2a = 5$ feet; $b = 3.1416$, and $x =$ the height of the required segment.

Then, $2abx =$ convex superficies of the segment.

And $(2\sqrt{a^2 - x^2})^2 \times \frac{x}{2} = 2abx - bx^2 =$ the plane superficies of the segment.

Also, $6a - 2x \times \frac{bx^2}{6} = abx - \frac{bx^3}{3} =$ the solidity of the segment. Now, by the question,

$$2abx - \frac{2bx^3}{3} = 2abx - bx^2 + 2abx;$$

This equation reduced, gives $x = 2.209$ feet, the height of the segment required.

A neat solution to the same question has been received from J. H. Solutions were received also from Amicus, and X. Y.

No Solution has yet been received to question No. 10, inserted in the Iris, No. 12.

Question of No. 13, by Amicus.

My age in years, months, and days, is required from the following data. The sum of the years and months, multiplied by the years, is equal to 1302;—the years, less the months, multiplied by the months, is equal to 220. The number of days consists of two places of figures, of which the second digit, less the first, is equal to 4; and the product of the digits, added to 50, will be the number of days inverted.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Answer to Charade, No. 14.

Is woe then the lot that is destin'd by fate,
For man here to meet with in every state?
It may be:—but Patson ne'er said, or e'er thought,
That woe fits to man by woman was brought.

Charade, No. 15, by R. S.

In public I seldom appear,
Yet ever am found in the grave,
When clamour has ceased, I draw near,
When present, it's riot I leave.
If mention'd, my charm you will break,
No longer you keep my decree;
With speed I your presence forsake,
To others more witty I then flee.



POETRY.

SONG.

ALTERED FROM ROBERT BURNS.

Come let me fold thee in my arms,
Thou source of every pleasure;
And while I clasp thy countless charms,
I prize not pomp nor treasure:
And would thou dearest Mary own,
That equal raptures move thee;
I'd ask of Heaven but life alone,
That I may live and love thee.

O Mary prove thy love like mine,
And nought our hearts shall sever;
Lover or husband I am thine,
And thine will be for ever:
And on thy lips of roseate hue,
I swear no power shall move me,
To break the vow, I thus renew,
That while I live I'll love thee.

Manchester, May 1st, 1822.

S.

SONG.

Love, can'st thou remember, say,
When affection yet was young;
Where we wandered day by day,
Listening to the wild bird's song;
When amid the rustling trees
Softly sighed the evening breeze.

Days have fled, and years have flown,
Since in early youth we loved;
Memory claims them as her own
When in happy times we roved;
Where, in gentle hours like these,
Softly sighed the evening breeze.

April 29th, 1822.

Δ

TO UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

From the Dutch of R. Feith.

Tender lovers, torn asunder,
Who your way bedew with tears,
For whose deeply-wounded bosoms
Earth no lovely roses bears;—

When a cruel separation
On your anguish'd spirits weighs,
And no heart-relieving moisture
Glitters in your burning eyes;

Hie ye then, in nightly stillness,
To the church-yard's lone recess.
There, among the silent mansions,
Peace again your souls will bless.

See the pale moon, softly rising,
Spreading o'er the meads her beams,
How the grave's luxuriant verdure
In her languid radiance gleams!

Beauteous moon, serene effulgence,
To a feeling heart so dear!
Thou reliev'st the breaking bosom
Of times of a tender tear!

Hear the turtle's plaintive accents,
Who has lost her faithful mate,
And forlorn, on drooping willows,
Sinks beneath her wretched fate.

Ah! how vacant is this station,
For a heart, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
Which, in all its lonely wand'rings,
Ne'er could find the wish'd relief!

In these sublimary regions
True love rarely found his meed,
His enjoyment is in heaven,
For the spotless mind, decreed.

There, in Love's eternal empire,
Bliss awaits the faithful heart.
Souls, created for each other,
Will the God of Love ne'er part.

Tender lovers, torn asunder,
Are your days in sorrow gone,—
Be the silent grave your solace:
Time, with rapid wing, speeds on!—

C. T.

29th April, 1822.

Note.—The original of this small sentimental poem is the production of Rhyndia Feith, one of the best living Dutch poets; a writer highly esteemed for his odes, tragedies, and two novels, which have been translated into French. He is mentioned with deserved eulogy in the account of the polite literature of Holland, inserted in the *Classical Journal*, No. 40, December 1819: and we may confidently hope to see translations of some of his poems, among the specimens of Dutch poets, with which Mr. Bowring has promised to enrich the English public. See the note to his *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, second edition, page 77.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, April 29th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Salter: Virginius; The Rendezvous; and Ella Rosenberg.

Wednesday, May 1st.—For the Benefit of Mrs. Radcliffe: Henri Quatre; with the Wandering Boys.

Friday, May 3rd.—For the Benefit of Messrs. Porteus and Mercer: The Antiquary; The Bath Road; and The Warlock of the Glen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have always been a great admirer of the Fine Arts, without possessing much theoretical knowledge upon the subject. I have taken a particular fancy to the portraits of Mr. Minasi; and I should be obliged to any of your readers for informing me, whether that gentleman's style is original, and if not, what school he belongs to. His likeness of Mr. Salter, now exhibiting at Mr. Ford's, Market-Street, appears to me to be a very beautiful and highly finished production.

A CONSTANT READER.

April 30th, 1821.

ADVANTAGES IN GOING TO LAW.

MR. EDITOR.—From the style in which much professional business is now carried, by attorney's clerks, in fishing for clients at public houses, I am induced to give you the following as a sample of the many cases hooked by these grabbers, and which shews the folly of instructing such things with any business, however small. For the sake of my story (*which is really true throughout*) I shall adopt letters instead of the proper names of the parties.

A is an attorney's clerk, (whose greatest pride is being *president* of all tavern and singing clubs) and had a friend B; they quarrelled, and A knowing where B owed a debt of £2 4s. persuaded C (to whom such debt was owing) to let him sue B for it in the Preston court, by justices; the writ was served, and B thinking himself ill used by A, (who was under the greatest obligations to B, for many kindnesses, when A was almost starving) employed an attorney to defend the action. The proceedings went on and the cause was tried at Preston, and B lost the suit; an execution was issued against B, for the debt and costs, but he had not any property; still, this sprig of an attorney's clerk was not satisfied,

and he brought an action on the judgment, in the common pleas at Lancaster, and B defended this second suit. The cause came on for trial last August assizes, and poor B was done again,—the execution came out with the enormous sum of *forty seven pounds costs* upon this *tremendous* debt of *two pounds four shillings*; alas, poor B had nothing but his body to satisfy his *rapacious ungrateful friend*, and the consequence has been, that the poor plaintiff was obliged to pay all costs on his own side, and B to pay a visit to the great mansion in the north.

Now had this unprincipled fellow A, advised his client correctly, he would have sent him to the Court of Requests, where, for about six or seven shillings, the cause might have been tried, and poor B would have paid the same, as he has repeatedly told me.

I trust this will meet the eyes of the individual, and that he may know his conduct cannot escape that censure such proceedings merit.

I am,

A CONSTANT READER.

Manchester, 25th April, 1822.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of April, 1822, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.

Inches.

The Monthly Mean.....	29.81
Highest, which took place on the 1st.....	30.30
Lowest, which took place on the 22nd.....	29.10
Difference of the extremes.....	1.20
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 26th.....	.36
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	3.2
Number of changes.....	6

TEMPERATURE.

Degrees.

Monthly Mean.....	49.°2
Mean of the 2nd. decade, commencing on the 31st. of March.....	46.5
" 3rd. ".....	46.9
" 4th. " ending on the 29th April.....	52.1
Highest, which took place on the 29th.....	72
Lowest, which took place on the 10th.....	33
Difference of the extreme.....	39
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 28th.....	26

RAIN, &c.

.948 of an inch.

Number of wet days.....	17
" " foggy days.....	0
" " snowy ".....	3
" " haily ".....	5

WIND.

North.....	1	West.....	0
North-east.....	3	North-west.....	6
East.....	1	Variable.....	3
South-east.....	3	Calm.....	0
South.....	3	Brisk.....	0
South-west.....	10	Boisterous.....	3

REMARKS.—April 9th, slight hail and snow, p. m. with a cold north east wind:—10th, frequent snow and hail showers, very cold and wintry:—11th, slight snow and hail:—12th, a boisterous east wind in the forenoon, in the evening rain:—13th, boisterous weather terminated last night, mild and warm to day:—14th, warm a. m. wind south; in the afternoon, wind west; one point north and cold:—15th, hoar frost in the morning:—20th, the swallows first made their appearance in the neighbourhood:—22nd, several loud peals of thunder early in the afternoon:—24th, some loud peals of thunder in the afternoon, with hail and rain:—25th, heavy showers of rain in the forenoon with a little hail; fine, warm, and clear to the end.

Bridge-street, May 3rd, 1822.

THE MUSÆID.

NO. VI.—THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1822.

*Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, cal liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit.* Hor.

Thou, to whom harp and melting voice belong,
Teach me, Melpomene, the mournful song!

We hope LUCY will forgive our unreasonable delay of the publication of her poetical favour. Though apparently neglected, we assure her, it has never been forgotten. We are much pleased with the simple feeling and unaffected sorrow it expresses—attesting equally the goodness of her own heart and the excellence of her lost friend. Although she is unknown to us, we offer her the tribute of our sincerest esteem and deepest sympathy in her affliction.

We are sure our readers can never accuse us of including such unostentatious productions as the following among the abuses of female talent, which we afterwards speak of.

LUCY'S LAMENT FOR HER FRIEND.

I could but weep, my gentle friend,
To think that thou wert dead;
Thou—who wert late so full of glee,
How quickly had'st thou fled!

I wept, yet scarce knew why I wept;
My heart was dull with wo,
Until afresh the sorrow struck
With undiminish'd blow.

And once, in melancholy thought,
Unconscious of my grief,
I rose, as wont, with thee to seek
Soft friendship's sweet relief.

Alas! too soon remembrance told,
That solace was no more;
In tearless agony of sighs
My sad complaint I pour.

I went to see thee dead; my friend,
How cold thou wert, how still!
The silence seem'd to press thee down,
The cheerless gloom to chill.

It was not paleness blanch'd thy cheek,
For thou wert always pale:—
Pale as the modest flower thou lov'd'st,
The lily of the vale.

It was a whiteness without light;
A hueless blank of mien:
'Twas darkness, yet it was not black,
Darkness that might be seen.

'Twas then I knew thee surely dead,
For since, when mem'ry's eye
Hath dwelt on thee, before me straight
That coffin'd sight doth lie.

The shining fields, where oft we stray'd,
In joy and calm delight,
Have lost their grateful verdantness,
And sicken on my sight.

The forest shade, in whose retreat,
The scorching ray we fled,
Is sadden'd to a midnight gloom,
I cannot choose to tread.

The harp, whose chords thy fingers struck
To gay and gladsome tone,
Will but reply to all my art,
In low and mourn'ring moan.

I have a ring, thou gav'st it me,
A pledge of friendship's faith;
I wear it with another now,
The token of thy death.

There's not an object meets my view,
But wakes some thought of thee;
With happiness associate once
Now blent with misery.

The page, whose line thy pencil mark'd,
The tints, thy touch improv'd,
The cabinet, thy skill arrang'd,
Once witness'd how we lov'd.

They witness now how mute the tongue
Which gave that line its grace,
How clos'd that eye with set the tint
Which judg'd the gems to place.

The roseate bow'r, where we reveal'd
Our secret hopes and fears,
Doth now a gloom of cypress seem
And consecrate to tears.

The green-house, with thy friendly aid,
Look'd always fresh and fair;
The plants we lov'd are drooping, now,
And fade 'neath all my care.

How, musing, on yonder garden seat,
Together we reel'd!
Sooth'd by the plaintive turtles' note,
Hard by in cot confin'd.

I sit there now, the weeping ash
It's branches round doth bend,
The cooling is a wailful dirge
That's sung for thee, my friend.

Poor Fiddle, they have giv'n thee me,
Thou know'st me well, and yet
That wistful gaze seems but to seek
One thou can'st not forget.

With what beseeching earnestness,
Thy looks invite away;
'Come let us go, why linger here,
She waits for us,' they say.

Come follow me, my little dog,
I'll shew thee where she lies:
From thee she's hid by yonder stone,
From me—above the skies.

CLEVER GIRLS.

Ut ameris, amabilis esto. Ovid
Seek no vain charms, 'tis well approv'd
If ye be lovely, you'll be loved.

'I am sure you will like her,' said Mrs. Rundyll, 'she is the cleverest girl, and writes so beautifully.' 'But does she sew and make puddings,' asked the Parson. 'Now Mr. Orthodox that's one of your ridiculous fiddad speeches, you know very well you don't like girls who sew and make puddings and all that sort of thing.' 'I do,' said the Parson. 'And it was but yesterday you were saying that you never could endure Miss Dainam and she does all such drudgeries to admiration.' 'But she can do nothing else,' said the Parson. 'Wonderfully expecting indeed; then you can't be satisfied with a woman unless she understand every thing.' 'I beg your pardon,' said Orthodox, 'and yet exclusive talents are not what I admire. The misfortune is, that ladies cultivate only one set of accomplishments which, by the trumpeting of friends, and their own dexterous management, is to serve as well as a dozen. One reads and writes, talks paradingly of books and authors, sets up for a critic and a satirist, and is sure she must be the most intelligent companion for any man; another is an artist, paints, plays, sings, and dances, this is confident of her powers of pleasing; a third can stitch, embroider, make patchwork, mend stockings, educates her younger sisters, O! what a useful wife such an one must make; a fourth is a proficient in domestic economy, has stagied all books of cookery from the classical performances of Mesdames Raffald and Glass, to the modern institutes of 'The Complete Housekeeper,' and 'The Cooks' Oracle,' and has practised all their modes, can raise a pie, fry fish, broil a beefsteak, make puff-paste, is skilful in con-serves and pickles, knows the mysteries of all sweets, and the properties of all spices, what man but must appreciate such a woman as this; a fifth relies solely on her fortune; and a sixth on her charms, and good breeding. Now of all these deficient completenesses, the only resource which is left us, is to choose the least evil we can think of. An ignorant man may be captivated with a display of abilities; an amateur or an old bachelor will choose the second; a dotard or a thrifty tradesman, who wishes to be prudent and advance in the world, may be caught by the needle Miss; a gourmand and a feaster is the only one for the cook; the fortune may enrich a poor fool, or be squandered by a senseless prodigal; the last falls into the arms of a man of rank and family, blesses some impetuous lover, or delays and hesitates and scorns till the

charms have faded, and the good breeding evaporates in peevishness and disappointment. But none of these will suit me.' 'O, no! who could suppose it; a woman shall be made on purpose for you; you shall stand by and direct the ingredients, and have a piece of perfection after your own fancy, for I suppose nothing else will content you.' 'Something else must if I marry; a perfect woman I am sure there is not—yes! a perfect woman there undoubtedly is, but not a woman that is perfect: there is however a degree of excellence to which all women may arrive, which some that I am acquainted with have attained to. For instance, my dear Madam, Miss Manners! she has as much beauty as might tempt her to be vain, but who ever speaks of Miss Manners as a beauty. How intelligent, how simple, how decorous, how affable, are the common epithets of admiration. Visit her, she is reading, she is drawing, she may be playing, yet no one speaks of her accomplishments; Virgil and Cicero have been found on her table, yet who ever accused her of pedantry; she converses of German, French, and Italian authors, yet the most envious coxcomb never called her affected; she superintends her father's establishment, and is known to go to market, every one will praise her housewifery yet where is the fame of it? You will tell me she is an extraordinary girl, an exception, I grant it, but why should she be? There are many others who draw and play, or read the Latins—nay Miss——you know is even surprised that any one can read Homer through Pope—or who quote Klopstock and Goethe, or Ariosto and Tasso, or Racine, Rousseau, Voltaire, La Fontaine, &c. &c. &c. &c. my dear Madam, or who are economists, and may be seen with their John and a basket on Saturdays; but if any one mention them 'tis how accomplished, how clever, quite a scholar, perfect mistress of Italian, or German or French, keeps her father's house, really surprising, you have no idea what an extraordinary creature she is, or did you ever see this that or the other specimen of her abilities. It makes me sick to hear of these puny brain-girls; minxes whose little bubble of celebrity spreads on the water, from one circle to another, while the substance which thus agitates the surface, has quietly found its way to the bottom, and is lost.' 'And the men?' 'O, as to the men, I am afraid they're no better, but I am speaking only of the women; besides, men have no time to attend to varieties, themselves, and naturally look for them in your sex. Women ought to have a thousand elegant pursuits, which it would be frivolous for a man to attempt after, but they ought to have them quietly, they should not set a whole town gabbling of their propensities; it should be nothing rare to meet with these attainments. In a commercial town like Manchester, they have advantages over the men, which it is their duty to improve; the engrossing cares of business, are sufficient occupation for a man, he can have little leisure for lighter and more fascinating studies, all his knowledge must be collected at school, or from observation; but his mother, his sister, or his wife, may recreate in all these entertainments, which he is necessarily excluded. A man when he has quitted his accounting house and retires at evening into the bosom of his family, relaxing from the fatigues and vexations of business, seeks some diversion of his mind in domestic amusements and conversation: and if he find them not, is driven elsewhere for the pleasures, which it is the duty of home to supply. But, bless me, I might think myself in the pulpit.' 'Go on Mr. Orthodox.' 'I have little more to add, madam, for my own part I should have no objection to a wife who could write a sermon if I asked her; such an one, might be the companion I should desire; but in general, literary ladies, are not the pleasantest associates; their learning does not sit easily upon them; like a fine garment they wish every body to see it; they would have it noticed as something which common folk have not. Now a man can't tolerate these shows of superiority in a woman, neither is it graceful in a woman to exhibit them. She should insinuate her talents, rather than express them; combine them with the more agreeable qualities of good nature and modesty, and with the more substantial ones of morality and religion. Such a woman will surely charm and none other ought.'

WEEKLY DIARY.

MAY.

MAY 5th, 1821.—Napoleon Buonaparte Died, æt. 51.

The following spirited poem is a translation from the French of one of the numerous pieces that have been written on the death of Napoleon, and is a curious proof of the fond and devoted attachment with which his memory is still cherished by his admirers in that country:

Noble spirit! hast thou fled,
Is thy glorious journey sped,
Thy days of brightness numbered,—
Soul of dread sublimity!

Hast thou burst thy prison bands,
Twined round thee by coward hands,
Hast thou fled to other lands,
Where thou must—thou wilt be free?

Tyrants! cowards! mark the day,
Even now 'tis on the way,
When your names, to scorn a prey,
Shall live with endless infamy!

Hark, 'tis victory's deathless knell!—
Lo! shall I remember well!—
Austerlitz! Marengo! tell
Of his glorious chivalry!

Tell his deeds by field and flood?
Witness river, mountain, wood!
Show his path of fire and blood,
That burned behind him gloriously!

Alas; that hero's life should close
In languid, fameless, dull repose,
Far from the contest that bestows
On mortals immortality.

Alas! that he, the great, the brave,
Should fill a hermit's bloodless grave,
Where never rolled the hallowing wave
Of battle and of victory!

He should have died on bloody field,
Where column after column whorled,
Where cannon roared and charger reeled,
Amid destruction's revelry.

He should have laid his glorious head
Amid the wreck himself had made,
Ten thousand corpses round him spread,
The flow'r of all his enmity.

Spirit of undying name,
Endless honour thou shalt claim,
Whilst thy foes, unknown to fame,
Shall weep in cold obscurity!

Glory's hallowed light divine
Ever on thy head shall shine,
And valour's heart will be thy shrine,
Thy portion vast futurity!

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MONDAY, 5th.—John Evangelist, A. P. L.

John the Evangelist, so called from the Greek term *Εὐαγγελος*, the messenger of glad tidings, was a Galilean by birth, the son of Zebedee and Salome, the younger brother of James, but not of him that was surnamed the Just, and who was the brother of our Lord. His brother James and he were surnamed by Jesus, the *Sons of Thunder*, meaning the principal ministers of the gospel, and John was more endeared to him than any of his disciples. He was condemned to be thrown into a cask of burning oil, Ante Port. Lat., before the gate of Latina; hence the letters added to his name. He lived to the reign of Trajan, and died about ninety years of age.

PARIS.—A SKETCH.

THOU wonderful city! shrine of luxury, emporium of amusement, temple of pleasure, and microcosm of the world! how and where shall I begin thy picture? how describe the indescribable? A pencil dipped in the colours of the rainbow would vainly attempt to sketch thy ever-shifting complexion, and mercurial humours; thy unfixable caprices, and interminable contrarieties; in splendid houses and dirty lanes; in a life-torturing pavement beneath, and a hat-spoiling water-spout above; in quays capacious enough for the commerce of the world, and a river not deep enough to drown a rat; in bronzed pillars, and faces of bronze; in Sunday finery, and Saturday filth; in grim mustachios *à la militaire*, and gay earrings *à la femme*; in shoe-blacks as polished as they are polishing, and fish-women as fanciful as a fine lady, and fat as a porpoise.

What a contrast does Paris offer to London!—show seems to have presided in the building of one, comfort in that of the other. The houses of the Parisians are much loftier and statelier than ours; but then "every man's house is not his castle," and there is a tenant for every floor, nay, perhaps for every room. In London the comfort of private society was never before equalled in any stage of the social progress; in Paris the French escape from their comfortless brick floors, naked walls, and fireless hearths, to seek enjoyment without. The Boulevards, in point of momentary amusement, are unrivalled; but Paris, as far as regards continued gratification, possesses nothing that is capable of vying with our squares. You may walk in London for miles on an excellent pavement, equal to the floor of a Frenchman's drawing-room; but there is nothing ostentatious in all this. The wonders of London are concealed almost entirely from the eye; the countless means by which water and light, the two greatest wants in a populous city, are circulated through all the veins of the metropolis, are unseen and scarcely thought of. The new street in London is indeed a magnificent dance of architectural beauties; but this is an exception; while Paris in every *quartier* presents the *coup-d'œil* of a new Babylon.

We can conceive nothing grander in the most far-famed cities of ancient times, than the view from the *Pont de Louis Quinze*; particularly when looking across the river to the *Chamber des Députés*, backed by the gorgeous dome of the *Hôpital de Invalides*—

The golden palace, temple, grave of war.

Nor can we readily believe that Rome, "in her most high and palmy state," possessed a condensed assemblage of more magnificent objects than are to be met with in a walk from the *Boulevards Italiens*, down the *Rue de la Paix*, through the *Place Vendôme* to the *Place Louis Quinze*, and so on to the river, proceeding along the *Quai* to the Tuilleries and the Louvre. The Tuilleries gardens, it is true, are small in comparison with our Kensington gardens; but then they have the superior advantage of being near at hand. It must at the same time be allowed, that they are laid out in very bad taste. The trees seem as if they were ranged for a country dance or a cotillion. Each orange has a partner; every poplar and lime tree shakes his head at a relation, and "half the terrace just reflects the other." The bronzes are crowded upon a wall, as if it

were a broker's shop; the ground is patched with diamonds, quadrants, circles, and ovals like an inlaid lady's work box; and the fountains struggle and spirt in all manner of antic dribblings. However, it cannot be denied that ingenuity has done its utmost, in a small compass, to amuse and accommodate the people. The same objection, as to bad taste, does not apply to the stately avenues of the Boulevards. Nothing in London is calculated to vie with its triple arcade, broad as Portland Place, shaded during a course of seven miles by lofty and luxuriant elms, and flanked by an uninterrupted succession of palaces, flower gardens, fountains, and theatres. The only bad taste discernible is not in the scene, but in the *dramatis personæ*. Indeed the spectators themselves are a part of the spectacle, and none more so than the beaux, who, with determined anxiety for the repose of their legs and arms, contrive to occupy three chairs at a time. All besides is in restless motion; the tension of excitement is kept up almost to torture, and while resolving to run the gauntlet of the Boulevards, and see all that is to be seen, one thinks of the speech of poor Damien, when first fastened to the rack—"Ce sera une journée forte!" One is fairly thumb-screwed, picketed, and pressed to death, by the eagerness of the Parisian desire to please. A Savoyard torments with his eternal thrumming, or a *fricœur* twists the most wiry hair into pliant corkscrews, or a *grimacier* tortures "the human face divine" into monstrosities of ugliness, which would have petrified the Gorgons. Next stands a conjuror with all his tools of trade spread out before him, and farther on a female professor, who engages to perform any given operation on your poodle. Here a fruit-seller, with fruit which might tempt Eve to a second perdition; and there the "brown marchande," with a red handkerchief round her head, scarcely redder than her sun-burnt skin, arranges her gaudy tray of all the Circæan mysteries that restore or create beauty, rouges and essences, false eyes, false teeth, false ringlets, and false noses. The line of exhibitors seems "to stretch out to the crack of doom," and the intervals of the interminable series are filled up with every species of "all monstrous and prodigious things": beggar barks and beggar fortune-tellers, merry andrews, and tragic actors as merry, dancing children and dancing dogs, white mice, learned monkeys, and militant Canary birds.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Paris, considered merely as a place of gaiety and recreation, should command the preference of strangers. All kinds of luxuries and sensual pleasures are not only in the highest state of refinement, but easily procurable. The comparative smallness of Paris is attended with the same superiority as a small theatre has over a large one; the spectacle is compressed into a smaller compass, and the *dulcia cilia* of the place are more available. In Paris there are no sulphurous clouds of smoke to hide the "deep blue" beautiful sky, oppress the lungs, and sicken the appetite; and (important fact!) a half-sovereign in Paris will go as far or farther than a whole sovereign in London. In this case the half is greater than the whole, as Cicero said of a colossal bust of his diminutive son-in-law. With rare felicity of combination, the physical and moral taste may be gratified at the same time. General pleasure even condescends so far as to woo economy.

The *gastromane* of miserly habits or deficient purse finds himself attacked on his weak side, and the enjoyments of *gourmandise*, though at the highest *acme* of scientific refinement, may be cheaply as well as extravagantly gratified. You may dine (*par exemple*) in a superb saloon of the Palais Royal, equal to the Clarendon, and be served off plate, with soup, three dishes *au choix*, bread *à discretion*, a pint of claret, and dessert, for two shillings English money.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

Of have I felt delight in sharing the pleasures of his fire-side. His wife and two lovely children formed his domestic circle, and to these would he retire after the labours of the day. His house neatly furnished, his concerns managed with economy, he wanted for nothing himself, and his friends were welcome to the fare which was provided for his own daily consumption; happiness seemed to reign mistress over the little community, and each day brought with it content and plenty. With difficulty do I tell the rest; I have since called,—found the house inhabited by strangers. The story is brief:—my old friend had been unfortunate, had lost his all, and more, he had become involved; his wife had fallen sick, and was with her friends—his children were divided, and himself. It was with difficulty that I found him in a garret. His remorseless creditors had pursued him until he sunk under the weight of his engagements; he was pale and dejected; his few books lay before him, but beyond these scarce a fragment remained of his furniture or effects. He was writing a moral lesson for his son when I entered. The thoughts of his different situation forced a tear, and he sat down overcome with recollections of his former happiness and present misery. He in a few words recounted his adventures—his friends had forsaken him, he was no longer invited to the festive board, and it was obvious that he had been the object of envy among his acquaintances, and was now the victim of internal disease. I acted as an old friend, I might have said a fellow-creature, and left the scene contemplating the fickle mind of fortune, who dealt out riches and honors as by lottery—heaped favours upon the worthless and the ignorant, while—but I must not rebel.

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES OF PROFESSOR PORSON.

Porson was once travelling in a stage coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! roused our slumbering professor, from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle;—shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, 'I think, young gentleman,' said he, 'you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there.' 'Oh, sir,' replied our Tyro, 'the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college.' The professor, applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question, in that little book; after rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, 'upon second

thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides.' 'Then perhaps, sir,' said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, 'you will be so good as to find it for me, in that little book.' The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, 'Curse me, if ever I quote Greek again in a coach.' The sistering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble;—at last, 'Bless me, sir,' said he, how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in *Æschylus*. The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an *Æschylus*, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, 'Stop, the coach—halloah, coachman, let me out! I say, instantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out; he must be Porson, or the Devil!' 'It is well known, that the professor's memory was retentive in an extraordinary degree; the following instance of it, we believe, is not yet recorded. While at Eton, he composed a farce of harlequinade, in three acts, which was performed by the head boys on the foundation (of whom, himself was one) in the *Long Chamber*, or dormitory. Porson's dame (the lady in whose house he lodged) hearing of this performance, requested a copy; the application was several times fruitlessly repeated, owing, we suppose, to the characteristic indolence of authorship; till one day, being alone with him in her parlour, she insisted that he should not leave the room till he had performed his promise; on which he seated himself, and at one sitting transcribed the whole from memory. We have seen a copy of this dramatic curiosity; but all, or nearly all that we remember of it, is the following item in the *Dramatis personæ*: "Pusch, MR. PORSON!!"

CASIMIR, KING OF POLAND.

Casimir, second King of Poland, received a blow from a Polish Gentleman, named Kanarski, who had lost all he had while playing with this Prince. Scarcely was the blow given, when, sensible of the enormity of his crime, he betook himself to flight, but was soon apprehended by the king's guards. Casimir, who waited for him in silence amid his courtiers, as soon as he saw him, appear, addressed him as follows: 'My friends, this man is less culpable than I, since I put myself upon a level with him. I have been the cause of his violence, and the first emotions of our passions do not depend upon ourselves.' Then turning to the criminal, 'You are sorry for your fault, that is sufficient; take your money again, and let us resume gaming for ever.'

SPORTING.

We often read in the newspapers of the mighty exploits of our sportsmen at the *battue* given by noble and great land proprietors; they do not, however, eclipse former achievements in the field. In the year 1768, the Emperor Francis I. hunted for eighteen days successively on the estates of Prince Colloredo, in Bohemia. Besides the emperor and his son, there were present three princesses, and twenty of the principal nobility. With 116,200 shots they killed 1740 wild boars, 3316 deer, 102 foxes, 16,248 hares, 29,546 partridges, 9400 pheasants, 746 larks, 9353 quails, 1967 snipes, 548 wild turkeys, and 117 other birds.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The Reverend Mr. Reynolds (father of Sir Joshua Reynolds), whose moral and learned character was accompanied by so much simplicity and innocence of manners, that he was called a second Parson Adams, was remarkable for his absence of mind. Once, when he set out to pay a visit to a friend, about three miles distant from his house at Plymton, he rode in a pair of gambadoes, boots of a very peculiar make, extremely heavy, and open at the outside, so as to admit the legs of the rider, and which were attached to the

saddle. When the old gentleman arrived at his friend's house, it was remarked that he had only one gambado. "Bless me!" said he, "it is very true, but I am sure I had them both when I set out from home." And so it proved, as the lost gambado was afterwards found on the road, having dropped from the saddle and his leg without his perceiving the loss of it.

A SLIDE.

Near the top of Mount Canis, there is a spot where adventurous travellers sometimes descend to the town of Lans le Bourg upon a sledge, in the short space of seven minutes; whereas it takes two hours and a half to ascend in a carriage or on a mule. The precipice is really frightful, yet the English travellers frequently adopt this mode of conveyance during the winter.

EXTRACTS FROM LACON.

No duels are palatable to both parties, except those that are engaged in, from motives of revenge. Such duels are rare in modern times, for law has been found as efficacious for this purpose as lead, though not so expeditious, and the lingering tortures inflicted by parchment, as terrible as the more summary decisions of the pistol. In all affairs of honour, excepting those where the sole motive is revenge, it is curious that fear is the main ingredient. From fear we accept a challenge, and from fear we refuse it. From the false fear of opinion we enter the lists, or we decline to do so from the real fear of danger, or the moral fear of guilt. Duelling is an evil that it will be extremely difficult to eradicate, because it would require a society composed of such materials as are not to be found without admixture; a society where all who are not christians, must at least be gentlemen, or if neither—philosophers.

Friendship often ends in love; but love, in friendship—never.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

It is in the middle classes of society, that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property, too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first, places us beneath the influence of opinion—the second, above it.

He that sets out on the journey of life, with a profound knowledge of books, but a shallow knowledge of men, with much sense of others, but little of his own, will find himself as completely at a loss on occasions of common and of constant occurrence, as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his mistress, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

Dull authors will measure our judgements, not by our abilities, but by their own conceit. To admire their rapidity is to have superior taste, to despise it is to have none.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—“C. A.” in page 96 of your 12th Number, wishes to know, why Grocers place Grasshoppers over their doors? to trace the origin of placing them in those situations is perhaps difficult to most persons, and for want of authentic record to demonstrate to the enquiring reader—conjecture ventures sometimes to state the probable causes. I, for my own part, have heard the question asked frequently, but never heard it satisfactorily explained: seeing “C. A.’s” request, I am induced to state my humble opinion, that the grasshopper was taken as an ornamental emblem by the grocers, in compliment to Sir Thomas Gresham, it being the crest of that most eminent merchant, who laid the foundation stone of the Royal Exchange, June 7th, 1566, and finished it November, 1567; which structure was called simply the Bourse, until the 23rd January, 1570, when Queen Elizabeth, after dining with Sir Thomas, caused it, in his presence, to be proclaimed by herald and trumpet, “The Royal Exchange.” Upon the roof at each corner was two grasshoppers upon pedestals: this fabric was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and on the 23rd October, 1667, the foundation stone of the present magnificent structure was levelled by Charles II. It is said that Sir Thomas was originally a grocer, and that by industry and proper application of talent he arose to merit the appellation of the “Royal Merchant.” The grasshopper of itself is very symbolic and most appropos to grocers, whose stocks are generally produced from vegetables or plants, of which species the grasshopper may be considered as an animated production. Tradesmen generally take for ornamental signs the crest of some incorporated Company, and following this, the crest of the Grocer’s Company, (a camel, Or. bearing a pack, ermine corded gules, with a bridle of the last,) would have been applicable to those of that business, unless the grasshopper was substituted from the reasons above stated. Amongst the Athenians they were so much esteemed, that gold coins were worn in the hair, to denote their national antiquity, and the Egyptians took it for their hieroglyphic of music. I should be glad to see its origin authenticated by some of your readers. L.

Manchester, May 1, 1822.

P. S. Will some of your correspondents say, why do chimney sweepers adorn their signs with some of the most public buildings?—also, the origin of the barber’s pole!

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Your correspondent, subscribing himself “A Friend,” is surprised at my comment upon his reply to my Query, and appears to consider his first address a sufficient answer to my enquiry: to me, however, it was not satisfactory; and I therefore addressed to you the note inserted in the twelfth number of your Publication: what your correspondent finds in that note, that is so “surprising,” so “captious,” or, so “jeering,” as to occasion the ill-humour, with which he appears to have had so violent a struggle. I cannot imagine; if, however, it does contain any objectionable expression, I, too, “humbly beg pardon,” and would now request his attention to a few remarks upon his last communication.

Your correspondent doubts the accuracy of my observations; since the publication of his last address, I have repeated the experiment, and invariably find the yellow image, or spectrum, (as your correspondent unphilosophically terms it) supplanted by a green one, whose colour, becoming gradually deeper, gives place at length to a blue, which ultimately subsides into a deep violet.

I am sorry to find, that in my original Query I expressed myself so vaguely, as to leave room for a doubt respecting the object of my enquiry; I did not imagine that any one would affix to it so ridiculous

an idea, as the supposition, that I expected to be informed how the sensation of colour is communicated to the mind; I supposed it would be evident, that the Phenomenon proposed for explanation was simply that of the successive appearance of the prismatic colours.

In your correspondent’s solution of this Phenomenon he states, that the optic nerve, wearied by the repeated impression of the yellow rays, seeks relief by spontaneously throwing itself into “an opposite sort of action,” whereby a change in the colour of the image is effected. This is, to me at least, a perfectly new hypothesis: Sir Isaac Newton supposed variation of colour to originate in difference of magnitude in the various particles of light; and Euler maintained it to arise from difference in the velocities, with which the different rays cause the optic nerve to vibrate; but no where do I remember to have met with the theory advocated by “A Friend.” Ingenious, however, as it is, two objections naturally present themselves, the removal of which is desirable.

In the first place, I do not understand what is implied by “the different sorts of action” of the optic nerve. I am aware of the impossibility of ascertaining the precise method, in which the optic nerve is affected; nor am I desirous of proposing an objection, arising from the limitation of our means of observation; but I cannot admit assumptions, evidently erroneous. I conceive the optic nerve to be elastic, and consequently capable of extension and contraction, as well as of vibratory motion; but I cannot conceive it possible to impart to it the seven different kinds of motion, necessary, according to your correspondent’s hypothesis, for the production of the different prismatic colours. The elasticity of bodies is brought into action by extension and contraction; and by the alternate operation of these agents, vibratory motion may be produced; but the assertion, that the optic nerve is capable of seven different kinds of action, appears to me a mere *petitio principii*: unauthorized by experiment, and unsupported by analogy.

In the second place, your correspondent states that “the nerve, having suffered so severely, spontaneously fell into a spasm, or opposite sort of action, and produced a blue spectrum;” from which it appears to be his opinion, that the retina can, of its own accord, throw itself into such a kind of action, as to produce the sensation of a particular colour: from this assumption it is a fair inference, that the retina, which is thus capable of exciting the sensations, which we term blue, green, &c. has also the power of resisting those sensations. According to this hypothesis, each individual has entire command over his own optic nerves; can throw them into any kind of action he pleases; can make the moon appear green, and have the proof of ocular demonstration, that the natural colour of snow is scarlet.

Should your correspondent think proper to make any reply to these remarks, I hope he will, at the same time, state the distinctions, upon which he grounds his division of colours into the direct, and the reverse or inverse.

In conclusion I beg to assure “A Friend,” that my Query is not “captious,” nor my remarks “jeering;”—they originate solely in a desire to bring the mysterious but interesting subject of the nature of colour under consideration;—under these circumstances, I trust no apology for the freedom of my remarks will be deemed necessary. O.

With respect to O. R.’s experiment, a moment’s consideration convinced me of its futility: the division of time into hours, &c. is artificial; and to endeavour to connect with it any such natural phenomenon, as that supposed or pretended by O. R. is evidently useless and absurd.

To Correspondents.—Communications have been received from Juvenille, of Oldham.—Wm. Gee, of Peterborough.—J. A. of Salford.—W. F. M. L. W.—Q. in a Corner, and, P. in reply to Lapis.—Our limits, this week, will not allow us to notice, more particularly, several esteemed Correspondents.

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FOR THE IRIS.

ON STUDY.

Il ne s'agit pas de faire lire, mais de faire penser.
MONTESQUIEU.

The most delightful path of life, is that which leads through the avenue of Literature and Science.
HUME.

ON the great importance of study in early life, when the faculties are forming, and when the energies of the human mind are easily roused, it is not necessary to expatiate. Experience shews us, that the most splendid talents cannot compensate for the want of application; and that, well directed assiduity, not only "supplies the place of genius and invention," but enables the possessor of moderate abilities, to surpass others favoured by superior natural endowments.

Nothing tends in a greater degree to facilitate the progress of the student, than method and regularity. A proper adherence to a well formed plan of study, saves more time and labour than is generally supposed. He who studies a little, regularly and often, will soon surpass another who makes great efforts at distant intervals.

The advantages of study are numerous and important. In a civilized country it is generally found to be the principal avenue to advancement. By assiduous study, and a moderate share of natural talents, many persons have deservedly risen from comparatively low situations, to the first ranks in society. Probably no sort of elevation is so gratifying to the human mind, as that which a man is conscious he owes to himself. The prosperity which is purchased by personal merit has in it nothing derogatory; "it blesses him that gives, and him that takes;" it serves to support the possessor better than the imbecility which is propped by the proudest ancestry that heraldry has recorded. Study leads to knowledge; and knowledge is the most honourable of possessions. Without it the wealthiest, and most powerful individuals are but little respected while living, and soon forgotten after they are dead: but the man of superior intellectual attainments is always regarded with respect; and when he lives only in the visioned eye of memory, his loss is thought of with regret, and his name spoken of with kindness.

The mind is at first always feeble. Exercise is necessary to give it strength. When but little exerted it retains much of its pristine

weakness. Hence the advantages which a person of education, whose mind has been invigorated and enlightened by study, possesses over others placed in dissimilar circumstances.

If study be at first irksome, habit will render it agreeable; and as soon as it is pursued for the pleasure it affords, it is probably a source of the highest delight of which the human mind is susceptible. The enjoyments of the voluptuary are always transient; those of the student permanent. The pleasures of the former are precarious, and are almost invariably succeeded by remorse; those of the latter are certain, and are always reflected upon with satisfaction. The one may have his only thread of delight broken by extraneous circumstances; the other is not dependant on contingencies, but like the spider, carries in himself the materials for his web.

The life of the first is degraded and useless; that of the second is honourable, and valuable, not to himself only, but to his friends, and not to his friends only, but to his country, and the world.

The pleasures of the student admit of sufficient variety. He experiences none of those vacant moments which he knows not how to occupy. His own reflections are to him a source of perpetual enjoyment. In company he may impart information, and receive it. When alone he may add to his knowledge, or he may digest that which he has already acquired.

Study is attended with no disadvantage that I can discover, unless when it is carried to an improper degree. But this objection applies equally to every human virtue. Charity may degenerate into silly profusion; mercy into criminal weakness; and religion into idle superstition. In like manner the study of literature or science may induce a man to neglect the pursuits of his trade or profession; it may render a mind naturally surly still more unsocial; or, when pursued without proper intervals of relaxation, it may be destructive of health. But if we would find any thing against which captious ingenuity can discover no objection, we should seek for it in vain.

J. W.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING is more conducive to man's happiness, and more capable of easing his mind, when oppressed with cares and anxieties, than the society of a faithful friend, to whom he may fly for relief, and into whose

bosom, the receptacle of every virtue, he may pour forth the lamentations of his heart. The operation which friendship has upon man, is greater than that of any other passion; he reflects with heartfelt satisfaction upon the pleasure, as well as the advantages which result from this soft soother of sorrow. It fits the soul for the performance of those duties and purposes for which it was created, and by the strict observance of which, it hopes to obtain that blissful immortality which is prepared for it in a future state; and when transplanted from the earthly mass which it animates into the paradise of its Maker, it will shine forth with increased splendor.

Who can, without the greatest sorrow and detestation, behold the various abuses which are daily practised under the sanction of this sacred name! It is truly lamentable that so sublime a passion should be prostituted to such infamous purposes, and used as a cloak to conceal the blackest crimes. At the same time, we pity the man who possesses so great a share of credulity, and whose honour forbids him to entertain suspicions of another's fidelity, until his own accomplished ruin convinces him of his fatal and misplaced confidence.

Under the specious title of a friend, the most glaring actions have been perpetrated. Many an innocent victim has been sacrificed to the crafty designs of an artful villain, bereft of his fortune by the false insinuations of the base deceiver, his family involved in ruin and left entirely destitute: he cannot enjoy the pleasing satisfaction of having expended his fortune in the service of an honourable man, but of an ungrateful wretch, who even exults in his ruin, and, without remorse, beholds a father meditating with the most poignant anguish of soul, upon the wretchedness to which his children are reduced. No person who possesses any tender feeling can reflect upon such an instance of misplaced confidence, without partaking of the afflictions of the unhappy sufferer, and dropping the sympathetic tear of pity upon the recollection of his unmerited misfortunes.

It was the custom of certain Greek Philosophers to dissuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably creating supernumerary disquietudes to those who engage in them, strange infatuation! that they should disdain the greatest blessing which man obtains! Without a friend all the wealth of Attalus could not render man happy, and adversity would be almost intolerable. "De amicitia omnes ad unum sentiunt, sine amicitia vitam esse nullam." The man who would

wish to obtain that perfect state of happiness to which mankind aspire, must be very circumspect in the choice of a friend; for upon this single circumstance depends his happiness or misery. He must discover the peculiarities in the disposition of the person he wishes to honour with the sacred title, and judge whether such a disposition be congenial with his own, for without a perfect uniformity of temper friendship cannot exist,—hatred and dislike must necessarily ensue.

Such are the blessings of friendship, that mankind, animated by it, would be willing to forego their other darling pleasures, if discarding them would conduce to the happiness of a friend; the coward would assume strength in his defence, and the miser (if such a wretched being can possibly entertain so noble a passion) would quit the satisfaction of gazing upon his hoarded wealth, and forfeit them for the advantage of his friend.

B. I. T.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

A SKETCH.

The sounds of woe, the sounds of death,
From yonder valleys come;—
The warrior plume, and the laurel wreath
Are sinking to the tomb.

Old Song.

IT was a fine autumnal afternoon in the year 1764. I was then in all the vigour of youth, and unoppressed with the cares of life; I had experienced many of its pleasures, but as yet knew not any of its solitudes; a partaker of its joys, but a stranger to the sorrows which all must feel. I was at this time on a visit at the residence of a relative, in a romantic situation, commanding a delightful prospect of, perhaps, the most picturesque scenery in England. In the front was a noble expanse of waters, encircled on every side by fertile fields, some covered with the yellow corn, which ever and anon was waved in the gentlest motion by the cooling breeze—some, already shorn of their rich produce, displayed an agreeable contrast in their whiteness, while in others were seen the careless rustics cheerfully pursuing their annual labour, in all that innocent mirth which accompanies the anticipation and enjoyment of the harvest-home. Behind was a romantic wood; not indeed arrayed in all its summer foliage, but just beginning to yield to the soft touch of time, which bids the bud and blossom to appear, and which destroys them both. It was to me, however, far more agreeable in its partial decay, than it could have been in its richest splendour; for there is no season of the year so congenial to my feelings, as that in which the leaves fall off, and the flowers fade; that which produces the witching twilight, when the sun has set, but left behind him the golden tinge of his departing rays, which commingles with the shades of evening, forming an intermediate state, more lovely than either the broad light of day, or the thick darkness of night.

I had been wandering amidst such scenery as this with a young friend, much about my own age. At one time we threaded the mazy windings of the wood, plucking such wild fruit as still remained, and presented itself to our view. Then we wandered along the banks of

the lake, pleased with the gentle rippling of the tiny billows, as the wind dashed them in sportive grandeur against the pebbly shore: again we walked together along the verdant fields, relating our mutual exploits, our hopes, our fears, and in the excess of our fond fancies, forming schemes, and laying plans for the business of our after life. Already tired, not with the pleasures, but with the fatigues of our stroll, we were returning homewards, each engaged with his own thoughts, musing upon the actions of the day, or reflecting upon our present condition, and future prospects. Just as we had gained the outskirts of the wood, we were not a little surprised to hear the sound of distant music, which, wafted across the waters, came to us mellowed down into an indescribable sweetness. It was nevertheless of the most solemn kind, and anxious to learn the cause to which we were indebted for what was so congenial to our imaginations, we quickened our pace, and soon heard more distinctly the deep sounds of the drum, and the slow and protracted notes of the trumpet, and could distinguish the measured tread of soldiery. The sun was shining with peculiar brightness, and through the trees we could perceive the nodding plumes, and the glittering helmets of the troop, as they wound along the road, not far from the spot in which we were. By taking a nearer route through a small grove which bounded the path, we soon reached the road, and the whole procession was before us. The villagers had, as this, left their employment, and like ourselves were spectators of the scene. From one of these we learnt its meaning.

It was the funeral of Captain Edward Hautrey, a young officer, who had but just reached his 22nd year. He had, nevertheless, been a considerable time in the army, and had but a few months ago returned from foreign climes, where, in the service of his country, he had gained applause and renown, but when dead, instead of being crowned with his well-earned laurels, was to be shaded with the cypress and the willow. Handsome and accomplished, beloved by his faithful soldiers, he was on the eve of being united to the idol of his heart, when he was suddenly cut off in the prime of life, just as he was about to realize his fondest hopes, and enjoy those pleasures which he had so anxiously anticipated. As the neighbouring church was the spot, where slept the ashes of his ancestors, his remains had been conveyed from the place where the regiment was quartered, as the last office which surviving friends can perform for the dead.

First marched the troop, which had been under his orders, with their arms reversed—nor was there one countenance of these hardy sons of war unaffected with grief—sorrow was portrayed upon each manly face, as they for the last time beheld the coffin which contained the earthly relics of their kind commander. Immediately following them was the full band, playing as they went a solemn requiem to the dead. Next was the body of the deceased, borne by six of his sorrowing men; on the pall were deposited his helmet, sword, and spurs, the sight of which inspired a train of mournful ideas,—the weapon which had been drawn against the enemies of his country, and sheathed in many a foeman's heart, had now finished its work of death, and was consigned to its scabbard never more to be used by its

former possessor. But the most affecting sight was still to come. Next to the body appeared the gallant courser which had carried the young warrior over many a bloody plain, which had shared his glory and his dangers, and which to a soldier is almost as dear as life itself. Slung across the saddle were suspended the hero's boots. The poor animal forgetting his natural fiery ardour, instead of proudly pawing the ground as he was wont to do, appeared conscious that his master was now no more. He walked slowly along, drooping his head, and displaying, more forcibly than words can express, the sorrow which he felt. Noble animal, I exclaimed, thou hast indeed lost thy lord;—no more shalt thou experience his kind attention,—no more shalt thou bear him to the battle plain,—no more enjoy with him the glories of victory, or the comforts of peace; thou wilt shortly be doomed to another master, who perhaps will be as cruel, as thy former was humane. The officers of the regiment closed the military part of the procession, which was followed by a large concourse of the gentry and the peasantry of the place.

They soon arrived at the village church, a fine old gothic building. A row of stately elms was planted around the burial ground, which contained the remains of some of almost every person in the parish. Here then, whilst beholding the obsequies of the stranger, they were reminded of the death of those most dear to them. The service was performed by the worthy rector amidst the most prevailing silence, and many a rustic face was bedewed with tears. The corpse was committed to the grave, and the minister closed the service, when the last token of military service and respect was performed, the whole body firing three volleys over the house of death. The procession then moved slowly off, in the same order as before, we following them with the eye as they marched along, their arms reflecting the beams of the setting sun, and their plumes waving in the wind, till they were out of sight.

Every former thought was now banished from our minds, and reflecting upon the spectacle we had witnessed, we pursued our way homewards in silence. Of course this was the chief topic of conversation there, and many circumstances of Captain Hautrey's life were related. This I learnt was the day which had been fixed for his nuptials, and the amiable object of his love, so affected with grief at his death, had never recovered her accustomed spirits. She was indeed more than commonly distressed, and a settled gloom seemed to have taken possession of her heart. I was much struck with the recital of the Captain's story, and retired from the family circle to enjoy alone the luxury of grief. The country was now still; each had returned to his respective habitation, there, no doubt, to talk like us over the circumstance which had taken place. The moon had arisen, and threw a soft and melancholy light upon the waruffled lake, all nature was clothed in silent beauty, and scarcely a breath of wind rustled amid the leaves. I was ever a lover of such scenes as these; and never did I find one more suited to the nature of my soul than the present. I wandered out, unaccompanied, and unperceived, and soon arrived at the banks of the lake.

The night was calm, not a zephyr blew,
To bend the light grass, where it grew,

And a balmy fragrance breathed around
The air, and I faintly heard the sound
Of a distant voice, which floated along
The lake's expanse—what was the song,
Which the unknown chaunted so charmingly,
And felt on my ear so soothingly?

Nor was I mistaken. I heard, indeed, the voice of some unknown fair one, now tuned to a wild cadency, and now sinking so as to be inaudible. Wondering what this could be, I advanced slowly towards the spot from whence I imagined the voice to proceed.—Judge of my surprise, at discovering a beautiful female figure reclining against the bank of the lake, evidently pierced to the heart with some secret grief. She was of the middle stature, her features were of the most engaging loveliness. Her dark black eye shot such wild and melancholy glances, as would have arrested the attention of the most indifferent. Her hair was flowing over her neck and shoulders in the most enchanting disorder, and her dress bore such an air of negligence, as convinced me that I had met with a real child of affliction. I concealed myself so as to escape her observation, and listened to her wild and irregular discourse. At one time she talked in a strain quite incoherent, but at another her voice was tuned to a bewitching melody. Her song was love, of disappointment, and death, and I well remember the following lines:

Why shineth so clear the bright moon-beam
Down on the still and the lucid stream?
Why sparkle so richly the silver waves
As each succeeding the former, waves
The pebbly shore for aye repelling,
The heaving force of its gentle swelling?

Why sheddeth its light each aerial star;
Glittering so richly in Dian's car?
Why over the lake, and over the trees,
Is silence floating so lovelily?
Or why hath the air such a magic power?
This—this is the lovers most favourite hour.

But no—he is gone—such scenes cannot please,
No more can such softness my poor heart ease.
See, see, from my arms how they cruelly tear him,
And in cold martial pomp, to his sepulchre bear him;

Yes, yes, it is so, for my Edward is gone,
And Ella, poor Ella, must wander alone.

If my Edward had lived, this cloudless night
Would have smiled on our rest unperceivably;
And since to you stars he hath winged his flight,
To those stars will I follow so fearlessly,
That all at our fate will sigh and say,
No pair e'er loved so true as they.

Here the poor maiden looked wildly around, and again sunk into a settled pensiveness of soul. At length she slowly retired, and left me to reflect upon her melancholy fortunes. I bent my steps toward the hospitable roof of my relation, my mind soothed with the soft scenery which every where surrounded me, and filled with the most solemn and agreeable meditation. I did not mention the affecting circumstance I had witnessed, to any of the family, and soon after bid them farewell.—But though since that time nearly three-score years have passed over my head, now silvered o'er with age, during which I have felt the vicissitudes of fortune, the cares and anxieties of life, its sorrows, and its griefs, yet never was erased from my memory the recollection of "THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL."

T. C.

SCRAPIANA.

No. II.

From the common-place book of a Lancashire Clergyman, who flourished in the beginning of the 18th century.

Bene solum cogitare, est bene somnare.
Bonum agere, est honestè vivere, alteram non ledere, suum cuique tribuere. Justinian's entrance to his laws.

Bona throni, bona scabelli,—moveables and immoveables.

Better times may we expect, when God gives better hearts.

Better saved without a precedent, than damned by example.

Baptism—not ye want but contempt of it damnable.

Berengarius ye disciple of Fulbert, and deacon of St. Martin's in Anjou, was first persecuted upon ye account of transubstantiation. An. 1046.

Bene vixit, qui bene latuit. Fairclough.
Bene precassè, est bene studiassè. Aquinas.
Browne an Irish man, but Cornish Beggar lived long.

EPITAPH.

Here Browne ye quondam Beggar lies;

Who counted by his tale,

Some six score winters, and above:

Such virtue is in us.

Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloaths,

Ale did his death reprieve,

And could he still have drank his ale,

He had been still alive.

Bernardine monks boasted ye sun shined only on their cell.

Best things worst to come by.

Bradford said we must go to ye grammar school of repentance, before we go to the University of Predestination.

Balaam had benefit by a good angel though a wicked man.

Beatitudo hominis est Deus.

Bona opera via regni, non causa regnandi. Bern.

Bernardus non vidit omnia.

Bonifas pope, when Phocas Emperor. The first pope called by ye Empr. Universal Bishop.

Benedictio duplex, charitativa, authoritativa.

Bilson and Smith composed ye Preface to ye last translation of ye Bible.

Before thou marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Bells in England say, Funera plango; fulmina frango; sabbata pango; similiter exito lentos; dissippo ventos; paco cruentos.

Bells of Bolton cast near Northampton, on ye greatest of 'em this inscription is, viz.

'I call men to ye grave.'

A bishop being told by one, ye he hoped to see him at his diocese ere long replys "I fear I shall be in heaven before that time." Beggars of Bath.

Brine of tribulation may keep you sweet, when ye honey of prosperity will rott you.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 9, by Amicus,

Inserted in No. 18 of the Iris.

This question is stated somewhat ambiguously; the centre of motion and centre of gravity ought to have been given.

If, however, we conceive the upper end of the arm to be the centre of motion, and the centre of gravity equidistant from the centre of motion and the further end of the stick, the centre of percussion will be $\frac{2}{3}$ of $(24 + 60)$ 56 inches, from the upper end of the arm, and 28 inches from the further extremity of the stick.

Solution of No. 10, by Iota.

Inserted in No. 13 of the Iris.

Suppose x = the part of the work A does in 1 hour.

Then, will, $\frac{1-12x}{12}$ = what B does in 1 hour.

And $\frac{1-20x}{20}$ = what C does in 1 hour,

Hence, $\frac{15-120x}{12} + \frac{15-300x}{20}$ = 1 per question.

This reduced gives $x = \frac{1}{30}$, the part A does in 1 hour, consequently he would finish the whole in 30 hours.

And $(1-\frac{1}{30}) \div 12$ gives $\frac{1}{40}$, the part B does in 1 hour, he would therefore finish it in 20 hours.

Also $(1-\frac{1}{30}) \div 20$ gives $\frac{1}{60}$, the part C does in 1 hour, hence he would finish it in 60 hours.

Solutions to the same question were received from Arithmeticon, J. H. and Messrs. W. M. Laurie; T. Bainbridge, jun., Robert Andrew, and W. Wilson; the solution of J. J. jun. was erroneous.

Question No. 14, by Mr. W. Williams, jun.

Required in the line which joins two luminous bodies, the point where the quantity of light is the least possible.

Question No. 15, by Mercurius.

In a sphere of 24 inches diameter, how deep must a round hole be made, of 6 inches diameter, to contain one gallon wine measure?

Question No. 16, by Mr. Johnson.

There is a vessel whose length and breadth in one sum are 25 feet, and its depth thrice its length; required its dimensions when the capacity is the greatest possible.

We must again beg to remind our Mathematical Correspondents, that no question can be inserted unless it be accompanied by a solution from the author.

REPOSITORY OF GENIUS.

Answer to Charade, No. 15, by S. R.

Thy riddle R. S. is 'silence' I find:—
When thou writest again, keep this riddle in mind.

Charade, No. 16, by R. S.

My first is the male to a cow,
My second a bird often found:
My whole, it is known does not low,
But utters a musical sound.



POETRY.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

On the Morning of her Birth-Day.

(BY LORD BYRON.)*

Hail, to this teeming stage of strife
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How faintly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confessed
Far as the life which warms the breast:
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods, and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere passion hath disturbed thy cheek,
And prompted what thou darest not speak
Ere that pale lip is blanched with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could meet thine untuned ear
And gnat it with a father's prayer.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child!
Of travail on life's thorny wild,
Of all the dangers, all the woes
Each loitering footstep which enclose—
Ah! little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born!
Of clouds that gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store!
Would thou might never reckon more;

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep—
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flowed—
Beguiled by follies, every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away;
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe! though on that brow
No half-fledged misery nestles now—
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a ripper day.

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell!
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care—

* This is authenticated to us as an unpublished poem of Lord Byron's.—*Museum*.

Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill;
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child, the slumber brief
Too soon shalt melt away to grief—
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew thy cheek—
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes—
That breast be agonised with sighs;
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care—ah! much too soon.

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all their own,
Of many a pang, and many a woe;
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
That will not, may not find a tongue?
But kept concealed without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul!

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—
May joy still animate thy breast;
Still 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays!
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret prayer;
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of my cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How faintly could I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

IMPROMPTU.

On a musical Box and China Jar, which fell together
from a table and were broken.

'As both are lost,' quoth E****d W****,
'The matter can't disturb your quiet,
Since, though the *Harmony* it mer,
You see it does not leave a Jar.'

I'M YOUR MAN.

EXTEMPORE LINES IN ITALIAN.

On the first appearance of Mr. Salter in the much
admired Tragedy of *Virginius*, as a Roman father.

Virgino! Virgino! qual mai furore!
Deh! t'arresta! non più! padre dolente;
E misera figlia, amorosa ed innocente.
Barbaro, empio, crudel; mi fai orrore!!

Virginia! or che d'un infelice amore
Preda fosti: d'una passione ardente:
E Roma sì dura morte rammente!
Più non resisto! Icilito a tal dolore!

SALTER del tuo agire trasportato!
Tutto ver sembravami! e lagrimai!
E quasi divenni marmo gelato.

Corone d'allori il Popolo grato
Perciò a Te donò: nè fia mai
Da noi (per altrui perfidia) separato.

SFNAMI ACYLLS.

✂ We hope for a translation in English, by some
of our readers.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

MORNING DRESS.

A round dress, composed of *batiste*; the bottom of the skirt is embroidered in a running pattern of *penées* in yellow silk, surmounted by a wreath of the same flower disposed in a wave. High body, to fasten behind, and with a little fulness, at the bottom of the back: the bust is plain, and is cut moderately high on the shoulder; the waist the usual length. Long sleeve, very tight, and finished by a pointed cuff; the points turn upwards, and are edged with yellow satin. Full epaulette, cut in slashes, which are filled with satin, to correspond with the trimming. A very full ruff, composed of Uriage's lace, completely envelops the throat. The head-dress is a *demi corsette*, made of blond *monti*, and trimmed with yellow gauze ribbon: the form is remarkably simple and elegant. Black-kid shoes, and gloves to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

FULL DRESS.

Round dress, composed of *tulle*, over a white satin slip: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a garniture of *tulle* intermixed with pearls; this is surmounted by a trimming: composed of *tulle*, *chastille*, and pearls, disposed in alternate wreaths of corn-flowers and roses: this trimming has a striking and elegant effect. The *corsage* is cut low, and in such a manner as to give considerable width to the chest: it is tight to the shape. Three falls of *tourterelle* points go entirely round the bust. Sleeve composed of *tulle* over white satin; it is short and full, and ornamented with points to correspond. The front hair is dressed in light full ringlets, which fall very low at the sides of the face. The hind hair is arranged in bows somewhat higher than it has lately been worn. Head-dress, a very full plume of white ostrich feathers, and a pearl spig. Necklace and earrings, pearl. White kid gloves, and white *gros de Naples* shoes.

FRENCH EVENING DRESS.

Dress of gossamer pink satin under fine net; the net covered with chains formed of *rouleaux* of pink satin, the border trimmed with puckering of pink crape with points of pink satin, turned up over the puckering, these points are edged with blond: the *corsage* finished with slashes in the Spanish fashion: sleeves short and full to correspond. The hair arranged in large curls and bows, and ornamented with pink and silver lama gauze. Isis serpent in front, formed of pearls. Ear-rings and necklace of large oriental pearls. White satin shoes, white kid gloves, and carved cedar fan.

Turquoise stones, pearls, and very small brilliants, set together, form a favourite article in jewellery for rings; gold ear-rings in the form of a cone, or of a chrysalis, are among the novelties of the day, as are pendants of topaz and rubies set transparent, in the light Italian manner.

The favourite colours are celestial blue, pink, lavender, and cream-colour.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lord Byron has, we hear, sent a new tragedy over it is founded on a German story, which has already taken its place in English literature, though not in a dramatic form. Report says that his Lordship has not on this occasion departed from his wonted course.

A Monthly Magazine in the French language is about to be started in London, under the title of *Le Musée des Variétés Littéraires*.

The Grave of the last Saxon, or legend of the Curfew; a Poem. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Mr. D. Turner, of Yarmouth, is preparing for press 1000 Autographs of most distinguished characters, with a brief memoir of each, and with portraits in some instances.

Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry. By Wm. Wirt, of Richmond; Virginia. Reprinted from the American Edition.

THE MUSAEID.

NO. VII.—THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1822.

Non amo te.—MARTIAL.

Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine.—
THOMSON.

We drink chocolate.—Coffee is a liquor that we relish not.—Tea is a beverage only fit for old maids, washing-women, and cookneys, the genera of humanity which we utterly eschew, loathe, and abominate.—Why then do we write on a subject so detestable? We answer—we have good reasons:—if any one ask 'which be they?' We have only to repeat—we have reasons, that we could and would give if we chose, but not upon compulsion.—We are led perhaps to complain more grievously upon this subject than we ought, because we have always an alternative of one of the two last-mentioned fluids forced down our throats when we answer the numerous cards of invitation which rest upon our chimney-piece.—It is mighty curious indeed to observe how Volatile avoids bringing his lips in contact with these obnoxious potions—how he seems to sip, and contrives to spill into the saucer—anon rises—to relieve some lady from her finished cup—then mingling with the chat which prevails on such occasions, delays it to the last minute—the servant comes.—now do take another cup Mr. Volatile!—says the lady of the house—Volatile is inflexible, the untouched cup is carried away, and his spirits revive—like the drooping bud after the April shower—and he seems more pleased by the departure of the cups rattling upon the tray—than the devotees of gunpowder are by the hissing of the entering tea-urn.—Nevertheless there is a something exceedingly inspiring in the mute eloquence of a jangling tea-cup, something which causes the heart even to respond to the insipid prattle which such weak draughts promote; but these delights have been carried to too great an extent—and tea parties in general are now become meetings, where scandal and defamation are the principal objects of conversation, and, where the demerits and defects of a neighbour are entered upon with the most rigid and censorious asperity. 'Volatile where are you going in such a confounded hurry,' said Panacey, as the former was hastily passing him, 'I can't stop,' said Volatile, peevishly, 'Zounds you must, for I've a hundred things to tell you, and yet I won't detain you if you really are so anxious to be gone,' said the Doctor, observing Volatile's impatience; 'but in the name of petulance whither are you going?' 'To the, no, no,' said he laughing, 'I'm going to Mr. Ravenhair's, I will see you at ten, I shan't be later.' 'What, ha, how many quadrilles did you dance at Mr. Give's ball with one partner, eh, but?' 'Oh you must excuse me now,' said Volatile, and off he went. Now Mrs. Ravenhair and her sister, are in our opinion, very handsome, and very pleasant, and very entertaining, and we do not know whether we love more their good qualities, or admire their beauty; we have also been enchanted by their exquisite singing, and we have no hesitation in asserting that Miss Fairbrow is much the best singer, in a private room, that we have ever had the pleasure of hearing, indeed we have been absolutely astonished

at the deep full richness of her voice. Tea was far advanced, when Volatile was ushered into the room, and it was only among the younger part that he could attract the least notice, all the elderly ladies being completely immersed in conversation. 'Pray, Mr. Volatile,' said Miss Fairbrow, 'what has kept you so long, we had almost ceased to expect you, and were abandoning ourselves to disappointment.' 'But you see I'm here to comfort you; I hope I didn't keep tea waiting, however.' 'Oh, no,' 'Mr. Volatile,' said, a waxen puny girl, 'have you seen Miss Shufflebotham, that the town speaks so much of, I'm sure she is not so handsome as some people say; Mr. Printwell takes great airs about her, but I don't think much of her, certainly she is quite the belle of Ardwick, but that's not much, you know.' 'Oh fie,' interrupted Volatile, 'it's very cruel in you to say so—you know every body thinks her so beautiful.' 'Oh,' said Miss Gilhulme, tossing up her head with the greatest affectation, 'the foolish little chatterbox—d'ye know Mr. Volatile, she has had her likeness taken by the automaton, and she makes such a fuss about it—there's no bearing—what d'ye think she says—she made Mr. Allknow such a speech about that portrait—that.' 'For mercy's sake, my dear Miss Gilhulme, do spare the poor girl.' 'Then,' said the unrelenting lady, 'there's Miss Potier and her brother Harry, with her fair tresses à la mode de Charles, and her beautiful sleepy languishing look, and her—' 'For pity if not for love, Miss Gilhulme, have a little mercy.' 'And oh—that affected Miss Rindy, and her sweet flirt the juvenile ***** with his odious glass, which he so continually bores one with—and his drawling impertinences—and then—' here Miss Gilhulme's scandal became so loud that Volatile ventured to solicit her attention to Miss Fairbrow, who wished to know whether she would take more tea. 'No thank ye, my love.' 'Nay now do oblige me.' 'Upon my word I have quite finished.' 'Mr. Volatile you have taken nothing at all, I really wish you would help yourself to the cake, or bread and butter, Miss Gilhulme has prevented you from eating.' 'Oh no, I can assure you,' said Volatile, 'I have quite finished.' 'John you may take away,' said Mrs. Ravenhair, 'I believe we have all finished.' 'Mr. Volatile d'ye sing?' said Miss Fairbrow, as the man removed the équipage au thé 'I think you have a singing face.' 'No indeed, Miss Fairbrow, you are a bad physiognomist if you think so, upon my honour I never sung except once, and that was to please an old aunt of mine—but I have heard so much of your talents, and have been so well pleased with what little I myself have had the pleasure of witnessing, that I hope you will favour us with a song.' 'What must it be then,' said she, laughing, and rising she took up her music book. 'Oh you best know,' said Volatile. We have before spoken of Miss Fairbrow's singing, and had then no hesitation in giving it our unqualified meed of approbation, but if the word of a man may be trusted whom this last effort has distracted with the concord of sweet sounds, her singing this evening was the ne plus ultra of harmony.

When Miss Fairbrow had finished Miss Gilhulme attempted to renew her pertinacious babbling, but Volatile would not attend to her. 'Though I cannot sing I can dance,' said he to Miss Fairbrow, who

was preparing a set for the quadrille, and shall be happy to accompany you in 'Les Lanciers,' or 'Les Graces, Mademoiselle.' Her fairy steps were lighter than her angel voice was sweet. Volatile was entranced, enraptured, en— but his ecstasies may best be painted by the following delicious effusion of his muse.

O . . . daughter and image of May,
The zest of each joy, and the balm of each sorrow,
As bright as the radiance that beams in the day,
And as sweet as the hope that beguiles in to-morrow.
A star of delight at whose beamy approaching
The signals of triumph are seen in the skies;
The wind's hoarsest murmurs the tempest's reproaching,
Are sunk into breezes, are fallen to sighs.
And while all around (hushed in quiet) reposes,
The voice of creation proclaims in the gales;
Bright queen of the fair, of the lilies and roses,
High priestess of beauty, and wisdom, all hail!
Such shall be for ever the rapturous greeting,
The joy and the harmony wak'd by your tread;
Where pleasure with pleasure, and joy with joy meeting,
Shall break the black bandage of sorrow and dread.
O mighty enchantress! say, where is that fairy
That grac'd every charm which attends in your train?
And which rare as exquisite, fleeting as airy,
Earth ne'er had before, and will ne'er see again.
Tis something compounded of all the lost graces,
Of all the bright beams that ere beauty has cast;
Which in its wide range of perfection embraces,
The blaze of the present, the future, the past.
A spirit, an essence, a radiance, breaking
Around like an halo, that waits on your call,
That fires in your eye-beam, that plays in your speaking,
That glows in each part and yet mingles in all.
The bright emanation diffused from a relic,
Too sacred for earthy or Cyprian shrine;
Diffusing around it that lustre angelic,
The wide circling glory that marks it divine.
A form at whose glance, at one sight of whose motion,
Your joys and your sorrows alike would be o'er;
Your thoughts would be lost like a drop in the ocean,
And leave but behind them the wish to adore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

What can we say to our correspondents for our long neglect of them? Nothing. What must our correspondents say to us? Nothing, if they please. We know we have behaved very uncivilly, but it will not become them to abuse us. We have indeed had some of the finest hands disgorged with the hurry of indignation, first, at our unsanctified replications and now at our contemptuous taciturnity; but had they known the gracefulness of silence, they would not have committed themselves in petulance and wrath. Young ladies who are unaccustomed to communications with editors, will no doubt take it grievously amiss that they do not meet the same implicit attention which they usually receive, and to which perhaps their merits may justly entitle them; yet if they could know how it affects us to wound them, they would not blame us for delaying the painful sentence of condemnation, or the 'damning with faint praise,' which we are too often compelled to bestow on their productions.

Clarinda would not have written to 'demand some notice of her verses from Mr. Volatile,' nor have expressed herself 'amused, at his want of gentlemanly propriety,' had she been aware that it was his high sense of 'gentlemanly propriety,' which forbade him to tell a lady that her verses were very silly verses: nor would Fania have 'thought that the editors might long since have found space for her sonnet in some number of the Musaeid,' could she only have imagined that it was her measure, and her numbers which were in fault.

But briefly, dear Correspondents, Juliet, Aminta, Kate, Jane, and Olivia, your ratings are lost upon us; we won't even tell you what we think of your Communications, but not one of them shall be published.

F: is wrong. We were not ashamed of meeting her in the Square the other day, but we saw her point us out to her friend and we hate to be attacked about the Musaeid.

Della wants to know how she must spend her time? Profitably.

Mrs. Antidote's account of Miss Spadille's tea party will be inserted, but we cannot promise when. We heard the secret of the wedding long before Matilda sent it to us: we know the day too, which, we dare say, she does not, and the Millinerics, which are ordered, from Mrs. Bean, that's the name we believe.

THE EDITORS OF THE MUSAEID AT THE IRIS OFFICE.

WEEKLY STORY.

MAY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 12.—*Rogation Sunday.*

This day takes its name from the Latin term *rogare* to ask; because, on the three subsequent days, *supplications* were appointed by Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna, in the year 469, to be offered up with fasting to God, to avert some particular calamities that threatened his diocese.

THURSDAY 16.—*Ascension Day.*

From the earliest times, this day was set apart to commemorate our Saviour's ascension into heaven: all processions on this, and the preceding rogation days, were abolished at the Reformation. In London, on this day, the minister, accompanied by the churchwardens, and a number of boys, with wands, walk in procession, and *beat the bounds* of the parish. But this is not always practised, nor in every year.

Mr. Evelyn's description of the manner in which Ascension Week was passed in Venice, in his time, (1645) is extremely curious, as affording a faithful picture of the then flourishing state of this once emporium of commerce, and a vivid delineation of the strange and fantastic costume of the Venetian ladies of that period. "It was now Ascension Week, and the great mart or faire of ye whole yeare was kept, every body being at liberty and jollie.

The noblemen stalking with their ladys on *choppines*; these are high-hee'd shoes, particularly affected by these proude dames, or, as some say, invented to keepe them at home, it being very difficult to walke with them; whence one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames, replied, that they were *mezzo carne, mezzo ligne*, half flesh, half wood, and he would have none of them. The truth is, their garb is very odd, as seeming alwayes in masquerade; their other habits also tottally different from all nations. They weare very long crisped haire, of severall strakes and colours, which they make so by a wash, discheveling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no head, but an hole to put out their heads by; they drie them in the sunn, as one may see them at their windows. In their tire they set silk flowers and sparkling stones, their peticoates coming from their very arme-pits, so that they are neere three quarters and half apron; their sleeves are made exceeding wide, under which their shift sleeves as wide, and commonly tucked up to the shoulder, shewing their naked armes, thro' false sleeves of tiffany, girt with a bracelet or two, with knots of points richly tagged about their shoulders and other places of their body, which they usually cover with a kind of yellow vaille of lawn very transparent. Thus attir'd they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants, or old women, to support them, who are mumbling their beads. 'Tis ridiculous to see how these ladys cawle in and out of their gondolas by reason of their *choppines*, and what dwarfs they appear when taken down from their wooden scaffolds; of these I saw near thirty

together, stalking half as high again as the rest of the world, for courtezans or the citizens may not weare *choppines*, but cover their bodies and faces with a vaille of a certaine glittering taffeta or lustrée, out of which they now and then dart a glance of their eye, the whole face being otherwise entirely hid with it; nor may the common misses take this habit, but go abroad barefaced. To the corners of these virgin-vailles hang broad but flat tassels of curious Point de Venise; the married women go in black vailles. The nobility weare the same colour, but of fine cloth lin'd with taffeta in summer, with fur from squirrels in ye winter, which all put on at a certaine day girt with a girdle emboss'd with silver; the vest not much different from what our Bachelors of Arts weare in Oxford, and a hood of cloth made like a sack, cast over their left shoulder, and a round cloth black cap fringed with wool, which is not so comely; they also weare their collar open to shew the diamond button of the stock of their shirt. I have never seen pearle for colour and bignesse comparable to what the ladys weare, most of the noble families being very rich in jewells, especially pearles, which are always left to the son or brother who is destined to marry, which the eldest seldome do. The Doge's vest is of crimson velvet, the Procurator's, &c. of damasc, very stately. Nor was I lesse surprised with the strange variety of ye severall nations which were seen every day in the streetes and piazzas; Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moores, Greeks, Sclavonians, some with their targets and boucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous emporium which is always crowded with strangers."—(Evelyn's Memoirs.

Some beautiful reflections on the fallen state of Venice are given by Lord Byron, at the opening of the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, when he represents himself as standing upon a bridge, and indulging in the following train of meditations, naturally excited by the decaying splendour, unexpected desertedness, and antient glories of this romantic city:—

I stood in Venice on the bridge of sighs
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smites
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance; with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
FORTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a College chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, Tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits.—We ran up to London in style, went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quiet breakfast at the St. James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warmhearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas?

To escape was impossible.—A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George; what the—do you do here; Tandem too, by—." (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments which dropped from his mouth, like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) "I have it," thought I, as an idea crossed my mind which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing. "What you don't know me you young dog? don't know your own uncle? Why, Sir,—in the name of common sense—Pshaw! you've done with that.—Why in—name an't you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge sir?" said I. "At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment; "why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift; is this the manner you dispose of my allowance; is this the way you read hard? You young profligate! you young—your—Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene; and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency. "I have not the honour of your acquaintance"—His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment—"I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me, but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before."—A torrent, I perceived, was coming—"Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate; though your finding your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.—Bye bye, old buck." The cart was removed, and I drove off; yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—"He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle, by—."

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no period had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton *d'un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principia."—"Well! you've done it.—Dished completely. What could induce you to be such a black-head?" said he. "The family of the Blackheads,

my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party." "Pshaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?" "Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he's in trouble! However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge instantly." "Cambridge?" "In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a stage arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut; droves of sheep, and carts impeded our progress;—but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the college in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas been here?" said I to the porter with an agitation I could not conceal. "No, sir," Phil "thank God, and took courage." "If he does, tell him so, and so," said I, giving *ceratious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of the college for this fortnight. You twig! God bless you."—I had barely time to get to my own room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, *strewed* around in learned confusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I wish to see Mr.——," said he; "is he in his rooms?" "Yes sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago." This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for. "Ay! very likely. Reads very hard, I dare say?" "No doubt of that, I believe, Sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass. "You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he's not in college!" "Not in college! Sir, as I hope——" "None of your hopes or fears to me. Shew me his rooms.—If two hours ago I did not see—— See him,——yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear Sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?" "What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes!" "How happy I am to see you!" I continued; "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!" "How people may be deceived!—My dear George, (speaking very rapidly,) I met a fellow, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you, in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts! I came down directly with four post-horses, to tell your Tutor; to tell the Master; to tell all the College, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to inclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever."—"My dear

Sir, how singular!"—"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's mother were acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice; all but the manner, and damme, that was *not* yours. No—no, you never would have treated your old uncle so." "How rejoiced I am, that——" "Rejoiced! as am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Frod! I can't tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking;—and that cracked fellow—commener, Meadows, had shewn me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, another gowmsman standing on the brink, and exclaiming, 'Oh! that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!' But,——it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle!—I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he, musing; "yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is——" I moved instantly. "But it's impossible, you know, it's impossible. Come, my dear fellow, come! I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike!"

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother was a handsome man; and there was a Lady Somebody, who, the world said, was partial to him. She may have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you! Read hard you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers!" I never saw him again.

His death which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was a "little elevated," left me the heir to his fine estate! I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated; and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my Uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straightforward path of life, that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO "O."

DEAR SIR,—The first thing I perused in the last *Iris* was your reply, and I can assure you it gave me great pleasure. Every one admires the man who is resolved to think for himself, who has courage to question the theories which he doubts. Upon my honour it was not with real "*ill-humour*" that I answered your second letter, it was assumed, and I thought you would understand it as such. Should we ever appear again as antagonists in the pages of the *Iris*, I hope it will be with that mutual good-temper which ought to distinguish philosophical controversies. After receiving this communication, you will doubtless see the propriety of dropping this dispute. I will not provoke a reply if I can avoid it. Sufficient has been said to encourage the young philosopher to study this branch, of those laws which the Almighty has instituted, for the preservation, and the pleasure, of animated beings.

I will now say a few words in reply—observe, I do not intend to formally reply to your objections, though the materials for such crowd upon me. You say that my term "*spectrum*" is unphilosophical; it is nevertheless appropriate, for doubtless nearly every *spectre*, that has been seen for ages past, has been nothing more than a *spectrum*. The learned (not that they are infallible) have thus made use of the word many years, and have not yet rejected it. This you will find by having recourse to the LXXVI vol. of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, and to the 5th number of that very Philosophical Publication, the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. I must, therefore, continue to use the word in this sense, till you, or some other person, substitute a better.

You say that the wearied retina, throwing itself into opposite or spasmodic action, is to you a new hypothesis; I can assure you it is a well known one. See the works above quoted, and Dr. Darwin's immortal work, The "*Zoonomia*, or the Laws of Organic Life."—In the latter you will find many experiments which prove, and *numberless* analogies which support that very hypothesis which you state to be "*unauthorized* by experiment, and unsupported by analogy." What shall I say to you? You surely have never once referred to the ear. How many kinds, or degrees of motion, is the tympanum capable of?

Again, you say, that if, as I contend, the retina has the power of spontaneously falling into action, it must have the power of spontaneously refusing to act. This is certainly a very strange assumption. And then you say that, "according to this hypothesis, each individual has entire command over his own optic nerves; can throw them into any kind of action he pleases," in other words, that falling into action "of its own accord," is the same as falling into action at the command of the will. Thus you sanction the following conclusion, that *spontaneously* falling into action, is the same thing as *not spontaneously* falling into action. Nothing else can be made of your paragraph.

With regard to spectra being divided into direct and inverse, nothing is more easy of solution. To medical men, these are small difficulties.

The following quotations will convince you that I have very great authorities for the opinions I have stated.—"From all these experiments it appears, that the spectra in the eye are not owing to the mechanical impulse of light impressed on the retina, nor to its chemical combination with that organ, nor to the absorption and emission of light."—"By the following observations it appears, that a similar circumstance obtains in the organ of vision; after it has been fatigued by one kind of action, it spontaneously falls into the opposite kind."—"Sect. III. The motions of the retina demonstrated by experiments."—See the works above quoted.

From the experiments which I myself have made, and from the researches of others, I have every reason to believe what I have advanced to be cor-

root. The objections stated by you are easily removed, I must therefore still cherish these doctrines; you can please yourself whether you admit them or not. You surely will not condemn them before you have made yourself acquainted with that information which the above works so abundantly supply. No person holds in greater veneration than myself the illustrious Newton; but since his time, discoveries have been made in his favourite sciences of which he had no idea. I shall pass over your attempt at ridicule, confident that that "unphilosophical" way of objecting was forced from you by my words, "captious, jeering, &c." which I am sorry for having used. I must now take my leave of you. I shall rejoice to see you again in the Iris, on any other subject. I shall myself sometimes trouble our kind Editor with a lucubration.

Most respectfully I subscribe myself,
A FRIEND.

Pendleton, May 8th, 1822.

VOLCANOES.

TO "LAPIS,"

SIR,—You are surprised, that I reject a doctrine so generally assented to, as that of the existence of a central cavity:—mere universality of assent, however, adds little to the value of speculative opinions; every body once thought, that the sun moved round the earth; and he, who first asserted a contrary opinion, was despised as a fool, and punished as a heretic:—let us, then, examine how far I am justified in denying the existence of a central cavity.

You acknowledge it impossible to conjecture how this central cavity was produced, but persist in maintaining its existence, and quote a passage from the Book of Genesis, viz. "the earth was without form and void," in support of your assertion. To this evidence I object, first, that it is inadmissible; and, secondly, that it has no connexion with the point in question. In the first place, an attentive examination of the first four or five chapters of the Book of Genesis will convince you, that they were not composed by Moses: internal evidence, not unsupported by external coincidence, proves them to consist merely of a collection of national traditions; the first of which, referring to events, which preceded the birth of man, is no better authority than the traditions of the same events, which have been preserved by other nations, and by which the Mosaic account of the creation is contradicted: the evidence, therefore, of such traditions is evidently of no authority, and therefore inadmissible. But supposing Moses to have been the author, the inspired author of this history of the creation, and supposing our translation of that history to accord with, and convey exactly the ideas of the original, as composed by Moses, yet does the passage quoted afford no support to your argument. That a cavity should be formed and maintained in the centre of an uncondensed nebule of heterogeneous matter;—that any natural cause should so counteract the operation of the universal law of gravity, as to prevent the different atoms from coming within a certain distance of their common centre of attraction, is a supposition evidently absurd: your translation of the term "void" is therefore incorrect, and the passage in question can have no reference to the existence of a central cavity.

You say the sensation of increased heat is produced upon descent into wells, &c. and hence infer the existence of a central fire: some other cause, however, of this sensation must be sought: that the temperature of the atmosphere does not become greater, as we descend into the earth, has been proved by various experiments; amongst others, Dr. Withering found the thermometer, at the bottom of a well 84 feet deep, to stand uniformly at 49° during the year 1798.

You most ignorantly attribute non-combustion in certain wells to the rarefaction of the air by heat: it is ascertained that it is the presence of carbonic acid gas that produces this effect.

You imagine a central cavity necessary for the

reception of the waters of the deluge: if you believe, that the Deity created the Diluvian Waters, it surely requires no great stretch of credulity to believe, that he also destroyed them, when it became desirable to withdraw them from the surface of the earth.

In the fourth paragraph of your letter you say, that "if a central fire be allowed, one part of such an immense globe of caloric might be hotter and more expanded than another!!!" *Prok pudor!* What is heat but caloric? In a body of caloric, it is evident, that, were such a case possible, that portion would necessarily be the hottest, not where the caloric was the most expanded, but where it was the most condensed. But to return:—it is ascertained, that the pressure of fluids is the same in all directions, and it is therefore impossible, that the expansion of any portion of this central globe of caloric should affect one part of the earth, more than another; the least expansion in any portion must necessarily affect the whole, and produce a simultaneous eruption at all its vent-holes.

By this view of the subject we moreover prove, that earthquakes do not originate in the expansion of this supposed central globe of caloric; for, while a passage is afforded by existing volcanoes, the superabundant caloric will never exert itself to form fresh vent-holes.

Should you choose to make any reply to these observations, I shall thank you to inform me, how you suppose this accumulation of caloric in the centre of the globe to be effected; it being a known property of the matter of heat, not to congregate, but to separate;—not to accumulate, but to spread itself through all surrounding matter, until it has found its equilibrium.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Every lover of the drama must feel gratified that the town of Manchester has expressed, in so decided and dignified a manner, its determination to protect deserving performers from the caprice of those, who ought always to be governed by the will of the public.

It is hardly probable that the "gentlemen" managers at Liverpool, will disregard a marked expression of public feeling so much, as to insist on Mr. Salter's dismissal; but are they not likely to be a little embarrassed by their engagement with Mr. Vandenhoff? No one imagines that gentlemen will condescend to perform second rate characters, where Mr. Salter occupies the first rank; and, whatever may be the feelings of Mr. S. on the subject, the inhabitants of this town will not suffer their favourite to be thrown into the shade. Under these circumstances, Mr. Salter may be forced to a temporary retirement from the Manchester boards, and, in that case, could any thing be more gratifying to his patrons, than some lasting memorial of his talents, and their approbation; especially, if that memorial could be made the means of profit to Mr. S. and a convincing proof to those, "gentlemen managers," that, even without their assistance, the town of Manchester knows how to remunerate those who exert themselves for the public gratification.

The portrait of Mr. Salter, in the character of Hamlet, drawn by Mr. Minasi, affords an opportunity for putting such a plan into execution. An engraving from it would be a gratification to the admirers of Mr. Salter, and a source of considerable emolument to that gentleman, if he were to publish it by subscription, and the demand were as great, as the partiality of the public would lead us to anticipate. The drawing is, in itself, a *chef d'oeuvre*, and an engraving from it, such as a pupil of Bartolozzi might be expected to produce, would be a proof of the flourishing state of the fine arts in Manchester, as well as of the liberality with which excellence is there patronized.

GIACOMO.

• Mr. Minasi was a pupil of that celebrated Engraver.

BRIEF OBSERVATIONS

On the use of the article *a* or *an*, before words beginning with a vowel.

"A becomes *an*, before a vowel, &c."—Murray's Gram.

Words beginning with the vowel, *a*, are universally used with *an*, as, an admirer, an aeronaut, an airgun, an aorist, an auricle, &c.

An, is used before words beginning with the vowel *e*; when *e*, is succeeded by a consonant, or the vowels, *a*, *i*, *o*, or *y*; as, an echo, an eagle, an eighteenth, an eciple, an eye; when succeeded by the vowels *w*, or *u*; *a*, is used without exception; as, a ewe, a ewer; pronounced as if written *you* and *your*; a European, a eathanasay, a eunuch, a eaphony, &c.

I, has no exceptions to the rule, as, an Indian, an iambick, &c.

O, has but one exception, and that is in the word, one; thus we say "such a one;" "a one," which may be easily accounted for; in the pronunciation of this word, *w*, appears to be understood, as if it were written (*won*) which does not occur in any other word beginning with *o*; except, *once*. All others follow the rule, as, an optician, an oath, an ocilad, an oilman, an ooze, an outwatch.

U, the last vowel, (for *w* and *y* are only vowels under peculiar circumstances), may be comprehended under two rules; 1. When, *u*, at the beginning of a word is sounded long; *a*, must be used, as, a union, a university, a unit, &c. 2. When short, *an*, is invariably applied, as, an underling, an upstart, &c.

IOTA.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, May 6th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Browne: King Richard III.; Chronosphotologos; and Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

Wednesday, 8th.—The Stranger; with Brother and Sister.

Friday, 10th.—For the Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman: King Lear; with Valentine and Orson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received, during the last week, several letters in which our correspondents complain of their contributions having been passed over without notice.—We beg that it may, in future, be understood, that we by no means reject all the pieces to which we do not advert particularly.—

Were we to answer fully every correspondent, our notices would occupy a considerable portion of our publication.—From our stock of unpublished communications, if the authors will permit us, we purpose occasionally to borrow.—We trust this explanation will be deemed sufficient.

We are obliged to "B." for his offering; but as we shall decline making use of it, we have chosen the other alternative.

Communications have been received from Dramaticus.—Observer.—A Subscriber.—Janus.—X. Y.—Vindex.—B. on Woman.—S.—n.—Adam.—Ybzak.—N. K.—J. C.—A Constant Reader.—and Job.

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The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

PUBLISHED

WEEKLY.

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PRICE 3½d.

"THE CLUB."

No. VIII.—FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1822.

Here you a whokworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penury;
Most like to carcase perch'd on gallows-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got,"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Nè, of its rigour will he bate a jot.

THOMSON.

IT has before been stated that our Club is composed partly of men of business, and partly of persons who are engaged in professions. It is perhaps owing to this circumstance, that we have occasionally amused ourselves with considering those satirical delineations of the different classes of society, which are to be found in authors who profess to depict life and manners. As we have learned to bear railery without ill-humour, we have found a good deal of entertainment in collecting and examining these little malicious representations. Our mirth, however, has not hindered us from discovering, that the witty part of mankind have given very unfair representations of their graver brethren. I shall at present consider this unfairness so far as it relates to tradesmen, and, in a future number, may probably extend my view to other classes of society.

In the dramatic writings which appeared for some time after the restoration, the tradesman took the place, which, in the time of Shakspeare, had been occupied by the clown. He was introduced only to be the butt of the superior characters. His avarice, ill-breeding, and hypocrisy, were contrasted with the careless generosity, the easy manners, and the agreeable licentiousness of the fine gentleman of the piece. His unfashionable vices were punished according to the poetic justice of the day; and the audience saw him cudgelled, cheated, and dishonoured, with great satisfaction. It was part of the dramatic morality of the age, that the children of such a parent might rob him, not only with impunity, but with applause. They gave, by so doing, a proof that they had a spirit above their birth; and when his daughter made free with his money, and threw herself, without waiting for his consent, or the sanction of the church, into the arms of some battered rake, the poet took care to reward such filial piety, by making her an honest, as well as a happy woman, at the conclusion of the piece.

It is probable that the spirit of party had something to do in producing such representations. A great majority of the puritans and independents, the adherents of the long parliament, and of Cromwell, were to be found amongst the tradesmen, who were frequently at once dissenters and roundheads. The wits were generally of the royalist party, dependent upon men of dissolute lives, and the companions of their excesses. When the return of the second Charles gave to these men the ascendancy, they would have considered their triumph as incomplete, if they could not have rendered their adversaries ridiculous. This was probably one cause of the contemptible light in which tradesmen were exhibited on the stage; and the character once introduced, was too valuable as a constant source of mirth, to be soon given up.

The increase of trade; the wealth acquired by many tradesmen; and the greater intercourse which took place amongst the different classes of society, gradually lessened the coarseness of those representations of men of business, which were given on the stage. Yet this reformation, like almost every other, made but a slow progress. The lines from Thomson, which I have placed at the head of this paper, are a tolerably correct representation of the opinion which the learned and polite entertained, in his day, of commercial persons. If it began to be discovered that a tradesman might be a worthy man, it was still the current opinion, that his virtues must be of a vulgar and inferior kind. Taste, literature, or politeness, he could not possibly possess. His studies must by no means extend beyond "Cocker's Arithmetic," and the Newspaper; and if he made the least pretension to any knowledge beyond that which might be acquired on the Exchange, or to more good-breeding than could be expected at a city ball, a host of hungry wits were ready to hold him up to ridicule, and to prognosticate the speedy termination of his career, by his appearance in the gazette.

Our periodical essays furnish instances in abundance, of the mirth which was in this manner derived from the ludicrous exhibition of tradesmen. A foreigner, who should form his notions of our men of business from these writings, must conceive of them as a set of personages generally corpulent—great critics in roast-beef and turtle-soup—great consumers of port and tobacco—wearing fine clothes in an awkward manner—totally destitute of taste and literature, and too well satisfied with full purses, to be at all conscious of empty heads.

Such are the Drippings, the Blubbers, the Groggers, the Bulls, the Gingers, the Bearskins, and a long et cetera of personages, who, together with their tawdry wives and affected daughters, are depicted by our popular essayists, or figure on the stage, as the representatives of the commercial part of this commercial nation!

Whenever we talk of these portraits at the Club, one of the members, a man of various reading, and rather quick feelings, never fails to break in upon the mirth which they occasion, by giving us an account of all the learned tradesmen whose history he remembers. If we may believe him, the divine Plato sold oil, and Demosthenes himself was in all probability a cutler. Nay, he pretends that Atticus, the bosom friend of nearly all the great writers of the Augustan age, was in fact only a considerable slave dealer. As our friend is himself a tradesman, he always speaks a little warmly on the subject, and usually concludes his catalogue of literary shop-keepers, by appealing to us against the injustice of the wits.

"Is it to be endured," says he, "that a set of men, whose sole merit consisted in being able to polish a period, or to manufacture rhymes; and whose lives were spent in repeating, in their own language, what they had read in some other, should thus hold up to contempt the most useful members of society? Authors may talk as they please about mental labour, and the superiority of their pursuits over those of tradesmen,—but I could never discover that it was more difficult to select proper images, than to choose good patterns; and I am sure that it is quite as easy to avoid bad grammar, as to escape bad debts. To make a fortune, requires at least as much intellect as to make a book; and the man who raises himself to the possession of wealth by close application to business, is, in my opinion, quite as much deserving of applause, as he who gets a name, by devoting the same time to study."

I would not have the reader imagine that the other members of the Club are exactly of the same opinion as this gentleman. We give due honour to those who have enlightened and instructed mankind by their writings; nor do we by any means undervalue the authors of works of imagination. On the contrary, no writers are more frequently quoted or eulogized amongst us. We think, at the same time, that a tradesman may have a just taste in literature, and be acquainted with books, without neglecting his business; as, on the

other hand, he may be a valuable member of the community, and acquire an honourable competency, without any relish for such pursuits. We think the portraits, which have been generally given of tradesmen, to be gross caricatures, the productions of men who had much more wit than knowledge of the world, and whose ignorance and prejudice combined to render their descriptions unfaithful. We have never yet seen any correct delineations of the mercantile character, and must be allowed to remark, that to pourtray with a faithful, and yet spirited pencil, the manners and feeling, the enjoyments and sufferings, of so large a portion of the community, is a task which would require the ability of no ordinary writer.

T. P.

CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

I like to meet a sweep—one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigrity, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits, (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *faucis Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost for ever!”—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*, where the “Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.”

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kiled heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood *yelept* *sassafras*. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, I have never adventured to dip my own particular lip into a basin of such ingredients; yet I

have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (*sassafras* is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her *sassafras* for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can explicate.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight, and, oh I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him then shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendant over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing with my accustomed precipitation, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the *March to Finchley*, grinning at the pye-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness

of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility;—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguise, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless defiliations.

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled *Ascanius*—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman, (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his

mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting place.—By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master sweeps, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our male body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quitted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with nappery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion Bison, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the honours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waste of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing, “the gentleman,” and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers liek in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it “must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating”—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which “were their best patrimony”—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to “wipe the lip before drinking.” Then we had our toasts—“The King;”—the “Cloth;”—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment which never failed, “May the Brush super-

sede the Laurel.” All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a “Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,” which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

*Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—*

JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him in vain; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

ELIA.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM LACON.

We seek the society of the ladies with a view to be pleased, rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is flattering to our vanity, to set them right. Therefore I would have the ladies indulge with somewhat less of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflected without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice should go a little further, and try to plant a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labour to renew; a strong soil that has produced weeds, may be made to produce wheat, with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.

What we conceive to be failings in others, are not unfrequently owing to some deficiencies in ourselves; thus plain men think handsome women want passion, and plain women think young men want politeness; dull writers think all readers devoid of taste, and dull readers think witty writers devoid of brilliance; old men can see nothing to admire in the present days; and yet former days were not better, but it is they themselves that have become worse.

Our vanity often inclines us to impute not only our successes, but even our disappointments, to causes personal, and strictly confined to ourselves, when nevertheless the effects may have been removed from the supposed cause, far as the poles asunder. A zealous, and in

his way a very eminent preacher, whose eloquence is as copious, and far more lucid than the waters of his beloved Cam, happened to miss a constant auditor from his congregation, Schism had already made some depredations on the fold, which was not so large, but to a practised eye, the deduction of even one was perceptible. ‘What keeps our friend farmer B. away from us?’ was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his clerk. ‘I have not seen him amongst us,’ continued he, ‘this three weeks; I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away.’ ‘No, your honour,’ replied the clerk, ‘it is something worse than that.’ ‘Worse than Socinianism! God forbid it should be Deism.’ ‘No; your honour, it is something worse than that.’ ‘Worse than Deism! good heavens, I trust it is not Atheism!’ ‘No, your honour, it is something worse than that.’ ‘Worse than Atheism! impossible; nothing can be worse than Atheism!’ ‘Yes it is, your honour—it is *Rheumatism*!’

MATHEMATICS.

*Solution of No. 10, by Amicus,
Inserted in No. 12 of the Iris.*

Let x represent the side of the given cube, and x that of the cube sought.

Then, we have $x^3 = 2a^3$, or, rather, $x^4 = 2a^3x$.

Suppose $x^2 = py$, and substituting in the preceding equation, we shall obtain $y^2 = \frac{2a^3}{p^2}x$.

The construction of these equations involves no difficulty. Thus, having traced the axes ax , ay , at right angles to each other, the point x will be the vertex of two parabolas, of which we have in one case ay for the axis of the abscissas, and p for the parameter. In the other, we have ax for the axis of the abscissas, and $\frac{2a^3}{p^2}$ for the parameter.

The absciss of the point where these parabolas cut each other, will be the side of the cube required.

Solution of No. 13, by Mr. W. M. Laurie.

Put x and y = the years and months,

Then $(x + y) \times x = x^2 + xy = 1502$.

And $(x - y) \times y = xy - y^2 = 220$ per question.

Hence, by reduction, $x = 31$, and $y = 11$.

Now, put x = the first and y = the second digit in the number of days.

Then $x = y - 4$; and $y^2 - 4y + 50 = 11y - 4$ per question.

Whence $x = 2$ or 5 and $y = 6$ or 9 ; consequently 31 years, 11 months, and 36 days is the age of Amicus.

Neat Solutions to the same question were received from J. H.; J. W.; Mr. Wilson; Mr. Robt. Andrew; F.; Mercurius; and Miss Agnes.

Question No. 17, by Miss Agnes.

Given, $x^2 + 3x = 6 + \frac{1}{x}$ to find the value of x by simple equations.

Question No. 18, by Mr. W. M. Laurie.

Given, $x + y + z = 29$; $xy + xz + yz = 278$ and $xyz = 880$, in which equations, x , y , and z , represent the Solar, Lunar, and Indiction cycle of the year in which I was born; required my age in years.



POETRY.

THE CONTRAST.

..... And this is love:
Can you then say that love is happiness?

There were two Portraits; one was of a Girl
Just blushing into woman; it was not
A face of perfect beauty, but it had
A most bewildering smile,—there was a glance
Of such arch playfulness and innocence,
That as you looked, a pleasant feeling came
Over the heart, as when you hear a sound
Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls
Were bound with roses, and her sparkling eyes
Gleamed like Thalia's, when some quick device
Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step seemed
Bounding upon the air with all the life,
The buoyant life of one untouched by sorrow.....
.... There was another, drawn in after years:
The face was young still; but its happy look
Was gone, the cheek had lost its colour, and
The lip its smile,—the light that once had played
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quenched and dim,
For tears had wasted it: her long dark hair
Floated upon her forehead in loose waves
Unbraided, and upon her pale thin hand
Her head was bent, as if in pain,—no trace
Was left of that sweet gaiety which once
Seemed as grief could not darken it, as care
Would pass and leave behind no memory.....
There was one whom she loved undoubtingly,
As youth will ever love,—he sought her smile,
And said most gentle things although he knew
Another had his vows.—Oh! there are some
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
The warm soul's precious throbs, to whom it is
A triumph that a fond devoted heart
Is breaking for them,—who can bear to call
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them!
Affections trampled on, and hopes destroyed,
Tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs
That waste the breath of life,—these all were her's
Whose image is before me. She had given
Life's hope to a most fragile bark, to love!
'Twas wrecked—wrecked by love's treachery: she
knew,
Yet spoke hot of his falsehood; but the charm
That bound her to existence was dispelled—
Her days were numbered:—She is sleeping now.

TO THE COWSLIP.

Once more, thou flower of childish fame,
Thou meet'st the April wind;
The self-same flower, the very same
As those I used to find.
Thy peeps, tipt round with ruddy streak,
Again attract mine eye—
As they were those I used to seek
Full twenty summers by.

But I'm no more akin to thee,—
A partner of the spring;
For Time has had a hand with me,
And left an alter'd thing:—
A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
And all I witness'd then;
Mix'd in a desert, lost to flowers,
Among the ways of men.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
The seasons still renew;
But mine were doom'd a stinted stay,
And they were short and few.

The every hour that hurried by,
To eke the passing day,
Lent restless pleasures wings to fly
Till all were flown away.

Blest flower, with spring thy joy's begun,
And no false hopes are thine;
One constant cheer of shower and sun
Makes all thy stay divine.
But life's May-morning quickly fled,
And dull its noon came on,—
And Happiness is past and dead
Ere half that noon is gone.

Ah! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing,
Though May's sweet days are few;
Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
And bid them bloom anew.
But Life, that bears no kin to them,
Past pleasures well may mourn:—
No bud clings to its withering stem,
No hope for spring's return.

JOHN CLARE.

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-
SWEEPER.

A roguish old Lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout,
The mails and the day-light were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out:

When a Chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a mis-
take,
Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
And baw'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
"My master's a coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
"There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me!"

So he limp'd to the door without saying his prayers;
But Old Nick was too deep to be nick'd of his prey,
For the knave broke his neck by a tumble down stairs,
And thus run to the Devil by running away. H.

VARIETIES.

A gentleman of a loose and gay turn of mind hap-
pening, some few months since, to be in company
with a religious man, was ridiculing things of a
serious nature, in very profligate language: upon
which the good man said, you put me in mind, Sir,
of a deaf man ridiculing the charms of music, and of
a blind man speaking contemptibly of the beauty of
colours.

READING THE BIBLE.

In the reign of Henry V. a law was passed against
the perusal of the Scriptures in England. It is en-
acted, 'that whatsoever they were that should read
the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should
forfeit land, catel, lif, and godes from theyre heyres,
for ever; and to be condemned for heretykes to God,
enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to
the lande.' On contrasting the above statute, with
the indefatigable exertions that are now making to
print and circulate the Bible, what a happy revolution
in public sentiment appears to have taken place.

SOMETHING WORSE STILL.

Mr. Moore, the author of many ingenious pieces,
being a long time under an expensive prosecution in
Doctors' Commons, for marrying two sisters, was
called up one morning by his proctor, as he was
writing his excellent domestic tragedy of *The Game-
ster*. The proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore
read him four acts of his piece, which were all that
at that time were finished. The proctor was so af-

fect by it, that he exclaimed, 'Good Heavens!
how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in
the last act?' 'Oh, very easily,' said the poet;
'there I intend to put them both into the *Spiritual
Court*!'

GENEROUS PATRONAGE.

A poor poet once sent a poem to Mr. Pope, con-
cluding with these lines:

'The most I seriously would hope,
Is just to read the words, A. Pope,
Writ, without sneer, or shew of banter,
Beneath your friendly imprimatur.'

When Pope had read the poem, he returned it to
the author, with the subscription money for two sets
of his works, accompanied by the following couplet:

'May these put money in your purse,
For I assure you I've read worse.' A. P.

COBBETT'S OPINION OF JUNIUS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"An anonymous scribbler; as corrupt a knave,
perhaps, as ever sacked public money; a writer,
who to be damned instantly only needed to have given
his name; a hooker together of antitheses; the
writer of a long book without any one sound prin-
ciple, except by accident; and without as much use-
ful knowledge in the whole book as is equal in amount
to what any plough boy can give you respecting the
best mode of killing rats and mice." A writer that
never was praised by any man of sense, except from
mere fashion, and from carelessness; a writer that
owes his reputation to the sort of mystery that hangs
about the book: a foundation for reputation just as
good as that of the ghost of Cock-lane, and not one
whit better. The matter of the book is bad; the style
affected and every way vicious. There is nothing in
the book that enlightens the mind or warms the heart.
Strings of coolly framed sentences; and, which is a
great vice with us, antitheses without end; and in
general, without point. This book has been praised
by that coterie of men calling themselves the *learned*;
men who solemnly decided that the writings of Wm.
Ireland could have come from no other pen than that
of Shakespeare. A book, in short, containing nothing
but impertinent malignity; and praised by nobody
but solemn fools."!!!

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, May 13th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Larkin:
Rob Roy; with the Beggar's Opera.

Wednesday, 15th.—For the Benefit of Mr. Bland:
Guy Mannering; Bombastes Furioso; and Therese,
or the Orphan of Geneva.

Friday, 17th.—For the Benefit of Mr. W. Rees:
The Africans, or War, Love, and Duty; after
which, Dead Alive, or the Merry Mourners.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Fortunes of Nigel are all at stake, and the
press is expected to clear them in about a fortnight.
An admirable character of King James is talked of
by the peepers; and the whole as nothing below the
fame of Waverley.

Lights and Shadows, a series of short Tales des-
criptive of Scottish manners, and about to appear, is
highly spoken of in certain literary circles.

A satirical Poem, entitled 'The Mohawks,' is in
the press. Report has assigned it to a distinguished
Irish melodist.

The Provost, by the Author of 'Annals of the
Parish,' 'Sir A. Wylie,' &c. will be published in a
few days.

THE MUSAEID.

NO. VIII.—THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1822.

Lasiati satia, edicti satia, atque bibuli;
Tempus abire tibi est.

HOR.

You've had your fill of tea and muffin;
Of wine and cake you've ta'en enough in;
You've play'd three pools; and half-a-crown;
'Tis surely time that you were gone!

[We must apologize to Mrs. Matadore for any errors which may be detected in the following edition of her letter; for, though we used some care in the revision of it, we were not, in many instances, quite certain of the exact diction of her manuscript. Her hand has lost all traces of its youthful fluency, and is cramped to a most illegible stiffness; her ink is of a pallid brown or yellow, as if the glass had frequently been replenished with vinegar; her orthography is a little out of date, and often deviates into the loose, added to which the familiar terms of art are abbreviated in such an extraordinary manner, and expressed by such an unaccountable system of scores, that they appear more like the arbitrary signs in Mathematics and Astronomy, than words written in the general and regular course of a lady's correspondence. We state these difficulties as we have felt them: they do not seem to have proceeded from any radical defect in Mrs. Matadore's abilities, but from a habit of carelessness, and indifference to such matters, which old ladies frequently fall into, and several of them, undoubtedly, are remainders of the school to which Mrs. Matadore belongs. She will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of our observations: we do not urge them with any design of ridiculing her letter, but as an excuse for the occasional lapses from her meaning, into which our ignorance of the subject, and misapprehension of her manuscript may have led us.]

TO WILLIAM VOLATILE, ESQ.

SIR,—At first I thought you could not be in earnest in asking me to send you an account of our tea parties, for I supposed that you must be too clever, and too great a scholar to be pleased with any thing of mine. But as you seem more of a gentleman, than to laugh at an old woman if she does her best, and as perhaps it may be amusing for your readers, I take my pen in hand to write you an account of a party that was at Miss Spadille's last night. I am afraid I shall not manage it very well, because as nothing of mine was ever put in the newspaper before, (excepting once when I wanted country lodgings for my poor Mary) I feel very awkward and a good deal embarrassed about it, as my language and words may not be quite proper and good enough for printing, and I shall be obliged if you will look over my letter and alter it where it wants altering. I wanted Miss Spadille to send you an invitation that you might come and see it yourself, but she said, 'no indeed, do you think I will suffer any of those impudent fellows to come and quiz my company?' but when I have a party of my own I shall be very glad to see you, and if it will be pleasant I will invite some young folks to give you the meeting, but perhaps you won't like to come, as then you would be found out who you are.* There is Miss Good in our neighbourhood sometimes comes with her mother, and Jane Arnold too, who is reckoned very pretty among you young gentlemen, and I will ask some more, but you must not fall in love with Jane now, and Miss Good is a very fine young woman. For my part I don't think our parties are near as pleasant since the gentlemen gave over coming to them: but somehow they dropped off one by one, and now we never see any of them, but old Mr. Whisk when he comes for his wife, and young Willman who some-

times fetches his mother, and they never think it needful to dress themselves, or to spruce up as if they were coming among ladies, but keep on their boots and dirty cravats, and young Willman comes in his black stock, and they never tidy themselves at all, which I look upon as very ungentle manners, and not at all becoming gentlemen in ladies' company, and once I told Mr. Whisk that if he came in that way to my house I would order him to be shewn into the kitchen, like any other servant who comes to take home his mistress.† But what vexes me most, is that they can't be content to desert us quietly, and let us have our way while they've their own, but must abuse both us and our parties, and call them by all the abominable names they can think of, as if we only met to talk scandal, and win each others money, and not to enjoy ourselves rationally and innocently. I've a little bit of a crow to pluck with you on this score my young gentleman; what's the meaning of a 'Tab Rout,' as you call our parties, and it runs in my head that 'Eleusiniau Mysteries is something that it should not be, for my part I don't think there's any sin in them at all, but you young Jackanapes must have your say. To be sure all people have their failings, and there's Mrs. Everdeal is like as if she was never satisfied with home, and must always be gadding to card parties, certainly she has a very large acquaintance, and a very small income, and it may perhaps be convenient for her to go out as she does, winning every night, and her luck is really surprising, only to think she won the great vole twice at Mrs. Reddymaine's last Friday's a week, and double mats both times, and at Miss Spadille's she took most wonderful cards.

Do you know Miss Spadille at all? she is very much respected, and will have it in her power to do very handsomely for somebody when she dies. Her drawing room holds five tables conveniently, and six at a push, and very elegantly furnished, quite in the modern fashion, I think I never saw a more beautiful carpet nor such handsome drapery. She had quite new china last night, bought at Ollivants', which must have cost her a pretty penny. Mrs. Frumblish guessed fifteen guineas, I said eighteen or twenty at the least, Mrs. Dirtcheap got a nicish set to be sure for five guineas and a half, but I like to encourage the regular traders, and not ramble about to auctions as some people do, spending foolish money.‡ Well but you'll think I'm never going to tell you any thing about Miss Spadille's party. There was me and Mrs. Everdeal and Miss Poolit at our table, and Mrs. Rubberit was obliged to join us for they could not make up a whist table for her; she can't abide Cuddershill, § and I wonder at her, I think it far before that stupid whist, but she's a good Christian notwithstanding, and so, poor soul, she's only to be pitied. There was two more tables and a round game which was pretty quiet, and so we weren't much disturbed. It hurries me sadly to see how all the young people lose their time at those silly round games, I can't fancy any amusement there is in them, it seems to me a shocking perversion of cards to put 'em to such foolish purposes, and I'm quite concerned to think what few good poolers there will be in a few years if they go on in this way; I hope, Mr. Volatile, you will learn to pool, it is so very provoking to have a bad player at Table; only think of Mrs. Rubberit, dear o' me, I hate to sit

down with her, she'd basto, ponto, king and two hearts, king and queen of clubs, queen of spades, and two little ones, and durst not purchase, stupid woman, but must call a king, mine as ill luck would have it, and then to mend the matter led off with a little spade: and another time when I was her friend, she had spadille, king, knave, two clubs, queen and two diamonds, and two little hearts,—simpleton not to purchase with such a hand as this; and instead of leading with a small trump as any baby might tell she should have done, she played off a heart, I could have boxed her gladly, and then all their strong trumps came in, and her little ones were lost, and twice we were basted off the board all owing to her trumping improperly, and after this I scarce took any good cards at all, for Mrs. Everdeal ran away with every thing, and changing places was to no purpose at all for luck would follow, and the best trumps always came where she was sitting. She would not tell us how much she won, but it must have been a deal.

Do you know I wish you'd been with us to hear the talk there was about your paper; every body abusing it; Mrs. Dirtcheap said her husband called it the most scurrilous and disgraceful publication, and that it ought not to be sanctioned by any body; for my part I can see no harm in it, I think it is very enlivening and clever and I'm sure they all read it and try to find out who there is in; they thought that about the concert was very poor, and all their reason was because nobody was in it; they say you are going to put the gentlemen in some week and that there will be a rare lash then; † they wonder who you are, one said that there are five of you to it, and another that it is all written by one, and then Miss Poolit said you were frightened and only going to send it out once a fortnight. Mrs. Everdeal was very much offended, because she thought you meant her for Mrs. Primitive; and one lady said you had been shewn her at the theatre, and that you were a tall young man and fresh coloured, and a dandy. 'No such thing,' said Miss Poolit, 'he's a little pale fat fellow, with curly locks.' I think it right to tell you what the world says, for perhaps you are not in the way of hearing it as you say you don't come to our sort of parties. We mostly hear every thing that's stirring, I understand that Miss Twidge bought 'the New Bonnet,' and that she has returned it because of your paper, thinking every body would be staring at it, but we can't find out who the old lady is that went to buy nightcaps, nor to which shop she crossed over, and we are not quite sure who are Miss Durnoves; some think they must be Miss ——— of Oxford Road, but then they went up Mosley-street.

My paper is quite full and I don't know that I've any thing else to say, I've told you all about the party that I can think of, only Mrs. Titterwall's new gown which was very smart and well looking, a kind of dove colour trimmed with blue, but perhaps you don't mind about it. So wishing you success, and advising you to keep your real name close.

I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient

And respectful servant to command,

MARY ANNE MATADORE.

April 30th. 1822.

† We suppose this alludes to the horsewhipping.—Ed.

NOTICES.

We assure the young lady, who 'hardly dared purchase' that 'sweet thing' at Mrs. Taylor's this morning, that she need not suffer under any alarm of our displeasure, for we admired it exceedingly.

We are wearied out with our long stroll in the haunt of fashion this forenoon; we were sorry to observe the pretty timidities with which the ladies speak of us. But more of this anon—we are tired. Heigh Ho!—Goodnight!

THE EDITORS OF THE MUSAEID AT THE IRIS OFFICE.

* We are very much obliged to Mrs. Matadore and will certainly have the pleasure of visiting her. We shall have no objection to trust her with our secret. W. V.

• We quite agree with Mrs. Matadore; we ourselves have noticed the disrespectful fashion of appearing in evening company in the ordinary habiliments of the day; nothing can be more rude. We wish every lady would make a point of not speaking to such fellows as present themselves in black neck-handkerchiefs, long coats, boots, gaiters, &c. &c.—Ed.

‡ Did them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.

CORIOLANUS.

† Right, right, Mrs. Matadore! Besides, as poor Richard says, 'Buy things you don't want, and you will soon have to sell your necessities.'—Ed.

§ Throughout this letter, we have obeyed Mrs. Matadore's injunctions and have made such alterations as appeared requisite. Here however we were in a little dilemma; we thought quadrille was intended but 'Cuddershill' was obviously the word, and, not liking to yield too much to our own devices, we suffered it to remain.—Ed.

THE HISTORY OF SIRACH.

The goodness of Providence had been conspicuously displayed in the prosperity of Sirach. Sirach was a rich merchant at Bassora; to the extensive trade of which place his own exertions had greatly contributed, by importing commodities from the different parts of India, such as gold, brocade, sandal wood, china ware, and spices; sending them in boats up the Tigris, and then transporting them by caravans to Tocat, Aleppo, Damascus, and the western parts of Persia; receiving in return bullion, copper, steel, furs, velvets, and otto of roses. By this interchange, carried on for a number of years, Sirach had acquired such an extensive property that he was considered as the richest merchant of the East. The amount already gained, gave the facility of obtaining more; and thus proceeding in an increased ratio, the wealth of Sirach seemed to have no limits.

Nor was this favorite of fortune less prosperous in his domestic, than in his mercantile concerns. As the laws of his country allowed him a plurality of wives, he had a numerous offspring; to whose welfare and education he devoted a considerable share of his attention; as he was generous and affectionate, and conducted himself with impartiality towards them all, he was naturally the object of their respect, veneration, and love. His halls resounded only with the voice of joy, and his threshold was the limit of peace.

But whilst Sirach was the envy of his rivals, and the admiration of the rest of the world, a sudden alteration in his disposition and views took place, and led to an alteration in his life and conduct, which astonished all who knew him. He resolved to withdraw himself from his merchandise, his country, his family, and his friends, and to retire to some place where he might pass the remainder of his days uninterrupted and unknown. The cause of this rash determination gave rise to great discussion, and every one judged of it according to his own disposition, or the opinion he had formed of the character of the man. Some supposed that he was satiated by a long course of prosperity, and chose rather to exert himself in voluntary difficulties, than pine away in sickly enjoyment. Others supposed that he meant to devote himself to religious observances; whilst a third party imagined that he had formed some love attachment, to the enjoyment of which he had determined to sacrifice every other object.

Which of these, or whether any of these were well founded, cannot be ascertained; as Sirach never could be induced to impart to any one the slightest hint either as to the object of his departure, or the place where he finally meant to take up his abode.

However this may be, he announced to the different branches of his numerous family, his orders that they should assemble together on a certain day, when it was his intention to lay before them some matters which deeply regarded their future destiny. His children accordingly met at the time and place appointed, forming of themselves a considerable assembly, various in age, sex, person, and character, as the children of various mothers may be supposed to be. One general senti-

ment, however, pertained the whole—that of affection and respect for their common parent. This was beautifully expressed when he rose to address them—every head was bowed, and every hand covered the eyes, in solemn silence. The following is the tenor of his speech:

‘I am about to leave you my children. A motive which I cannot resist, calls me from amongst you. To explain it further to you would only gratify an idle curiosity, without altering its consequences—at all events, as it regards you, it is only an anticipation, perhaps a very short one, of what must one day happen. Suppose this event about to take place, and look for the last time on an affectionate parent, the most earnest wish of whose heart has ever been for your unanimity, virtue, and happiness.

On my own part I shall regard our separation in a similar point of view. Whatever may be the result to myself; to you I shall be as one gone down to the tomb. Whatever I have acquired by a long course of successful industry, is yours—you are equally the offspring of my loins, and all I possess shall be equally divided amongst you. In return, I command you that ye love one another, considering that you are the children of one common parent, who has regarded you with equal affection, and provided impartially for you all: If your brother be in distress, comfort him—if he be in poverty relieve him—if he be sick and in prison, visit him. My family is indeed numerous, but the wealth I have acquired is great, and to each of you I leave ample competence. Take care not to diminish it; but be not anxious to increase it. Be assured that wealth alone cannot confer happiness; on temperance in the accumulation of riches, or rather in the due regulation of the selfish principle; depends the happiness of the community; where some are enormously rich, many must be lamentably poor. I wish my family to be as nearly on an equality in this respect, as the uncertain state of human affairs will admit. This end can only be accomplished by cultivating the social virtues; wherever your various destinations may lead you, never wholly lose sight of each other; those who have a superfluity may thus provide for those who are in want—thus the bonds of affection will be strengthened, and my family will become a family of love.’

The assembly then dispersed, and Sirach soon afterwards took his departure from Bassora, in a vessel which he had prepared for that purpose. On examining into the state of his affairs, it appeared he had made the most exact arrangements for the equal distribution of his wealth, so that each of his children received his portion without either diminution or delay.

The surprise occasioned by this determination of Sirach was soon over. In a few weeks it appeared as if he were actually dead, and his descendants entered on the enjoyment of his property, as if this had in fact been the case.

The affairs of the family of Sirach went on like the affairs of the rest of the world. Of his descendants, some were industrious and accumulated—others were idle and dissipated their wealth; some were rapacious, and plundered—others generous, and gave; some were magnanimous, and patronised arts and

sciences—others were luxurious, and reduced themselves to poverty by their excesses; some increased their riches by a sordid avarice—others, from unavoidable misfortunes, fell into the most abject distress; some where conversant with the interior of palaces—others with the interior of prisons; and whilst some died of luxury and repletion, others died of wretchedness and of want. In short, so numerous were the individuals, and so various the fortunes of the family of Sirach, that there is scarcely a circumstance of human life but had been the lot of some one or other amongst them.

Many years had thus passed on; the children of Sirach had in their turns been parents, and his descendants had increased in numbers beyond that of any of their contemporaries. But the course of human affairs is always uncertain; this state of prosperity was suddenly interrupted by a dreadful calamity—the plague made its appearance at Bassora, and the family of Sirach fled or fell before its ravages, in common with the rest of the inhabitants.

The effects of this awful visitation might have been still greater, had it not been for the skill of an eminent physician, whose advice seemed to be an antidote, and whose touch a remedy for the disease. He was called Ali Mohammed, and had resided for a long time at the court of Persia, whence he had brought the most respectable recommendations. The means which he had adopted to stay the plague, were fully communicated by him to his fellow practitioners, and in a little time the city was relieved from its terrors and its distress.

It may readily be supposed, that a person who had conferred such a benefit on society was dear to his fellow citizens. If we hold in veneration the man who is skilled in the art of destruction, what shall we say of him who is qualified to save? His society was courted—his affluence was secured—his statue was erected; and he was hailed as the preserver of the city; in which he professed his intention of taking up his permanent abode.

The leisure which he now enjoyed gave him an opportunity of enquiring into the circumstances which, so many years before, had attended the singular story of the departure of Sirach, and the various fortunes of his numerous descendants—some of them he found in great prosperity, filling the highest offices of the city, administering justice to the people—others he found had been executed for their crimes, or had languished out their days in hospitals, and penitentiaries—some had distinguished themselves as orators, poets, or literary characters; others were living in peaceful insignificance;—whilst no inconsiderable number were endeavouring to obtain a precarious livelihood, and support a wretched family by the most unremitting labour, and the most irksome servitude.

These enquiries he continued for a considerable length of time. As he proceeded, additional information poured in on him from all quarters; till at length he became fully acquainted with the causes which had led to these results, and with the conduct and character of most of the individuals whom Sirach had left at the time of his departure from his native place.

At this period a notice suddenly appeared

at Bassora, addressed to all the heads of the families descended from Sirach, acquainting them that if they would attend at a certain time, at the place where he took his farewell of them, some interesting intelligence would be communicated respecting him. This notice gave rise to a great variety of feelings in those to whom it was addressed. Some were actuated by a sincere and natural desire of receiving intelligence of the fate of a parent whom they had loved, and to whom they had been so deeply indebted; others were apprehensive that he perhaps intended to return and reclaim his property—whilst others again, entertained hopes that he had accumulated another fortune in some distant part of the world, which by the generosity or death of its possessor, had devolved on his children. Under these various impressions, a very general meeting took place, when no sooner was silence obtained than the physician stood up in the midst of them, and addressed them as follows—

‘Children and descendants of Sirach, look on your father. For a few moments let me intreat you to calm your emotions, and dismiss alike the apprehensions and expectations, the hopes and the terrors by which you are agitated. I am called to the performance of a last and solemn duty. You are the objects of my most anxious cares. It is solely for your advantage that I now once more appear amongst you. If you make a right use of my advice, my last donation will be greater than my first.—In the capacity in which I have for some time past resided in this place, I am intimately known to almost every individual amongst you. You too are also known to me. I have made it my particular object to introduce myself to your acquaintance, to obtain your confidence, to learn your principles and opinions, and to understand the motives of your conduct. What I have thus acquired I have carefully studied, compared, and digested; and I now require your most earnest attention, whilst I communicate to you the result.

‘When I took my last farewell of you, and bestowed on you all my worldly possessions, I left you equally provided with the necessities of life; and recommended it to you, as far as the affairs of the world would admit, to continue in that situation. What has been the result?—The most striking and unfortunate reverse;—an inequality not less fatal to those who have obtained too much, than to those who possess too little. How many of your brethren have I seen, in the course of my professional practice, fall a prey to repletion, debauchery, and indolence—the result of those temptations which exorbitant riches seldom fail to introduce! How many have I heard of, who during my absence have perished in indigence, or in prison, for want of that subsistence of which you, their more crafty brethren, had deprived them, and which in the hour of their utmost need you refused to supply! How many of your sons and daughters, for want of that instruction with which I took care to supply the years of your youth, have fallen into prostitution, infamy, and crime, and become the direct objects of your unrelenting severity!—whilst some have unhappily been driven to acts of desperation, vengeance, and despair, and have imbedded their hands in their own or their brethren’s blood!.

‘Had you retained in your minds the slightest recollection of the admonitions I gave you

at my last solemn departure, ‘to love and assist each other,’ is it possible that such consequences could have ensued? or is it not evident that all the dreadful calamities that have befallen my family, are to be attributed solely to the unrestrained and irrational exercise of that selfish principle, which, when divested of the restraints of virtue, and the guidance of social love, tears asunder the bonds of society, and destroys the happiness of both public and private life?—If the superior faculties with which the great Creator has endowed his rational offspring beyond those of his brute creation, be only employed to obtain for their possessor, either by force or fraud, the utmost degree of selfish gratification, and to deprive the rest of mankind of that which is necessary not only to their well being but to their very existence; the bounty of the Great Author of all is converted into a curse: and the wolves of the desert, who hunt in troops, and divide the spoil, without devouring each other, have been more fortunate than you.

‘But in the conversations I have had with many of you who now stand before me, I have heard it said, that it is on the direct influence of this selfish principle that the prosperity and happiness of human society is founded, and that whilst every person pursues his own interest, the interest of the whole will be best promoted—detestable maxim! which, in the way in which it is understood and acted on, eradicates every magnanimous and generous feeling, steels the heart against the exercise of every social virtue, and absorbs every faculty of mind and body, in the unrelenting pursuit of that which, when obtained, serves only to stimulate the thirst for more. Virtue can only exist in depriving ourselves of our own enjoyments to promote the happiness of others;—but what virtue can there be in the continual gratification of a selfish passion, which scruples not to derive its enjoyments from the sorrows and the sufferings of others, and if possible, would concentrate in one that which was intended for all? Fool that I was, to suppose that when the laws of our holy religion, enforced by every sanction human and divine, had failed to influence you, the exhortations of these lips could produce any beneficial effect; but I had hoped that the solemn occasion on which they were delivered, and the striking benefits by which they were accompanied, might have served to recall their remembrance, and give an additional motive to the exercise of those social virtues, on which alone the welfare of society is founded. These expectations have vanished. Instead of finding you a family of kindred sentiments and domestic love, I see you divided into factions, and openly avowing an implacable hostility to each other.—The advantages in point of worldly prosperity which some of you have obtained, have been pursued with such a relentless perseverance, and carried to such an inordinate extent, as to have generated, even in the bosoms of your own kindred, the most unsocial and dangerous feelings. Ambition, rapacity, pride, extravagance, and an ostentatious indifference to the most important duties of society on the one hand, have given rise to envy, hatred, poverty, crime, and wretchedness, on the other; and I hasten from among you, lest in the blindness of your disquisitions, you should plunge your parricidal daggers into the bosom of him who gave you birth.’

MR. SAPIO.

It has been often observed, that England has of late years experienced a dearth of great singers; and that we have seldom enjoyed more than one or two really eminent singers in any one branch. Harrison was the sole tenor, Bartleman the reigning bass of our orchestras for a very long period. Inledon and Kelly were the dramatic singers in the same rank as Harrison in the concerts. To the latter succeeded Vaughan, to the former Braham, taking however a far wider range. English females of extraordinary talent are still more rare; Billington must be esteemed to have been the only woman of pre-eminent qualifications since the days of Miss Linley, and her exact powers were, probably, of a far different elevation and character to those of our highest ornament. Thus it should seem that more than one really superior planet has seldom or never risen above the horizon at the same time. And when we consider the distinctions and attributes, intellectual and physical, which are required to be combined in a singer of the first rank, it does not seem wonderful that so few should reach the point of exaltation.

At length a vocal candidate has appeared in the person of Mr. Sapiro, who is gifted with natural powers, which, if sedulously cultivated, will scarcely fail to advance him to a high place among the native orchestra singers—and indeed he has already, at the very onset, seized upon a large portion of general estimation, both in London, and in the provinces, where he has been in much request.

Mr. Sapiro is singularly circumstanced with respect to parentage and birth-place. His father, we are informed, was an Italian, his mother a French woman, and he was born and passed the first years of his life in England. Hence he early enjoyed the advantage of being instructed with almost equal benefit in the three languages, which he speaks with equal facility. In the existing state of the demand upon the powers of vocalists this is a main advantage, and one to which he will probably be indebted for the foundation of his reputation, to whatever height it shall mount up. At present we consider Mr. Sapiro as a singer forming, not formed—as one possessed of a certain and respectable quality of science, but with natural endowments, that render him capable of great elevation, indeed as the only candidate who has any legitimate claim to the succession to Vaughan or Braham.

Mr. Sapiro’s voice is a tenor of much compass, and he has the faculty of assimilating his falsetto with ease to the natural voice at their junction, which adds all that he can want to the upper part of his gamut.—The quality of his tone is full, and it is rendered brilliant by the way in which he brings it forth, namely, very high in the head—perhaps somewhat higher indeed than the Italian method prescribes. While therefore it bestows a superior brightness, if we may so speak, there is at the same time a visible force which we suspect detracts from its sweetness and beauty. It approaches to Mr. Braham’s grand defect, and though considerably diminished by the distance and amplitude of space in large theatres, those positive contrivances for the destruction of highly-polished performance, it nevertheless conveys the idea of violence, at the same time that the penetrating effect and volume of the tone is increased, and the power of contrast

and light and shade, in songs of passion, consequently augmented. In every other respect the quality of tone is fine and rich, and the quantity abundant. Force therefore is the less necessary, and force moreover is always fatal, sooner or later, to intonation, the first of all acquired qualifications. At present Mr. Sapio's performance is creditably correct in this particular, but not so invariably accurate as to secure him against the dangers incident to the use of extraordinary exertion. We cannot too often present to the mind of singers, that perfect intonation is more the consequence of well-conducted practice establishing a habit than of natural perception. Delicacy of organic structure does indeed minister to the formation of a habit of precision, but dependence is safely given to habit alone. Nor is quantity of tone so much concerned with effect as quality and pure intonation.

Mr. Sapio appears to inherit from nature a quick and lively apprehension. He is a declamatory singer, and his manner is more rhetorical and effective than that of most concert singers, without the strong and generally offensive manner of those accustomed to tread the boards of a theatre, where every thing must of course be as prominent and characteristic as possible. Hence such singers have frequently a coarseness both of style and execution, which carries the colouring too high. What we are most disposed to quarrel with in Mr. Sapio we shall however find here. His method of taking and leaving notes sometimes very abruptly, and his too strong and too frequent use of portamento, is in the faulty and unfinished manner of Mr. Braham's theatrical school, and whether adopted for declamatory effect or used through carelessness, is alike indefensible, and detracts from that polish which is the most admirable and indeed the only proof of taste and high science.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO "P."

SIR,—The authenticity of the first five chapters of Genesis, I feel no inclination to defend; but allowing them to be the work of Moses, you seem to invalidate my rendering of the word void, because (according to your last letter) I acknowledge it is impossible to conceive how, in opposition to the laws of gravity, the earth could assume the figure of a hollow sphere; now, I never remember acknowledging the impossibility of our conceiving, though I have done of our being certain, on the subject; indeed, if you will consult the works of Burnet, Whiston, and other eminent writers, you will find several ways assigned, in which the earth might become hollow at the creation, and though these are but "speculative opinions," you must consider that what you advance respecting the solidity of the earth is the same.

However, if the existence of subterranean waters be proved, that of a place to contain them must necessarily follow.

By your speaking of credulity, you seem to disbelieve that such a phenomenon as the deluge ever took place; if it be so, or if you believe in a supernatural destruction of the waters causing it, no proofs can be gathered in support of my opinion from that event.

I think you will allow that more water runs into the ocean, (by rivers, &c.) than can be held in solution, or supported by the air; and as the sea by these additions, does not sensibly increase, the waters must have some subterranean place where they accumulate, and from whence they again visit the surface of the earth by means of springs; else, what be-

comes of the surplus of river water? and whence do springs originate?

Dr. Withering, you say, found the thermometer stand at 49° in a well 84 feet deep, this is very probable, as a cold stratum or region of earth has to be passed before the hot one is attained. As you seem to doubt an internal fire, I refer you to a tract on the subject, written by Mr. Boyle, where you will find several instances stated, in which it was necessary, before descending into the earth, to put off part of the clothes, the heat being so great, as almost to hinder respiration under the incumbrance of a common suit; but these places were much deeper than 84 feet. Without you can account for this heat in a satisfactory manner, I must certainly consider it as proceeding from a central fire, therefore establishing the existence of one; and, if this be done, I believe you will not ask how a fluid comes to congregate, whose natural disposition is to separate; even Sir Isaac Newton never tells us how the earth gravitates towards the sun; he adduces facts, to explain which gravitation must be supposed, and this by all philosophers has been considered as sufficient proof that such power exists. I hope you will allow me, in a like manner, to prove a central fire, without asking how it exists. "You most ignorantly attribute," non-combustion, at certain depths, solely to the presence of carbonic acid, whereas Mr. Boyle, (to whose opinion I hope you will pay a little deference, this not being a "speculative" matter,) asserts that at certain depths the air was so rarified by heat that it would not support combustion, therefore some other cause than carbonic acid, will produce in wells, &c. the effect of non-combustion.

LAPIS.

P. S. The sentence, on which you learnedly introduced the two Latin words, was certainly a non-sensical one.

TO "A FRIEND."

DEAR SIR.—You will be disappointed to find me again addressing you upon the subject, which we have been discussing; but, as my present remarks will be merely explanatory of my last letter, certain parts of which have been misunderstood, I trust this intrusion will be forgiven.

With respect to the term *spectrum*, I did not mean, in my last, to call it an unphilosophical term; but merely to object to your application of it. I objected to the passage, in which you used the term *spontaneous*, because I have always considered that term to imply the immediate operation of the will. That my ideas respecting these terms are correct, I shall not now endeavour to establish, as you appear desirous of closing the discussion of the subject.

Regretting that our correspondence terminates thus unsatisfactorily, I subscribe myself,

Your's most respectfully, O.

Ham.—Do the boys carry it away?

Ros.—Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham.—Is it not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—The proposal in your last paper, for engraving and publishing by subscription the portrait of Salter, by Minasi, appears to me exceedingly absurd.

The friends of Mr. Salter have undoubtedly a right to set any foolish part they may think proper, and I have no wish to throw any obstacle in the way of their follies, or of the emolument which that gentleman is expected to derive from them. I must, however, protest against this act of private admiration and partiality being imputed to the discrimination and feelings of the whole community.

For my own part I cannot understand how it has been deserved by Mr. Salter, who certainly was never so marvellously accounted of, until a garbled statement of his ill usage imposed on the pity and credulity of our simple hearted town. I have seen him very often, and have certainly been pleased in seeing him, for he generally dresses appropriately

and well, and has some advantages of person; as to his acting, I always looked upon it as 'coming tardy off' or an 'outdoing termagant,' but 'Dix aliter visum,' and I won't dispute about tastes with them.

But when I reflect on the unanimous approbation which we once bestowed on Mr. Vandenhoff, I am surprised at the present dereliction from a standard avowedly so excellent and correct. We all remember how highly he was thought of, both here and in Liverpool, before he went to London, and I don't see why the prejudiced and capricious judgment of a London audience should cause us to change our opinions;—especially as the very wise gentleman in the stage box the other night told us we were quite as enlightened as they are, which we shall go well nigh to disprove, on our own admission, if we give up our ancient sentiments in compliment to what they have decreed.

However Mr. Salter is re-engaged, and I suppose we must suffer him to 'strut and fret his hour upon the stage,' but you may depend upon it he will soon be 'heard no more.'

DING DONG.

This Day is Published,
Price 16s. 6d.

And sold by ROBINSON and ELLIS,
No. 7, St. Ann's Place, Manchester.

THE full and detailed Report of the Proceedings on the Trial at Lancaster, in the cause *RUSSELL v. BIRLEY and OTHERS*, taken from the Short-hand Notes of Mr. FARQUHARSON, with a Plan of St. Peter's Field. May 18, 1822.

FINE ARTS.

THE Admirers of the Fine Arts will be happy to learn, that the first number of a very interesting publication, entitled the VIENNA GALLERY, comprising a Series of finely executed ENGRAVINGS, from the rich collection of Paintings in the BELVEDERE at VIENNA, are at length arrived in this country. A Prospectus and Specimens may be seen at Messrs. ROBINSON and ELLIS, No. 7, St. ANN'S PLACE, who are appointed AGENTS for the sale of the Work in Manchester and its Vicinity.

7, St. Ann's Place, May 18, 1822.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

MISS M. HAMMERSLEY, with feelings of the most lively gratitude for the indulgence and encouragement she has received, during the Four Seasons she has had the honour of appearing before a Manchester audience, and relying solely upon the patronage of a generous and liberal Public, begs to announce that her Benefit is fixed for Monday the 20th instant, when she ventures to solicit that countenance and support which it will ever be her pride to acknowledge, and her study to deserve. On MONDAY, MAY 20th, 1822, will be performed, (by particular desire) Morton's admired Musical Play of the SLAVE. In the course of the Play, the favourite songs of "Play the Slave," "The Mocking Bird," and "The Soldier's Song of War's Alarms," by Miss M. HAMMERSLEY. "Oh, Mary turn those Eyes away," "My Native Highland Home," and "The Birth of Liberty," by Mr. LARKIN. To which will be added the Comic Interlude of SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD. To conclude with the favourite Burletta (not acted these four years) called MIBAS; in the course of which will be introduced the Songs of "Lovely Nymph," "Love among the Ruins," and "Pray Goody," by Mr. LARKIN; and "Charlie is my Darling," by Miss M. HAMMERSLEY.

Tickets to be had of Miss M. HAMMERSLEY, No. 41, George street; and of Mr. ELAND, at the Theatre, where Places for the Boxes may be taken.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J.'s communication has been received, and shall have our earliest attention.—Will the author favour us with an interview?

We have to acknowledge communications from J. v. n. s.—L.—T. V.—R. S.—Poor Richard—J. G.—Antoninus.—An Old Man.—Juliet.—Q.—Mercury, and Antiquarius.

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Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

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FOR THE IRIS.

ANECDOTES AND FATE OF GENIUS.

IN a former number some observations were inserted on the "Fate of Genius," from which it seems to have been the writer's aim, to shew the causes of misfortune incident to learned men, and the effect different eras have had, in forwarding or discouraging their attempts to improve and enlighten their illiterate contemporaries; and, in a preceding number, "ZENO" has introduced some remarks upon their poverty, and given some names illustrative of his subject. It is not my intention to enter into any further discussion of what either of them has said, but to notice some additional anecdotes of genius, which, though they may be known to some readers, to others may be novel and interesting. It should be observed, that I have not entirely adhered to a relation of adversity, being unwilling to indulge too much in descriptions of human wretchedness; and as pleasure and amusement are governed by opposites, and not by one continued sameness, which would tend only to weary and fatigue us, I have intermixed anecdotes of the literati to whom fortune has been propitious, with those of others whose lives have been composed of bitterness and misery.

Homer, the first poet and beggar of note, as Goldsmith designates him, amongst the ancients, was blind, and went about the states of Greece, and those adjoining, chaunting his rhapsodies to a throng of villagers collected around him, like a ballad-singer of the present day, but it is observed that his mouth was more frequently filled with verses than with bread. Plato banished his writings out of his commonwealth, as did also Socrates, because they did not esteem ordinary men competent readers of them. The witty and elegant Plautus, the comic poet, was, it is observed, better off; for he had two trades, he was a poet for his diversion, and turned a hand-mill, as slave to a baker, in order to earn a subsistence. Hesiod could arrive at no higher fortune than tending flocks on mount Helicon. Sappho, the tender and love-sick Sappho, threw herself from a precipice into the sea, under an idea that if she escaped, it would cure her of an amorous propensity she entertained for Phaon, and perished. Simonides, the most pathetic writer of antiquity, prostituted his talents to serve great men's turns, for a small reward. Yet it is observed, that Hiero, King of Syracuse, got more by Simonides' acquaintance, than Simonides did by his. The answer he is mentioned as having given to this Prince, on his asking him who God was, is much celebrated. The poet desired a day to consider the question proposed to him; on the morrow he asked two days; and whenever he was called upon for his answer he doubled the time. The King, surprised at this behaviour, demanded his reason for it. "It is," replied Simonides, "because the more I consider the question the more obscure it seems."—*Quis quanto diutius considero tanto mihi res videtur obscurior.* He is celebrated for his memory, and

repeated long passages of Homer, sitting in the public theatre on a seat erected for him on the stage for that purpose.

Æsop was a slave, and a little ugly deformed fellow, of very uncomely countenance, having scarcely the figure of a man, and was for a very considerable time almost without the use of speech. One of his masters could not bear to see him, but beat him into the fields to be out of his sight. He was sold to Xanthus, a philosopher; who one day wishing to treat some of his friends, ordered Æsop to provide the best things he could find in the market. Æsop made a large provision of tongues, and desired the cook to serve them up with different sauces. When dinner came, the first and second course, the last service, and all the made dishes, were tongues. "Did I not order you," said Xanthus, in a violent passion, "to buy the best victuals the market afforded?" "And have I not obeyed your orders?" said Æsop, "Is there any thing better than tongues? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of sciences, and the organ of truth and reason? By means of tongues cities are built, and governments established and administered; with that men instruct, persuade, and preside in assemblies: it is the instrument by which we acquit ourselves of the chief of all our duties, the praising and adoring the gods." "Well then," replied Xanthus, thinking to catch him, "go to market again to-morrow, and buy me the worst things you can find; this same company will dine with me, and I have a mind to diversify my entertainment." Æsop the next day provided nothing but the very same dishes; telling his master that the tongue was the very worst thing in the world. "It is," says he, "the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomentor of law-suits, and the source of divisions and wars; it is the organ of error, of lies, of calumny and blasphemy."

His prototype, and distributor of his wit among the Romans, Phœdrus, who, for elegance and simplicity, is unrivalled, was also doomed to slavery.

Of the jolly bard, Anacreon, it is related, that Polycrates having presented him with several talents, he could not sleep for several successive nights for the thought of them, and returned them to his patrons saying, the value of the treasure was not worth the trouble and anxiety of keeping it. It is conjectured that he wrote his eighth ode on the occasion. Love and wine were to him as his being, and were enjoyed by him without restraint to a very late period of his existence. Untainted with avarice, and careless as to the occurrences and vicissitudes of life, he appears to have spent his days in one continued scene of voluptuous ease and conviviality. We are told that he was choked by a grape stone, but it is thought that this, his supposed end, is more emblematical of his disposition, than the real cause of his death.

Socrates, whose morality and virtue were extolled to the highest, was purblind, long-legged, and hairy, and had much occasion for the patience, resignation, humility and meekness, he is described to have possessed in the extreme. At home he was subjected to the frowns and churlishness of a shrewish wife, one of whose greetings of him is so well known as not

to need repetition, and whose name, Xantippe, is a bye word for an ill-tempered partner of a hen-pecked husband. Abroad he had to contend with the passions and jealousy of his countrymen; who, in return for the greatest gifts man can bestow upon his fellows, that is, treating their children as a father would his own family, pointing out to them the way to true enjoyment in this life, by punctually observing what is right and just, and teaching them to venerate their country, cruelly poisoned him. So fickle were they, that they afterwards put to death or banished most of his judges, for doing what they had urged them to. So blind is an infuriated multitude! * Scaliger said he never read the account of Socrates' death in Plato's Phædon, but he wept.

Democritus was blind, withered, and ugly.

Archilochus, the inventor of Iambic verse, was a satirist, severe and even cruel in the extreme. The tragical story of Lycambes is a striking proof of the power of his satire, and of the unrelenting nature of his disposition. Lycambes had promised him his daughter Neobule, in marriage; but an offer from a person of superior rank and fortune occurring in the interim, the father forgot the Poet, and presented the fair one to the wealthy suitor. Inflamed with indignation and revenge, the irritated bard dipped his pen in gall, and poured forth such a torrent of invective on the miserable Lycambes and his family, that in despair he committed suicide, and terminated his life by a halter; an example which, it is said, all his daughters unhappily imitated, unable to support the defamation with which the disappointed Poet had overwhelmed them. Archilochus fell in battle, by the hand of Calondas, who immolated his own son to the manes of the Poet, to atone the vengeance of Apollo.

Pindar, whose powers of harmony were matchless, our fair readers will be gratified to hear, was greatly indebted to the ladies, for he studied with Myrtis, who distinguished herself by her lyric poetry, and was afterwards under the tuition of the beautiful and accomplished Corinna, who five times snatched the victory from her pupil, in the public contests of Greece.

Of Thespis it is related that, at the commencement of his career, Solon hindered him from acting his tragedies, thinking those feigned representations of no use, and having seen one, but disliking the manner of it, he forbade him to act any more.

* How forcibly do the sentiments of the late Dr. Franklin strike us, (if we refer them to assemblies of democracies) on reading accounts similar to the above, of the passions to which popular states are subject. "We assemble Parliaments and Councils," says he, "to have the benefit of their collected wisdom, but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices, and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors: and if we may judge by the acts, arrests, and edicts, all the world over, an assembly of wise men is the greatest fool upon earth;" and Montesquieu, shewing their over-heated zeal, too great remissness, and too great violence, in their enterprises, observes, in his laconic style, that "sometimes with a hundred thousand arms they overturn all before them, and sometimes with a hundred thousand feet they creep like insects."

Eschylus exiled himself, through disgust, at being superseded in a prize by *Sophocles*, who was a very young competitor, being conscious of his own superiority, and is reported to have died in exile of a fractured skull, caused by an eagle's dropping a tortoise, out of its claws, upon his bald head. Cumberland thinks this story allegorical and emblematical of his genius, age, and decay, but *Valerius Maximus* gives it for a truth. Of ancient poets he bears the nearest resemblance to *Shakespeare*.

Of *Sophocles*, the prince of ancient dramatists, it is said his sons preferred a complaint against him, alleging that the good old man, their father, did so totally apply himself to his favorite study of writing tragedies, that he disregarded his family: they therefore petitioned that the judges would assign to him, being now compos, a guardian to look after his estates.

Euripides was the son of a poor herb woman: when he began to study tragedy, he shut himself in a cave, wild and sequestered from the world, in the island of *Salamis*. He was torn to pieces by, or died through bites received from the hounds of *Archelaus* King of *Macedon*, which, it is related, were set upon him by his literary rivals, who were jealous of his superior talent. *Ovid* is supposed to allude to him in his *Ibis*:

*Thine be the fate of that same hawkin'd bard,
Betcher'd by dogs, Diana's early guard.*

Aristophanes the celebrated Athenian comic poet, was a great egotist. In his comedy of the clouds he fairly tells his audience that "he shall estimate their judgment according to the degree of applause they bestow upon his performance then before them," and in conclusion, he inveighs against certain of his contemporaries, *Eupolis*, *Phrynichus*, and *Hermippus*, "with whose comedies if any of his audience is well pleased, that person, he hopes, will part from his dissatisfaction: but if they condemn his rivals and applaud him, he shall think better of their judgment for the future." He was not happy in his domestic connexions, for he declares that he was ashamed of his wife, and as for his sons they did him little credit.

To be resumed.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loango as in 1790.*

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the Letters to Mungo Park, &c.

Princess of Cabenda.—In the kingdom of *Cabenda*, or *Anjoya*, princesses of the royal blood rule with despotic sway, and are to all appearance, devoid of that gentleness, which in other countries forms one of the brightest ornaments in the female character. They are possessed of the extraordinary privilege of compelling any subject, under the rank of prince in his own right, to marry them, and renounce wives and children for their sake. The richest merchants are chiefly exposed to their rapacity. When the unhappy individual thus promoted to honour has been stripped of his wealth, and another victim to arbitrary power selected in his place, he is permitted to return to private life; with this consolation, however, that he is entitled by courtesy to the appellation of Prince. During his continuance in this splendid slavery, he must not, at the peril of his life, be seen in company with any other woman. The risk attaches equally to all women who may chance to come in his way. To provide therefore as much as possible against such casualties, he is always attended by a guard of honour, part of which, when he is visiting, or on a journey, precedes him at a considerable distance, beating the

Chingonga, a double bell, (a bell at each extremity of a semi-circular arch), the sound of which is instantly recognized by females, who conceal themselves until the object of their terror is past. To complete this monstrous picture of human weakness, these princesses, in order to secure the success of the predatory excursions in which they are not unfrequently engaged, stand upon an elevated situation, and cause the army to pass in review between their legs. I know several merchants ennobled by an alliance with these Amazons, of whose tyranny they complain bitterly. Notwithstanding the manifest want of circumspection evinced in their own conduct, they exact the most scrupulous decorum from their husbands towards women.

I am not aware that a similar custom prevails in the adjoining province of *Chimfooka*, or in any other part of the coast between *Mayumba* and the *Congo*.

Priests.—The Patriarch or High Priest, *Boonzie*, resides at *Maccatala*. His spiritual jurisdiction is very extensive, and his person is held so sacred, that no one, however high his rank, presumes to approach, or even address him, when admitted to his presence, until a sign is given, whereupon the obeisance paid him approaches to adoration.

Every audience is accompanied by a present, valuable in proportion to the wealth of the person suing for patronage or redress; but as *Boonzie* is believed incapable of taking a bribe, he is solicited to inspect the present; and those articles he approves of, being tied loosely to the parcel, drop off whilst the attendants are retiring with it.

None of the princes, to a considerable distance from *Maccatala*, consider themselves safe under the Patriarch's displeasure. There is therefore a constant resort to his residence; and his office thus becomes a source of much emolument.

The district of *Maccatala* is held sacred by all the neighbouring nations, and happy do they esteem themselves who can get the bodies of their departed friends deposited in that hallowed ground; an opportunity, of which those bordering on the river, never fail to avail themselves. Canoes may be seen almost every day at *Embomma*, going down the river to *Maccatala* with dead bodies. They are always distinguished from other canoes, by some particular mark of funeral solemnity. *Voombi quenda Maccatala!* would the natives on board answer, when asked where these canoes were going.

The present Patriarch is about sixty years of age, a dignified and venerable looking man, no way distinguished by his dress from the other chiefs. He was the first person with whom, in sailing up the river, I had an interview, and but for the sanctity of whose character, (on which he laid great stress), I had found it no easy matter to bring the natives to a parley. Upon coming to anchor near *Oyster Haven*, we discovered four people upon *Hope Island*, and being desirous of a conference, I sent the mate and four men in a small boat, provided with trinkets, to distribute amongst them. The natives, as we could perceive from the ship with our glasses, awaited unmoved, the approach of the boat, until the sail was furled and exchanged for the oars; then, with great precipitation, they took a canoe upon their shoulders, and carrying it across the

island, launched it, and paddled in the utmost haste to *Maccatala*. The following day at noon, a canoe being observed hovering along the north shore, I proceeded towards it in the small boat, but as we approached, it slowly retreated to the entrance of a small creek. Our pacific appearance at length induced it to wait for us. A man stood on the prow, speaking vociferously, and with much gesticulation. This was *Boonzie* himself.—He made a long harangue, in which he took care to make himself known; and concluded by saying, that if I offered him any injury, *Enzambi* *Empoongu* would punish me. A present of beads, cloth, and brandy, dispelled his fears, and in return, he gave me a fine goat, and a bunch of plantains; and requested that his son, *Chimpola*, might accompany me on board.

Maccatala abounds in beautiful and magnificent sylvan scenery, and is altogether "a happy rural scene of various view." The villages are built in the open cultivated spaces, with which the woods are interspersed; and are surrounded by plantations of cassava, Indian corn, plantains, peas, tobacco, &c. In one of these pleasing solitudes, resides *Chinganga Boonzie*, an inferior member of the priesthood.

Ordeal Trial.—When any one is falsely accused of an atrocious crime, he can only prove his innocence by passing, unharmed, the ordeal trial of *Cassah*. This consists in swallowing a certain quantity of the cassah, which is administered by a person called *Ganga Em-cassah*. Upon a day appointed, the accused makes his appearance, and on demanding to drink the cassah, the *Ganga* administers it in presence of a great concourse of people, who, arranging themselves in a circle around him, await with eagerness the effect of the poison. If it causes great sickness and stupefaction, he is pronounced guilty; but if it does not, or if it produces vomiting, he is immediately declared innocent, presented with a mark of distinction upon the spot, and is ever after thought worthy of unreserved confidence. The attestation of his innocence is merely a piece of calabash shell, about the size of a dollar, painted white, and fastened, by means of a string embracing the circumference of the head, to the right temple. My friend, *Captain J. V. Aubinais* of *Nantz*, witnessed one of these trials: it was that of a woman accused of infidelity to her husband. The moment she began to sicken and stagger, the spectators burst into the circle and dispatched her with their knives and daggers, first cutting off her breasts. Such a custom is too savage to enlarge upon; but it appears evident to me, that the fate of the unfortunate individual is determined beforehand, according to his wealth or power, and that when he does escape with impunity, some less deleterious drug must have been substituted for the cassah. This poison is prepared from the bark of a tree; its colour is a bright red; and the fracture of the bark presents a resinous appearance.

Palm Tree.—The palm is the most valuable tree that grows in Africa. Besides wine, it yields a sweet nutritive oil; with its leaves the natives thatch their houses; and with the small wiry threads that hang from its branches, they string their musical instruments; not to mention many other useful purposes it serves. It sometimes attains the height of 120 feet;

* We are indebted for this interesting article to Dr. Brewster's Philosophical Journal.

but the stem, considering its great length, is slender. The branches fall off annually, and leave knobs like those of a cabbage stalk.

The natives in this part of Africa are extravagantly fond of palm wine, which is very pleasant to the taste when first drawn from the tree; but until it has undergone fermentation they seldom drink it: then, although not so agreeable to an European palate, they relish it more highly; perhaps from the inebriating quality it has acquired.

The wine is obtained by making an incision in the tender head of the tree, and collecting it in a calabash, into which it is conveyed by means of a small splinter of wood, communicating with the incision. The mouth of the calabash is lightly covered with dry grass, to keep off the swarms of flies and wasps. It is then left until such time as, from experience, it is known to be nearly full; when a man again ascends the tree with empty vessels at his belt, to replace the full ones, which he brings down in the same manner. This, notwithstanding the height of the tree, is easily accomplished. The climber provides himself with a tough woodbine hoop, the circumference of which embraces the tree and his body, but with so much space intervening, as permits him to lean back at arms-length from the tree, thus enabling him to fix his feet firmly against the knobs. In this way, by jerking the hoop upwards, he ascends very quickly.

The wine is always extracted from the male tree; the female, which bears the nuts, being too valuable to use in that way. The nut is nearly of the size and figure of the walnut. Each tree produces three or four bunches, which are sometimes so large that a single cluster has been known to weigh above 100 pounds.

(To be continued.)

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN HOLLAND.

I did not observe any one smoking in church, but in the streets and highways, all the men, and a few of the women, have their pipes constantly in their mouths. I have seen a little boy, about ten years of age, with a long black coat, silk breeches, his hands in the pockets of the same, silver shoe buckles, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, and the whole crowned by a huge three-cornered cocked hat, under which the youth did move with a gravity of demeanour becoming his great grandfather. The sight of any little girl of six or seven years old, attired in her Sunday's costume, is quite sufficient to excite one's laughter for a month. She moves within the massy folds of some apparently antiquated gown, and beneath the far-spreading brim of a prodigious straw bonnet, with the grave deportment of a woman of seventy years of age; and with this appearance every look and every gesture corresponds.

During a short excursion in a Dutch stage coach, many of which are furnished with three rows of seats in the interior, I found myself seated behind a venerable old lady, who seemed so far declined in the vale of years that she was obliged to hold the arm of a domestic who sat behind her. On arriving at our destination, I, of course, offered my arm, to assist her feeble and emaciated frame in descending from the vehicle. My attention was first excited by the infantine beauty of the little hand which was presented to me; and you may judge of my surprise, when, on raising my head, instead of the wrinkled visage of a superannuated woman, I beheld the smiling countenance of a rosy child, with bright blue eyes and beautiful flaxen hair. In the few churches which I have

seen, there are scarcely any pews, but each flag stone of the floor is numbered, and as there are abundance of chairs, each person places one on his own particular number. As soon as the first psalm ceases, and the sermon has commenced, each man places his hat on his head, and sits at ease—at least so it was in the church which I visited at Rotterdam.—(*Journal of a Traveller.*)

SCRAPIANA.

No. III.

From the common-place book of a Clergyman in Lancashire, who flourished in the beginning of the 18th century.

Choler comes with sweetmeats. Steel.
Custom's a tyrant.
Colendus Deus corde paro.
Church-yard as little thought on as any part of ye Parish by most people.
Christian names given for distinction of persons, surnames for distinction of families.
Corruption then weary of working, when ye sea's weary of ebbing and flowing.
Christi vita instruxit nostram, mors Christi destruxit nostram.
Cos ingenii, ars Philosophica.
Corruption sometimes carries the day against all our convictions.
Creatures strange taken for witches: such as
(1) Ye gost sucker, that sucks the navils and nipples of little children, a creature that is much in Crent, and ye places adjoining.
(2) Satyres, a rare kind of Apes, not usually known among us.
(3) Fayries, Pigmies, a dwarfish race of mankind.
(4) Mairmon and mairmaids, sea-monsters.
Corpus animale primitus immortale, non conditione corporis, sed beneficio conditoris.
Crede et manducasti.
Cesset voluntas propria, non erit infernus.
Christians grow, 1. Formā; 2. Suavitatē; 3. Robore; 4. Vigore; 5. Incremento.
Capricious wild, if it gett rooting will breake a stone in ye wall asunder.
Confiteri impossibilia insanientis est.
Cards and dice-called unlawful games, and forbidden the clergy, an. 75.
Confessor, a Martyr in Ballion, wanting only ye stamp of a violent death to perfect him. Edward Confessor none such.
Currenti cede furori.
Contemplative life in Monks hath pride for its father and idleness for its mother.
Covenants of 3 sorts:—Amicitie, Commercii, Auxilii.
Chalkt land makes a rich father, a poor son.
Cuckold, knight of the forked order,
Creeds alone make no Christians.
Cock ye name of a bad Musician;—when he began to crow, men began to rise.
Comforts, Copyhold inheritance.
Cor in Hebræo, sumitur pro judicio.
Company of Welsh said ye Judges were good fortune tellers; for if the prisoners but hold up their hands, they could tell whether they must live or dy.
Covetousness a sin that wears a cloak.
Come let us look on Marie's son yt we may be cheerfull, said ye Jews when melancholy.
Commend a fair day at night.
Come home by weeping Cross: a place about two miles from Stafford.
Camel going to seek horas lost his ears.
Cock-lofts unfurnished; i. e. wants brains.
Canterbury's ye higher rack, Winchester ye better manger.
Crafty as a Kendale fox.
Cup kills more than ye cannon.
Children are sweet briars.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 14, by Mr. W. Wilson.

If we designate by b the interval between the luminous bodies, by x the distance of one of them from the point in question, and, consequently, by $b - x$ that of the other from the same point; we shall have, by a well known property, when c is the intensity of the first luminous body at the distance a , and d the intensity of the second at the same distance, $\frac{ca^2}{x^2}$ and $\frac{da^2}{(b-x)^2}$, which will represent the intensities of light at the point which is at the distance x from the first luminous body, and at the distance $b - x$ from the second. Now the sum of these intensities, which we will represent by y , ought to be a minimum; we shall then have, $\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{2da^2}{(b-x)^3} - \frac{2ca^2}{x^3} = 0$.

$$\text{Therefore, } x = \frac{\sqrt[3]{c \times b}}{\sqrt[3]{c} + \sqrt[3]{d}}.$$

If the intensities are equal, $c = d$, then $x = \frac{b}{2}$.

Solutions were received from Amicus, and J. H.

Solution of No. 15, by Tyro.

First, the area of a circle whose diameter is 6 inches, is 28.27 inches.

Hence, $231 \div 28.27 = 8.17$ the depth of the hole from the surface of the liquor.

If AC be the radius of the sphere, and AD the radius of the hole, we shall have, by 47. Euc. 1 $\sqrt{AC^2 - AD^2} = DC$, that is, in numbers, $\sqrt{144 - 9} = \sqrt{135} = 11.61$; this subtracted from 12, the radius of the sphere, gives .391 inch for the height of the segment cut off. Consequently $8.17 + .391 = 8.56$ inches the depth from the surface of the sphere.

Neat solutions to the same question were received from Mathematicus; J. H.; Mr. W. Wilson; Amicus; and Mercurius.

Question No. 19, by J. H.

Suppose a cask in form of the lower frustums of two equal cones, joined by one common base, whose diagonal is 36 inches, and the difference between the diagonal and length, is equal to the difference between the bung and head diameters:—required the dimensions of the cask when it will contain the greatest quantity possible in ale gallons.

Question No. 20, by Nonpublicos.

A person in a balloon at a considerable height, let fall a ball of fire, which discharged a cannon on the ground; the report reached the ear of the Aeronaut in the same time as the ball was in falling; what was the height of the balloon?

Question No. 21, by Gamma.

From the equations $sxz = 924$; $wyz = 792$; $wxs = 504$; and $wxy = 462$; to find the value of w , x , y , and z .

Tyro is mistaken: the question No. 17, though a cubic, may be resolved by simple equations.

Erratum.—In the Solution of Question No. 18, line 11, for 36 read 26.



POETRY.

TO

I gaze on the smiles that bewitchingly play,
On thy face so transcendently fair;
Tho' thy love-beaming eyes, dear Mary, may say,
There is nothing for me but despair.

O, didst thou but know what the heart must endure,
Which is scorn'd and rejected by thee;
Thy pity might soften the pain it can't cure,
And a tear would let fall e'en for me.

Yet though in thy bosom I ne'er have a place,
And thy vows thou should give me no never;
Thy love-beaming eyes, and the smiles of thy face,
In remembrance shall live, aye, for ever.

Manchester, 1822.

S.

TO A KISS.

Soft child of love—thou balm of bliss,
Inform me, O delicious kiss,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won!

Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On Sarah's lip, with raptur'd eye,
On Sarah's blushing lip I see,
A thousand fall as sweet as thee.

PYTHIAS.

Manchester, May, 1822.

WOMAN.

Through many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've held my way;
A lonely, unprotected stranger,
To stranger's ills a constant prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune ever was to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But WOMAN grateful, true and kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy ever prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Taints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
WOMAN's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, or savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted!
How cordial was the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
WOMAN's the stranger's gen'ral blessing,
From sultry India to the pole.

YEZNK.

Manchester, May 20, 1822.

HEART'S EASE.

There is a charming little flow'r,
A charming flow'r it is;
The brightest gem in Flora's bow'r,
And sweet as Beauty's kiss.

There is no fragrance in its sigh,
To tempt the busy bee;
It does not please the butterfly,
But it is dear to me.

I love to see the little thing,
When morning paints the skies,
Before the lark is on the wing,
Open its sparkling eyes.

Then bright and fresh with shining dew,
It glitters to the ray,
With triple spots of various hue,
So fancifully gay.

This is the flow'r that I will wear,
That girls may cease to tease;
Its name is music to my ear.—
What is it called?—Heart's Ease.

THE MILK-MAID AND THE BANKER.

A Milk-maid with a very pretty face,
Who liv'd at Acton,
Had a black Cow, the ugliest in the place,
A crooked-back'd one,
A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious and spiteful,
And so confirm'd a truant, that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
For then both cord and cow eloped together.

Arm'd with an oaken bough, (what folly!
It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly.)
Patty one day was driving home the beast,
Which had, as usual, slipp'd it's anchor,
When on the road she met a certain Banker,
Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast
By gazing on her features, crimson'd high
By a long coo-chase in July.

"Are you from Acton, pretty lass?" he cried:
"Yes,"—with a courtsey she replied.
"Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"
"She is my cousin, Sir, and next-door neighbour."
"That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
Which needs despatch, and you may save my labour.
Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
But mind, you owe me one—I've only lent it."

"She shall know, cried the girl, as she brandish'd
her bough,
"Of the loving intentions you bore me;
But as to the kiss, as there's haste, you'll allow
That you'd better run forward and give it my Cow,
For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

VARIETIES.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

Admiral Keppel underwent a trial of court martial at Liverpool, on the score of having shown more prudence in a naval engagement than suited the party that opposed him, and which has been still more eclipsed by the brilliance of modern tactics. Burke assisted him on his trial, and he was honourably acquitted. After this acquittal the freedom of the city of London was presented to him in a box of *Heart of Oak*, and on the same day Rodney received the same compliment, in a box of *GOLD*. Rodney was at that time known to be a little embarrassed in his affairs, and the following epigram appeared on the occasion.

Each favourite's defective part,
Satyric Cits you've told,
For cautious Keppel wanted heart,
And gallant Rodney, gold.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

The celebrated composer, Haydn, when in England, was frequently in her society: meeting her one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds', who had painted her as Saint Cecilia, listening to the angels, according to the common idea, Mrs. Billington shewed him the picture. 'It is like,' said Haydn, 'but I see a strange mistake.' 'Where?' said Reynolds, alive to the merits of his performance. 'You have,' replied Haydn, with graceful compliments, 'painted her listening to the angels; you ought to have painted the angels listening to her.'

FILTERING MACHINES.

The Parisians have an excellent mode of purifying the water of the Seine. It is put into what is called a fountain, which is a strong earthen jar, about four feet high, placed on a wooden pedestal; at the bottom there is gravel to the height of six or eight inches, which should be cleared annually. The fountain costs a guinea, and the waterman receives a trifle for filling it twice a week, which is generally sufficient for one family. The water thus filtered through the gravel becomes as pure as crystal, and is drawn off by a spout at the bottom of the fountain. This machine is not liable to the common accidents and wear of the usual filtering stones. Some such an apparatus is deserving the attention and adoption of the inhabitants of Manchester, where at present, clear and transparent water is so rare a commodity.

Another simple and more expeditious mode of filtration is one which Dr. Lind has described. Let a barrel with its head knocked out, be about half filled with clear sand or gravel; place a much smaller barrel without either end, or any open cylinder, upright in the middle of it, and let this be almost filled with the same. If the foul water be poured into the small cylinder, it will rise up through the sand of the larger barrel, and appear pure in the space between the two.

WHIMSICAL EPITAPH IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Reader, I've left this world, in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to be rich,
Just such a fool as you.

ON A MISER.

"Worth fifty thousand pounds," old Gripus died:—
'Tis well—for he was *nothing* worth beside!

LITERARY NOTICES.

A new volume of Poems, by Mr. James Montgomery, will appear this month, under the title of "Songs of Zion."

The concluding volume of Sir Robert Ker Porter's *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c.* will appear in a few days.

Malpas, by the author of the *Cavalier*; Roche Blanc, by Miss A. M. Porter; *The Refugees*, by the author of *Correction*; and *Tales of the Manor*, by Mrs. Holland, are nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Wordsworth's *Guide to the Lakes* will appear in a few days.

The River Derwent, and other Poems, by W. B. Clarke, B. A. Jesus College, Cambridge, will appear next month.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, May 20th.—For the Benefit of Miss M. Hammersley: *The Slave*; Sylvester Daggerwood; and *Midas*.

Wednesday, 22nd.—*Othello*; after which, *For England, Ho!*

Friday, 24th.—For the Benefit of Miss Fisher: *The Duenna*; *Bombastes Furioso*; and the *Actress of All Work*.

THE MUSAEID.

No. IX.—THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1822.

Nulla venenato littera mista joco est. OVID.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent, in these sallies;—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

We called the other morning on our friend Miss —; we were ushered into the breakfast room, and, until the lady appeared, entertained ourselves with a survey of the various elegancies which ornamented her work table. Among others, a neatly bound MS. book attracted our attention, and without any consideration of what it might contain, we ventured to open it. Our own name immediately caught our eye, and a curiosity to discover in what manner we were connected with a lady's private devotions, induced us to acquaint ourselves with the contents of the book. Before we were interrupted, we had time to copy the whole of the manuscript in short-hand, and we now publish it for the entertainment of our readers. We hope our sweet friend will forgive the larceny of her secrets—every thing, but what is now presented to the world, will for ever be inviolate in our bosom. In compliment to her wonderful perseverance, we will call it

THE BOOK OF A WEEK.

MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1822.—Quite determined to begin my journal to-morrow. Mr. Tacit says, no woman has resolution to persist in one regularly for a week—convince him of the contrary. Entirely Mrs. Bank's fault I did not commence it with the new-year as I meant to have done; ordered my book for the first of January, and it was not sent home until the second; great disappointment to me; could not begin regularly as I intended, so felt myself careless about it—thought it would do any time—besides have had other things to engage me.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23.—Really could not begin yesterday. Mary Durnove called on me in the morning, and would oblige me to go with her to Mrs. Penlove's. Mrs. P—— would have no 'nay'—I must join her party to the Concert. Resolved about beginning to-morrow—must go into the Square this morning, I went some lace—we dine at Mr. Raffle's—positive Mr. Tacit's wrong.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24.—I'm going to begin—wonder how people keep journals—Anne Caton shewed me her's once—thought it was very formal—she fills it with poetry and stuff. I never tried to write poetry but once, when I wanted to compose a sonnet to the moon, that I might call it 'the crystal mirror where the sun is glass'd,' but could not think of any thing else to say—fancied that a pretty idea. Had 'The Pirate' sent me from Mrs. Mervyn's—she always keeps the books a day too long—just glanced it over—think I shan't like it—the names don't seem good. Mr. Winnow calls it a 'sea saw'—would not laugh at his pun—vexed him. A very genteel Concert to-night—Catalani sang better than on Tuesday—thought Mrs. Whimble looked wretched—never saw hair in such horrid taste—her feathers stuck up behind like a peacock's tail—thought she'd a fan in her head. Mr. Tacit asked me about the journal—told him I had begun it—bet me a pair of gloves I did not continue it a week—determined to win them. Did not feel well all evening; fancied I must look deplorably; saw Jane Arnold eyeing me quite triumphantly; ran to the glass when I got home—frightened.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25.—Better this morning; lay in bed until noon, in order that I might be fully recovered before night; took my cocoa there, and lay reading 'The Pirate'; Mary Durnove insisted on coming up—could not think what was the matter with her; she laughed and looked so sly, at last it came out, peep from her muff 'Don Juan'; the giddy girl

absolutely dressed herself in her brother's clothes last night, and walked to Manchester and bought it somewhere for 2s. 6d.; we set to and read it. Mr. Gracegrove dined with us—Mr. G—— thinks himself uncommonly clever; wanted to talk with me about poetry—advised me to read Chaucer; thinks there are no good novels now-a-days—almost all of them licentious and impure; 'Clarissa Harlowe' is his favourite, and he recommended me to read 'Tom Jones.' I had read them both, and was ashamed to acknowledge it. Went to the Theatre this evening; Clara Fisher's benefit—never saw her before—astonished and pleased with the little prodigy; a full house—bade full houses—no room for the gentlemen to go about. Mr. Gracegrove bothering me all night about the beauties of Sheridan's Comedies—so very delicate and chaste; asked him what he thought of the screen-scene—heard him afterwards praising 'The Marriage of Figaro' and 'X Y Z.' to my Papa. We never look well at the Theatre owing to that horrid Gas; forgot my glass and was obliged to see without it.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.—Finished the first volume of the 'Pirate'; wish I had read them all—quite satiated with these Scotch Novels, and yet one feels obliged to know something about them. Can't tell what to say about this—must find out what the wise ones think. Mr. Tacit called this morning; saw the 'Foscari' on the book stand, asked me if I had read it—told him 'no'—nor he; he had seen some extracts from 'Cain,' and he would never read another line of Lord Byron's; afraid he would talk about 'Don Juan'—I am sure I must look conscious if any body speak of it. Dined at the Moulton's; a very large party—Mrs. M—— the vulgarst woman I know; she told that they had given 7s. 6d. a pound for the salmon; and asked Mr. Gurman if he would have a piece of the belly—sate by that brute Eatwell; never saw such a voracious monster—he snatches at every thing before him: I was breaking some bread and he nearly stuck his fork into my hand, and then mumbled out an apology 'thought it was something slipped from his plate.' Mrs. Sayton observed, that the gentleman 'was eating turkey.' Very stupid in the drawing-room—Jane Moulton and I went up stairs; she shewed me her correspondence with Captain Epaulette—never heard such rubbish; Jane must be a simpleton—I'm sure the Captain thinks she is; I wonder her mother will permit such flirtation—the Captain quoted that line of Pope's, 'and waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,' thought it doubly misapplied; first, the lady not at all frosty, and secondly, the Captain rather sighing towards Indus than otherwise.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27.—Very cold morning; put on two petticoats to keep me warm in church; wondered who that handsome fellow was with the Dakenys—could not keep my eyes off him—afraid he must have noticed it; determined to speak to them after church—thought the Doctor uncommonly tedious; my Papa said it was an excellent sermon—could not tell any thing about it (here there was a considerable hiatus, and a memorandum in pencil to 'ask cousin Jane about the text and sermon; know she writes them for an exercise; think it right to have them in') went to the Dakenys at the conclusion; that conceited Maria stuck close to the beau, and pestered him in the most outrageous manner—the man smiled impatiently at her tattle, and I saw him enquire who I was; my Papa called me to the carriage, and I was obliged to leave my curiosity unsatisfied—since heard it was Mr. Dacres, of Bath. Finished another volume of the 'Pirate' and read the Evening Lessons and Psalms.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28.—My birth-day—twenty-three years old; got up with some very serious thoughts on the occasion—in the breakfast room before any one else; opened the Piano—my Papa came down and interrupted me 'Hallo! girl, a sad despairing sort of ditty to strum on thy birth-day,' playing 'Nobody coming to marry me'—did not know I was. Papa sent me two presents from Manchester, one a half-penny-worth of gilt gingerbread moulded like a

man—a fine practical allegory of a modern husband; the other a beautiful set of pearls, much handsomer than those Mary Belton had at the last Assembly—I'll wear 'em next Thursday on purpose to mortify her. Mr. Tacit called, told him it was my birthday, asked him to write me some verses; the man sighed and looked melancholy; I suppose he was thinking of presently he picked up my tinsel bridegroom, and asked if it were my wedding-day also; I told him, 'yes'—he said I was very regardless of my happy choice; I wanted to know whether a woman should be fond enough of her husband to eat him. My old aunt Catherine dined with us, and brought me 'Thomas à Kempis' for a gift, she had fitted it out with a most elaborate though well meant inscription, 'To my dear God-daughter and Niece this book, to shew her the way wherein her feet should find a path, and to mark out the imitation wherewith she ought to be an imitator, is given on the twenty-third celebration of that day when she was born into the world, by me, who am her sponsor-mother unto the Church, and her affectionate aunt in the flesh.' It was accompanied with a store of good precepts, which I hope not wilfully to neglect.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29.—I get quite weary of my journalizing—but I will win Mr. Tacit's gloves; had a lazy fit this morning, obliged to send home the 'Pirate' unfinished. Persuaded my Mama to go to the Theatre this evening—Miss Wensley played 'Juliet'; what a happy creature Juliet must have been, married at fourteen, and in such a snug romantic way—I wish there were masquerades in Manchester; I should like to fall in love at a masquerade—there is no falling in love in Manchester. Courtship is a regular siege here; a man sits down before his mistress, attacks her with an artillery of presents and a light fire of billets doux—if this do not succeed, he turns the siege into a blockade, prevents all intercourse with the citadel, and never desists until she either surrenders, or the siege is raised.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30.—Went to town. Several people in the Square—every body seems to wear plaids in some shape or other; can't endure them myself. Called on Mrs. Tristfull—found her as usual; sad rheumatic pains—shocking catarrh—could not possibly survive the winter; no, no, it was her last season; so dreadfully asthmatic, and the fog quite destroyed her. In the evening Papa would take us to the Panorama; Mr. Tacit, who dined with him, accompanied us. A very imposing exhibition; Papa compared it to a warping-mill—what a Cannon-street notion. The conversation afterwards turned on shipwrecks. Mr. Tacit mentioned one very forcibly described in 'Don Juan'; asked me if I had ever seen it—told him a story—he offered to transcribe it for me; said he could lend me the book, but that he would not insult me by the proposal—looked as unconscious as I could; afraid I must have betrayed myself though.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31.—Now Mr. Tacit where are your gloves, I will wear them this evening. Don't quite like the new dress which Mrs. Taylor has sent me; something simpler would have suited me better—put it on however—and my pearls; lie down a few hours in the afternoon, and I shall look quite beautiful—and keep to the end of the night. Had a very pleasant evening—the gentlemen very agreeable and quite enow of them; danced the first quadrilles with Mr. Tacit, asked him for his gloves—told him I had persevered for a week; he seemed quite astonished—asked what I had done, could not recollect any thing; read over the week's proceedings when I came home, and found I had not registered one profitable action which I had performed—quite ashamed of myself—give over keeping a journal until I have something better to put in it.

N. B.—Mrs. Tristfull at the Assembly.

EXCUSATORY.

We are seriously concerned for the prevalent sentiments of disapprobation which exist towards our performance; more especially as the reproach of it is

pointed towards individuals who are entirely innocent of the offence—if offence it be considered.

'Qui s'excuse trop, s'accuse.' And we have no doubt, that if we seem too anxious and positive in the vindication of our conduct, we shall incur the additional imputation of disingenuousness and falsehood. It was the knowledge of this maxim which induced us, on a former occasion, to attempt the removal of the unreasonable suspicions which were against us, by exposing, with the ridicule they deserved, the absurd pretences on which the charges of personality and slander were alledged. Some rational minds were satisfied by what we then said; but as prejudice is not so easily allayed, we return to the subject in a graver spirit, and assert upon our words of honour as gentlemen, that with two, or at the most three, exceptions, every personal resemblance which may have been fancied in our papers, was entirely accidental, and the effect of unpremeditated coincidences. Which those exceptions are, we do not think it proper or necessary to acknowledge. We confess our regret for their appearance, because we understand they have hurt the feelings of the parties, and, in the words of an amiable author, 'what title have we to wound the mind more than the body.' In palliation, however, we may be suffered to say, that we considered all the circumstances to which we alluded, matters of so much notoriety, that we were doing nothing more than simply putting into print, facts with which every one in certain circles was previously conversant, and that out of these circles they could not possibly be understood.

We have a further explanation to offer, which in justice to ourselves we feel we cannot omit. The chief part of No. 7 of the *Musceid* was not written by us, and, as great offence has been taken at it, we trust we shall be exempt from the consequences. The circumstances of its publication are the following:—it was sent to us through the medium of Mr. Smith, when we ourselves were unprepared with a *Musceid*, and were on the point of determining that nothing under that title should appear in the forthcoming *Iris*. Mr. Smith requested, that if the performance were at all tolerable, we would not disappoint him of so considerable a department of his paper: accordingly we undertook to revise it, and not without difficulty, stripped it of what we conceived to be the most objectionable parts. We were compelled to do this in haste, for the compositors were waiting of the copy, and we find that many things escaped us, which, had we noticed them at the time, we certainly should not have permitted.—So far the blame rests with us, and we own it the more readily, as we are not ambitious of the credit of the production.

Gentle readers, we desire you will have so much faith in our sincerity, as to believe what we now tell you. It is for the ease of your own hearts that we have given you this long history—that you may be quite sure of having escaped our odious attacks.

For ourselves, we are secure in a deep veil of concealment—not one of your flimsy lace or gauzes which both invite and satisfy curiosity; but a thick heavy sort of stuff, which your eye cannot penetrate, nor your hand lift up; and though you may guess and guess, and guess again who are under it, you have not guessed, and you never will guess truly.

WEEKLY DIARY.

MAY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SUNDAY, 26.—*Whit-Sunday*.

On *Whit-Sunday*, or *White-Sunday*, the *catechumens*, who were then baptized, as well as those who had been baptized before at Easter, appeared in the antient church, in *white garments*. The Greeks, for the same reason, call it *Bright Sunday*; on account of the

number of bright white garments which were then worn. The name of this Sunday, in the old Latin Church, was *Dominica in Albis*, as was the Sunday next after Easter, on the same occasion. On this day the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles and other Christians, in the visible appearance of fiery tongues.

The celebration of divine service in St. Peter's church at Rome, on *Whit-Sunday*, is thus described by Mr. Eustace, in his *Tour in Italy*.

'The great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself, seated in a chair of state supported by twenty valets, half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions his immediate attendants form a circle around him, clothe him in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel, and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus* or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Gloria in excelsis*, when the pontiff lays aside his tiara, and after having saluted the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflection just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Alleluias, are sung to elevate the mind and prepare it for the gospel.

The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise, called "the preface," because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and he chants it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the antient tragic declamation, and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of armies," &c. are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn

intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around, while in a low tone the pontiff recites that most antient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's Prayer, chaunted with a few emphatical inflections.

Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the antient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture: the deacons and the sub-deacons then receive the communion under both kinds, the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

The pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the *Scala Regia* to the grand gallery in the middle of the front of St. Peters. His immediate attendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery; the chaunt of the choir is heard at a distance; the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns; and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below fall on their knees; the cannons of St. Angelo give a general discharge, while, rising slowly from his throne, he lifts his hands to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city and to all mankind: a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears.

MONDAY, 27.—*Whit-Monday*.

This day and *Whit-Tuesday* are observed as festivals, for the same reason as Monday and Tuesday in Easter. Their religious character, however, is almost obsolete, and they are now kept as holidays, in which the lower classes still pursue their favourite diversions.

Hark, how merrily, from distant tow'rs,
Ring round the village bells; now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud,
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music. They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they bear,
Commixt along the unfrequented shore,
The sound of village dance and labor loud,
Startling the musing ear of solitude.

Such is the jocund wake of WHITSUNTIDE,
When happy superstition, gabbling eld,
Holds her unburlful gambols. All the day
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
On the smooth shaven green, and then at eve
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of antient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer, whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fixed stars from their emittance,
And still the midnight tempest. Then, anon,
Tell of uncharnelled spectres, seen to glide

Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguished murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deepening glen,
Struck on his frozen ear. KIRK WHITE.

The following account of the triumphal entry of Henry V. into London, on his return from Agincourt, we extract from a book just published, entitled, "The Lollards."

"Though the month of November was now considerably advanced, a fair and cloudless day gladdened the hearts of the expectant thousands, who assembled to greet their returning monarch. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Aldermen, and a train of more than three hundred opulent citizens, went in procession to meet the King at Blackheath. For a week before, the most extensive preparations had been made to give all possible effect and splendour to the triumph.

"Some houses were wholly fronted with scarlet cloth, ornamented in different parts with fancifully-worked wreaths, each of which was left to serve as a window to those within, through which they might behold the spectacle, and manifest their own enthusiasm. Others were decorated with tapestry, on which the triumphs of Edward the Third were represented, and some by extraordinary activity had obtained paintings of scenes in which the reigning monarch had acted a conspicuous part, connected with the battle of Agincourt.

"Of a truth," said Mr. Whittington, "this reminds me well of some of the merry days which were not uncommon in my youth. Truly our English genius can furnish forth noble devices to celebrate a victory. See you there, my young master, is not yonder a right good mystery, the which doth unite Scripture with the history of this famous island, for the edification of all beholders?"

"While speaking, he pointed to a sort of rehearsal which was then taking place, in which an enormous giant was seen scornfully to raise his vast club on which appeared the *fleurs de lis* of France, to strike to the earth a handsome youth, who, under the standard of St. George, advanced for England with a sling and a stone, to attack, in the character of David, the threatening monster. The giant had been constructed on so bold a scale, that it was feared the stage would not be sufficient to hold him, when he fell before his conqueror; and the matter now to be arranged was the position in which it would be advisable that he should stand, so as to guard against a double downfall, which would occasion the actor some inconvenience, and mar the spectacle intended to be exhibited. Further on, a vast tablet was displayed, on which the following verses were inscribed:

"—— raptum nobis aut redde Britannis
Aut ferrum-expectes, altitica insuper igues."

These were then reported to have been used by the English King at the close of a conference with the French Ambassador, immediately before the commencement of the war, and were thought to prove that the spirit of prophecy might be counted among the great qualities of the victorious Henry.

"Another scaffold had been raised, in which a group of children appeared, clothed in white, with wings attached to their shoulders. It was not deemed at all prophane, for an actor, in a pageant or mystery, to undertake the personification of the Almighty. In this place, elevated on a golden throne, a venerable personage, with a long white beard, was seen presiding over the angels as the Deity; and on either hand fuller-sized angels than those which have been mentioned, appeared, representing *Fame* and *Victory*, with trumpets in their hands, prepared to sound the glories of the approaching hero.

"At noon, the expectant crowds were refreshed with tidings that the cavalcade approached. A hundred youths, representing the bachelors of London, led the way, wearing black bonnets, with doublets, and hose of the same colour, with sky-blue medallions,

or jackets, ornamented with silver gilt lace. These preceded the procession, but were not considered to form a part of it. The clergy of the city had met the King at St. Thomas of Watering, and made a show of taking their places in the rear. The piety of Henry would by no means permit this, and he insisted that their holy body should precede. The Archbishop, the Abbot, and Monks, of Canterbury, had received the King with great pomp and solemnity in that city. Chicheley had accompanied him thence to London, and now arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, took his place in the pageant as head of the church.

"The Bishops of Bath and Hereford, who had newly returned from Constance, were near him, and these, like himself and the other prelates who were present, had arrayed themselves for the occasion in all that ecclesiastical magnificence could supply, to enhance the grandeur of the show. The superbly-embellished crozier, vied with the lustre of the dazzling mitre. Incense flamed from the massy censers; costly obolices, met the eye at every step; and besides these, a collection of rare objects, held to be above all price, were carried with appropriate state and reverence, as relics of departed saints. One priest had the glory of bearing a lock of *John the Baptist's* hair, cut from the head as it lay in the charger, after it had been carried from the hall in which it was displayed to the inhuman Herod. Another sustained one of the stones by which St. Stephen had perished, which, striking him on the temple, was said to have terminated the sufferings of the martyr. Relics of seventy other saints, all equally valuable, came in succession, the whole being followed by a splendid cabinet, which was made particularly prominent in the march, and which was believed to contain a sample of the true wood of the cross, on which the Saviour suffered at Calvary. This invaluable morsel was gained from the Saracens by negotiation. From the arts, to which they had been known to resort, some doubts of its identity had at one period got abroad, but they were all happily removed, by the numerous miracles performed through its efficacy, which satisfied those who were held to be the most competent judges in such matters, that the infidels, to their other crimes, had not added the unpardonable sin of palming on their Christian friends an impostor splinter. It was accordingly treated with the reverence considered to be due to it, being elegantly set in gold, and surrounded with pearls and precious stones. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens, who had joined the King at Blackheath, now appeared. The Mayor was attired in crimson velvet, turned up with fur, and the scarlet dresses of the Aldermen, coming immediately after the clerical body, formed a very imposing spectacle. Not the least interesting part of their share of the pageant, was furnished by the bearers of two large, substantial, and richly-embossed gold basins. In each of these, five hundred marks had been placed, which, with the basins, had been voted as a present to the King, to signify the joy of the Corporation at his happy return.

"The alien merchants, resident in England, dressed in the costume of the several nations to which they belonged, came next.

"The officers who had distinguished themselves at Agincourt, were then seen, and now the King himself was momentarily expected. It had been reported that his helmet would be carried before him; in the same battered and unshapen state in which it was left when the battle ended. But Henry, considering that this would serve to evince a vain-glorious disposition, had given positive instructions that it should not be used in the cavalcade. In place of it, immediately before him, he caused a banner to be carried, inscribed '*Non nobis Domine, non nobis sed nomini tuo, da gloriam.*' On a white courser superbly caparisoned, Henry advanced with an air of modest reserve, bowing from time to time in return for the deafening shouts which rent the air in all directions. The King passed the conduit, which was decorated with banners and streamers, and at that moment *Fame* and *Victory* blew their loudest blasts, and the smaller angels commenced their hymns of praise, to which the representative of the Deity appeared to listen with

great complacency, while he bestowed his most benignant smile on the passing monarch. It was known that the conduit was to run with several sorts of wine; and those who had shouted themselves thirsty, thought the time arrived at which it ought to flow, and were loud in their demands, that this should take place in honour of the King's arrival at that spot. But the managers of this part of the business wisely considered that it would be likely to produce confusion, if done while much of the procession had yet to pass, and therefore declined compliance with the wishes of the crowd, who, instead of being treated with draughts of wine, were regaled with the *kissing of Goliah*. David threw the stone with great precision, and the giant died with a very good grace; but his club descending rather abruptly on the great toe of the conqueror, caused the Jewish monarch to entertain himself and the spectators with a dancing step or two which he had not rehearsed, before he proceeded to complete his performance by the decollation of the vanquished Philistine.

"But the most splendid feature of the pageant was furnished by an arch, thrown completely across the road, at the expense of the corporation of the city. In the centre was a wide space, through which the cavalcade was to move; and on each side a passage for the crowd of spectators. A rail had been erected on each side of the way from Fenchurch to the western end of Cheap, within which the citizens had stationed themselves. The arch was surmounted with battlements, in the centre of which was a castle of jasper green. This was rudely approached with sword and fire, by a grim and most uncouth figure, whose garments were stained with blood, while a wreath of vipers decorated his head. He was intended to represent *Discord*, who, supported by *Rebellion*, *Heresy*, *Falseness*, and *Rancour*, the last wearing the form of a dragon, proposed to overthrow that goodly fabric, the castle, and raze it to the ground. To oppose this formidable host, *Sapience*, wearing the appearance of venerable age, and habited in white to indicate the purity of his intentions, was seen arming *Loyalty* with a battle-axe, *Religion* with the cross and Bible, *Truth* with a light, and *Valour* with the helmet and spear of *Saint George*. The contest was fierce, but short. *Discord* retreated at the advance of *Sapience*, *Rebellion* perished under the weapon of *Loyalty*, *Heresy* was struck to the earth and bound hand and foot by *Religion*, *Falseness* fell dead before the brightly-beaming light of *Truth*, and *Rancour*, overthrown at the first onset with the representative of *Saint George*, by horrible howlings confessed the resistless prowess of the British Champion. Exulting in the discomfiture of the vanquished, the *City of London*, personified by a comely matron, advanced with a train of virgins, to celebrate the triumph of *Sapience*, and to bestow on him the laurel of victory. He modestly declined wearing it himself, but pointed to the monarch, as the individual to whom it belonged, and the *City of London*, at once recognizing the justice of this decision, failed not to forward it to grace the brow of Henry, at the same time accosting him in these words:—

"Sovereign Lord and Noble King, thee beest welcome out of your realm of France, into this your blessed and famous realm of England, and in especial unto us your most notable City of London, we thanking Almighty God of his good and gracious achieving so great triumphs, beseeching of his merciful grace to send you prosperity and many years, to the comfort of all your loving people, and the Citizens of London in especial."

"The train of this dignified personage then sung the following verses, which were remembered to have been written by the poet Lidgate for the occasion:—

'Sovereign Lord welcome to your city,
'Welcome our joy and our heart's pleasure,
'Welcome our gladness, welcome our sufficiency,
'Welcome, welcome, right welcome may you be;
'Singing to fore thy Royal Majesty,
'We say of heart, without variance,
'Sovereign Lord welcome; welcome our joy.
'Mayor, Citizens, and all the Commonalty,
'At your homecoming new out of France,
'By grace relieved of all their old grievance,
'Sing this day with great solemnity.'

"The laurel crown was graciously received, placed on the brow of the King for a moment, in compliment to the donors, and then handed to an attendant.

"Henry had interdicted his subjects from treating the French his prisoners, with derision, by ballads sung in the streets or otherwise. Though wishing to appear pleased with all he saw to the eyes of his subjects, he from time to time found it necessary to explain to his captive the Duke of Orleans, who rode near him, that his people wished to manifest joy at seeing him again, and by no means desired to give offence to others. The Duke expressed gratitude for the consideration thus evinced, and pensively moved on with the Duke of Bourbon, to whom he appeared to communicate what had just been said by the King.

"Immediately after these princes, came the celebrated standard of the *oriflamme*. Its fame had extended far and wide, and all eyes rested with exulting admiration on so remarkable a trophy. The *oriflamme* was a banner formed of plain red taffeta, and attached to a lance of the same colour, ornamented with gilding. To this, vast importance was attached, as it was said to have been a gift from heaven direct to King Dagobert. An ensign so venerable from its antiquity, so sacred from its origin, was entrusted to no common hand, when it accompanied the French armies to battle. He to whom it was last confided, the Sieur de Bacqueville, had proved himself not unworthy of the important charge, and had gallantly laid down his life in its defence. The Counts d'Eu, de Vendosme, de Richemont, and other officers of rank followed. But the public attention was directed especially towards the Count de Richemont. He had been severely wounded, and left for dead. The humane care of Henry, to whom he had been borne, proved the means of restoring him. On this account he was in some degree an object of interest, but he was still more so on another. It had been predicted, so ran the rumour, by no less a personage than the infallible Merlin, that the English might be conquered by a Prince named Arthur, born in Armoric Britain, and carrying a wild boar for his ensign. The name of the Count was Arthur, he was born in that province, and owned the device indicated as that of the future conqueror of England. The captured ensign, and blood-stained coat-armour of the Count were now borne aloft in triumph, and numbering him with the prisoners, the multitude exulted in the belief that English valour had foiled Merlin, and baffled even the hostility of fate.

"A crowd of prisoners of inferior rank followed, and the procession was closed by a strong body of English troops, who had fought in the late battle. As these passed the conduit, the promised streams of wine began to flow, and they, in common with the populace, partook of the treat which unsparing liberality had provided, amidst the continued shouts of their fellow-countrymen. Of course in the end, the struggle for participation degenerated into a riotous scramble, and more was wasted than was drunk, which perhaps, after all, was not to be regretted."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Still pleased to praise, but not afraid to blame."

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have been much interested by reading in the *Iris* the discussion of a "Philosophical Query" which was proposed for solution, some weeks back, by your correspondent "O."

The query appeared to me, necessarily to involve the doctrine of Light and Colours; and promised, therefore, to be an excellent subject for an interesting philosophical disquisition.

Pleased by the sound of words, and fondly anxious to display what may be called a literary acumen, your worthy correspondents seem to have completely lost sight of the question; and, therefore, so far from offering to your readers any thing like an elucidation of the subject, have, by metaphor and analogy, completely enveloped it in clouds.

With the respect due to "A Friend," I must observe,

that his letters, in explanation of the phenomenon, are extremely kind, but by no means demonstrative;—written, evidently, with that great good humour, which is so very desirable in all philosophical enquiries; but which however is calculated rather to excite esteem for the author, than admiration of his talents.

The replies of "O" are ingenious, though somewhat ambiguous; and prove, very clearly, that the writer is much better pleased to propose difficulties, than to offer any solution to them.

"A Friend" I think relies too much on the *ipse dixit* of others, and does not sufficiently examine for himself; but believes that "it must be so," because he finds it so stated in "vol. LXXVI of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, and in Darwin's *Zoonomia*!"

"O," on the contrary, is undoubtedly an *Original Thinker*, but affects too much to treat with indifference the opinions of his learned predecessors.

If I mistake not, "A Friend" undertakes simply to demonstrate, that he can feel the different colours of the spectrum. Whilst "O," on the other hand, very earnestly endeavours to prove that he can see them with his eyes shut. Hence, from the character of your correspondents, and the nature of the problems to be resolved we may perceive why the "*reductio ad absurdum*" mode of demonstration should be preferred to any other.

As, however, I feel anxious that something should be given to this interesting problem more in the shape of demonstration. I must request that the attention of your readers may be again called to the subject. In making this request, I would not be understood to insinuate, that I think "O" and "A Friend" incompetent to the task:—if each of them would determine, attentively to examine the enquiry, rather than its phraseology. I am persuaded the result of such an investigation, would be far more interesting to your readers, and, at the same time, far more gratifying to themselves.

SCRUTATOR.

The parade of falsehood is easily put down by plain truth.

Truth loves open dealing.—HENRY 4TH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have observed a Letter signed "*Ding Dong*," in your last *Iris*, wherein, among other things, it is said, that I have laid a *garbled* statement before the Public. This is a charge which, as I do not deserve, I can immediately disprove: but I must first be told *how* and *where* it is thought to be garbled, particularly as none of the parties to the same have ever ventured to deny the truth of my allegations. Mr. Lewis has lately recognized it, and tacitly admitted all the facts.

Now, Sir, if the individual above alluded to, be an unprejudiced man, and a gentleman, and will favor me with a meeting, I will submit such documents as shall convince him that he has done me wrong. As to the Portrait, drawn by Minasi, I have no concern whatever with it. I sat at the express desire of the artist, and I have something else to do than to speculate in pictures, or to seek any emolument therefrom.

With respect to the other parts of "*Ding Dong's*" letter, it is not my business to interfere; I am the servant of the public, and will exert myself to the utmost to deserve the kind patronage and protection with which they have honored me.

I am, Sir, J. SALTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that the insertion of "*Juvena's*" Letter to our correspondent "*Index*" would lead to a protracted discussion not altogether suited to the nature of our work, we took the liberty to hand it to the gentleman who furnished the article on "*Patriarchal Chronology*," in order to be favoured with his opinion. He returns for answer, that he does not feel inclined to enter into any controversy on the subject. When he wrote the article in question, he was aware of many objections that

might be started on the subject of Antediluvian Chronology; but to keep at a distance from the arena of controversy, he selected a view of the subject, which he believed would not be likely to lead him into that unpleasant field. It is well known that the patriarchal chronology is attended with very considerable difficulties, arising from the discrepancy that exists between the Hebrew, Samaritan and Septuagint Pentateuchs, and the corresponding part of the history of Josephus, in whatever relates to dates and numbers; but that years, in the common acceptance of the term, are to be understood, there can be no reasonable doubt. "*Index*" knows perfectly well that "there have been many sorts of years since the world became a world;" for the year of Romulus consisted only of 304 days, that of Numa contained 354, and there have been years of 360 and of 365 days; but every sort of year that we read of was intended to express one complete revolution of seasons. It was long before men were able exactly to ascertain the length of time that elapsed from any one season till its next return. But the regular alternation of summer and winter would enable them at least to approximate to the true "time that the sun takes to make his revolution through the zodiac." Accordingly we find that in most cases 12 lunations were adopted as the length to be assigned to the year, and, to make the year and the seasons keep pace with each other, intercalations were occasionally made. But the general conclusions of "*Index*" are not affected, whether we suppose the patriarchal year to consist of 354 or 360 days, or of 365 days 6 hours, or 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 49 or 54 seconds. To suppose that months and not years are intended carries absurdity on the face of it, for then the patriarchs must have become fathers at from 7 to 12 years of age, according to our mode of reckoning, and some of them even so early as at 2 or 3 years of age. To make the antediluvian year consist of two months is still more absurd, as there is nothing in nature which would lead men to parcel out their time into such periods; we must view such a supposition therefore only as the fiction of "*Juvena's*" brain. That years of the same sort upon the whole, and not periods of time so different in their length as years and months, are intended in the various parts of the writings of Moses, will appear from the eleventh chapter of Genesis, in which the ages of some patriarchs are given whose lives were extended to the verge of a thousand years, and also of others who, without any intimation given of their being cut off prematurely, did not attain an age much beyond what is often witnessed in modern times. If periods so materially different in their length had been designated by the same word, surely some intimation would have been given us when the one or the other was to be understood. It was not possible for "*Index*" to divine what "object" "*Juvena*" might "have in view," so that he is not surprised if he has not happened "to clear up" the difficulties that occurred to him: it was enough if he accomplished his own object, which was to take a peculiar, and to him a novel view of the subject: but "he can (if necessary) make it appear, that, according to the testimony of ancient authors, we ought not to doubt for a moment" that years and months were not interchangeable terms in any era of the history of man, or "since the world became a world." Much satisfactory information on the subject in question will be found in Dr. Hailes' Analysis of Chronology, to which "*Juvena*" is respectfully referred.

Communications have been received from Dramaticus.—A Lover of the Drama.—Ponto.—Seneca.—Hamanitas.—Sam.—John Swilbrig.—B. I. T.—J. C.—A Constant Reader.—P. W. and Quin.

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FOR THE IRIS.

"THE CLUB."

No. IX.—FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1822.

"To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant dulness back to day;
Much yet remains." CANNING.

OUR friend the widower is particularly fond of sailing, and, if he had an opportunity, would, it is believed, spend all his days upon the water. Referring to his favourite amusement, he often regrets that Manchester is not a sea-port. When he goes to Liverpool, on business, which he sometimes has occasion to do, he usually delays his return rather longer than is necessary, in order to pass some time upon the Channel; and another member, who accompanied him thither in autumn, assures us, that as soon as they reached the sea-side our friend was greeted as an old customer by most of the boatmen.

A boat is, in our friend's opinion, the finest place in the world for study. He often tells us, that if fortune smile upon him, and he become independent in his pecuniary affairs, he will have in his garden a large pond, upon which there shall be a pleasure-boat, with a canopy over it, like the canopies of the Algerine vessels, which he saw in the panorama of the bombardment of Algiers.

He sometimes takes a walk in an afternoon to Barton, merely for the sake of sailing back in the packet. Being a man of a lively and sociable disposition, and one who soon forms an acquaintance among strangers, he has often something to tell us respecting the conversations which take place on these occasions.

He took a ramble last week through Eccles, and having made up his mind to return by water, he was pleased, when he entered the packet, to observe at the best end, a very genteel and numerous company. To his great mortification, however, he soon discovered that they had no general topic of conversation; and that some of them, though they had been several hours together, were as strange to one another, as if they had just met. Our friend looked around to see where he could, as he thought, make with most success, an introductory observation. But some of the party were asleep;

others were eating Eccles' cakes which they had just bought at the bridge; and one gentleman, a thin grave-looking personage dressed in black, whom our friend recollected having seen several times before, was gazing in a thoughtful posture, upon the small and glittering waves which the vessel made upon the level surface of the canal, and which he might have been comparing to the little broils and irritations of human life, that, after having chafed the mind for a time, leave, like those waves, no traces of their existence.

After some time had elapsed, in this manner, a young man in the company produced a number of the Iris. He had not had an opportunity he remarked, to look at it before, and, if the company wished him to read aloud he had no objections to do so. His offer was willingly accepted; but he had hardly finished the motto of the Club, which article he chanced to select first, when he was interrupted by a very demure and dignified maiden-lady of about forty-five, who had not, till then, gratified her fellow-travellers with the sound of her voice. "I'm quite shocked," she exclaimed, "that you can purchase such trash, and much more so, that you can offer to read it before a public company. It is full of scandal and wickedness, I'm sure." "Then you have read it, ma'am," said the young stranger. "Oh no!" she replied, "I have never read a page of it,—I despise scandal for my part." The gentleman appeared too diffident to ask her how she came to know, without perusing it, that the work deserved so bad a character. It has often been a source of gratification at the Club, to find, that those who censure our essays have either never read or grossly misrepresented them.

"Pray ma'am," said our friend addressing the lady in the boat, "have any of your friends been ridiculed in this paper which is called 'the Club?'" "Not that I am aware of," replied the lady. "Do you happen to know any person alluded to in it?" "No," was the answer. "If I might take the liberty," said our friend, "I would ask, for the purpose of information, whether you are acquainted with any one who can apply the personalities of the Club?" The lady, after some hesitation, said she was not. "Then," said our friend, "your censure rests only upon conjecture; and are you not madam," added he smiling, "in this manner practising against the Club, the very thing for which you condemn it?"

"Aye, aye," said an old gouty gentleman, who had listened attentively to the previous conversation, "but there is one young writer, and a man of considerable talents, too, who

has been personally abused in these papers." "Indeed," said our friend, who was conscious that he at least had never abused any one, "I am sure I was not aware of that circumstance. Pray, sir, was he attacked by name?" "No." "By figure or circumstances perhaps?" "No," was the reply. "It seems then, that he was only spoken of as a writer, and always in connexion with his works." "I must acknowledge it." "Why then, sir," said our friend, "there could be no personality. The fact is, I believe, the young writer you refer to, had made very free with the literary reputation of the town; and a native of the town had, therefore, a right to retort upon the critic by shewing the weakness or injustice of his productions. I believe the Club to consist of a number of good natured fellows, who never had any wish to injure the youthful reviewer, whose works, had they been worth the trouble, would have justified the severest retaliation from any inhabitant of Manchester. The members of the Club saw, I have no doubt, that while he indulged in very harsh judgments upon the productions of others, his own were very open to criticism; and they probably imagined that their notice of him, which, considering the circumstances, was rather lenient than severe, might either induce him to improve his style, or teach him more modesty in his literary decisions."

It is generally found that when a man does not want assistance there are plenty of people ready to serve him. This was the case, in some degree, with the widower. Having silenced his opponents, the rest of the company either remained neutral, or declared openly in his favour. The maiden lady, indeed resumed her taciturnity; but the old gentleman who had supported her said, that when he came to consider the matter a little more closely, he perceived, not only that he had condemned the paper too hastily, but that the writers of it could not be fairly charged with either personal reflections, or severe allusions.

I might here have added some of the praises which were bestowed by several of the company upon our publications, did I not recollect, that we were very coarsely treated some time since, on account of the liberal encomiums which were bestowed upon the Club, by our spirited and unknown auxiliary.

C. L.

P. S.—The letter of Mr. Gregory Griffin has been received.—All communications intended for the Club, should be addressed to the Secretary, Mr. M. Medium, and left at the Printers.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loango, as in 1790.

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the Letters to Mungo Park, &c.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

Religion.—It is difficult, if not impracticable, to form a just idea of the state of religion among a people of whose language we know so little. It is chiefly, indeed, from fortuitous circumstances that we are to seek for any information on the subject. To exemplify this, Monsieur Deshay, and several traders, were one day dining with me, when a French boat, belonging to an Indianman, lying at Cape Padron, sent to sound and explore the river, came alongside. The officer commanding the boat, said that his ship would be at Embomma in ten or twelve days. In other circumstances, this intelligence would have alarmed me a good deal, for these ships are always provided with very expensive cargoes; but, having nearly completed my purchase, I carelessly observed to Captain Deshay, that it was of little consequence to me, as I should have done by that time. "He bien!" says he, "Soleil s'élève pour tout le monde;" as much as to say, he would not be idle. The natives, who had a smattering both of French and English, were much puzzled with the phrase, and could not possibly make out its meaning or application. Many ludicrous explanations were given, until Prince Nefoomu Emfoote observed to me,—"Cappy!—I'll tell you what I tink Sun be,—I tink Sun be Enzambi Empoongu's chief mate!"

From all that I have been able to collect on a subject so interesting, there appears to be a prevailing belief in this part of Africa, that the affairs of the world are governed by an invisible being of infinite wisdom and power, whose every scheme tends to the welfare and happiness of his creatures. They look upon the Sun as his prime agent in carrying on the operations of nature, without whose genial influence, darkness and desolation would cover the face of the earth. The chief mate of a ship, they remarked, carried all the Captain's orders into execution, without the appearance of the Captain himself, which no doubt led Nefoomu Emfoote to make use of his very judicious simile, as most expressive of the meaning he attached to Deshay's remark.

As another example:—Having unbound a slave whom I had purchased; he threw himself into an attitude of devotion, and casting his eyes upwards, ejaculated, "Enzambi Empoongu,—Menou moontu accu!"—God Almighty,—I am thy creature! then looking cheerfully in my face, he took a pipe from his belt, and shewed me that it was empty. I gave him some tobacco and biscuits, with which he seemed highly gratified, and from that time he became a great favourite on board.

These incidents shew, that important conclusions may be drawn from a careful observation of the common occurrences of life in an uncivilized state of society; and that, amid a profusion of absurdities intermingled with their worship, the inhabitants of Congo have some elevated conceptions of a Deity, whom they worship under the name of Enzambi Empoongu. Notwithstanding the assertions of certain travellers and voyagers to the contrary,

I can scarcely think that there is, or ever was, a nation, however barbarous, altogether destitute of belief in the existence of a Supreme Being, and of a future state.

Boonzie, whose mandates are obeyed, as though they were the decrees of fate, is held in peculiar veneration. When the whirlblast is seen sweeping along the plain, raising, in circular eddies, chaotic masses from the ground,—they exclaim,—"It is the spirit of Boonzie!" and fly from its course with terror.

Fetiches.—Were it not our duty to bring the absurdities of the uncultivated savage mind, as well as the endowments of philosophy, under review, these evidences of mental degradation would be undeserving of notice. *Fetish* is the appellation for an Idol of whatever kind; and they are of endless variety in form, composition, and virtue. The most common are milk, eggs, and birds. Among the latter, the partridge is held so sacred, that if the foot of a dead one is known to have touched a dish of meat, however much esteemed, no one will taste of it, although ready to die of hunger. But they do not regard milk or eggs with equal veneration, or rather horror, for I have seen three or four parties at the cabin table devouring each others fetishes with the greatest harmony.

Their portable fetishes consist of rude imitations of the human form, and of animals, with a piece of looking-glass fixed in the breast; the tusks of the young elephant, filled with a black paste, into which shells are stuck; tigers claws and teeth; the minute horns of the chevrotin and other animals; sea-shells full of black paste; to which may be added, small parcels of party-coloured rags, little bags of precious ingredients, and diminutive flasks containing consecrated gunpowder.

No man takes a drink, without making an oblation to the master Fetish, which is frequently an elephant's tooth. He holds it in the left hand, and after licking its pasted head with his tongue, squirts a mouthful of liquid over it in a shower; then muttering a few words, he pours what remains into the dish in which it was presented to him, or from whence he took it.

Malemba.—The King of Chimfooka, (or Malemba), is not permitted to trade, or visit sea-ports, but is obliged to reside in a remote part of the country with the priesthood, to superintend the great depot of their religious establishment, and guard the sacred asylum of the Fetishes. He is not allowed to wear foreign manufactures, but must be content with a dress made of the coarsest grass-cloth. So very scrupulous are they in this respect, that none of the Princes are permitted to approach the King in a dress dissimilar to his own, and even European officers, when on visits of ceremony, and accompanied by presents for the King, are under the necessity of complying. These, in conjunction with other customs, are productive of great hesitation among the nobles, when the throne becomes elective, through failure of the male line, who shall become a recluse, and submit to the drudgery and privations of the kingly office. This sometimes occasions an interregnum of many years, as happened to be the case, when I was there in 1785. Mambooka was the only candidate for the vacant throne; but being a man of immense power and wealth, and extensively engaged in a lucrative trade, he contrived to

allude the nation, and stave off his inauguration for several years; so unwilling are they to relinquish the advantages and enjoyments of commerce, for the austerities and mortifications of royalty. Mambooka, it would appear, considered "the kingly couch no better than a watch-case, or a common 'larum bell;" and happy perhaps might it be for mankind, had the office nowhere greater charms.

Were it not for the numerous restrictions under which the King of Chimfooka labours, there would be nothing extraordinary in his having, as is confidently asserted, five hundred wives; for polygamy prevails over almost all those portions of Africa with which we are acquainted.

The titles of dignity under the King are, Macheila,—Makai,—Mambooka,—Mamfooka,—Machainghe,—Mabailie,—and Foomu. The two first of these belong to the presumptive heir of the Crown, and are therefore next to that of King, the highest dignities in the kingdom; but Mambooka, the viceroy, having the command of the forces, or, rather, the privilege of assembling and employing armed men, (for regular troops they have none,) is by far the most powerful. Mamfooka, or Mafooka, as he is generally called, is collector of the customs, which, if we may judge from the great interest and caballing, amounting sometimes to petty warfare, employed in canvassing for it, is a very lucrative post. Machainghe and Mabailie are inferior officers to Mafooka, and of little note, except in conducting the supplies of wood and water, for which they exact a small duty from the shipping. Machainghe has commonly a quantity of fire-wood ready cut, which he sells at a moderate price. It is mostly mangrove, which splits freely, and burns well, but at the same time emitting a very pungent smoke, which frequently brings on that very distressing and obstinate complaint, Ophthalmia. Foomu is the usual designation of Prince.

It is impossible to understand, from a casual observance of their effects, the springs and movements of a government like this, so as to make the several parts bear upon each other, and exhibit that regularity of design which to a certain extent, no doubt exists, and which might, with care and attention, be traced. However barbarous and uncivilized a nation may be, we generally find, on minute enquiry, that the few have ever had sufficient ingenuity and address to systematize tyranny, and forge shackles for the minds, as well as for the bodies, of the many; and in such a state of society, the multitude is a patient animal, which unresistingly yields its neck to the yoke.

Burials.—In Angoya and Chimfooka, when a great man dies, his remains are kept in state for a period proportioned to the wealth and rank of his family: Thus, the body of a Prince is denied the rite of inhumation during the space of four years. But in Loango proper, eighty miles to the northward, the dead are baked upon hurdles over a slow fire of aromatic wood. How they are disposed of afterwards, I could not learn.

In the former case, the body is constantly attended by hired mourners, who at intervals utter dismal howlings and lamentations. They tear their hair and puncture their bodies in the most extravagant manner, as if under the influence of excessive grief; and interpolate the fictitious song of sorrow for the de-

ceased, with eulogies on the greatness of his lineage, his wealth, bounty, strength, wisdom, and valour. They are occasionally employed through the day in shrouding the body, which is supported in an erect position in the centre of a house appropriated to the purpose; first, with grass-cloths, fold over fold, each piece being fastened to that immediately beneath, and, last of all, with European and Asiatic manufactures, web over web in a similar manner, until it arrives at an enormous bulk. These envelopes of costly materials;—chintz, taffetas, brocades, &c. are sometimes carried to the ruinous extent of two hundred cubic feet, exhibiting the appearance of an oblong package, with a protuberance arising from the midst of the upper surface. To retard putrefaction, some gallons of brandy are daily poured upon the fabric, which, after percolating through it, is collected in troughs, and quaffed off by the attendant mourners, as the most delicious and renovating beverage in nature. It acts like a charm, for their songs immediately assume a loftier strain of woe. Thus, for the space of twelve months were conducted the obsequies of a Malemba trader, —Empollo Leumba,—a worthless character, whose wealth, great alliances, and vanity, procured him that outward respect and honour which his countrymen secretly denied him. His ears were cropped for some misdeed of his youth, and his countenance bespoke the insidious betrayer. I was present at the conclusion of the solemnities.

Among the thousands who thronged to his funeral, ardent spirits were distributed with an unsparing hand, which doubtless was the chief cause of their attendance. The corpse, placed on a low open bier, moving upon small wheels, was, with the assistance of ropes, dragged by the assembled multitude to the grave,—a hole twelve feet deep. In this was an immense wicker basket, ready to receive the shrouded body, which being lowered into it by cords, the lid was closed, and the whole covered with earth; finally, two large elephant's tusks were placed over the head. A pathway led through the hollow dell, where the burial ground lay, and we may conclude, that the repository of the dead is held sacred, since the natives resist the strong temptation to open them offered by the great quantities of ivory deposited in these places.

One of the traders shewed me a spot where he once saw a lion devouring an antelope, and I must needs say, the valley, from its awful retirement, seemed a suitable haunt for the monarch of the forest.

To be continued.

REMARKS ON TEA.

The use of tea promotes, in most constitutions, sensations on the stomach, from its stimulative action which are highly grateful; and the production of a somewhat similar excitement on the coats of the digestive organs, seem to constitute the chief recommendation of some articles of diet very generally used in other nations. Thus the garlic of the Spaniards, the spices of the people of the East, the coffee of the French and Dutch, have, from this effect on the stomach, a considerable influence in diverting from the use of intoxicating liquors. If the Irish had, in their damp climate, a warmer diet than their potatoes furnish, it is likely that whiskey would not be so generally used; and it is equally probable, if the Turks were permitted by their laws to drink wine,

the eating of opium would soon become less habitual.

It may be difficult to account very satisfactorily for the effects tea produces on the sensations; but we are not better able to explain the inebriating principle we find in strong drinks. The researches of analytical chemistry have not yet cleared up this point, nor is the mode of action in which the intoxicating influence is produced, whether by absorption or through the medium of the nerves, better explained. Some wines, which contain very little alcohol, affect the head as soon as those containing treble the quantity: while those possessing the same absolute proportion of spirit, are found to vary considerably in their inebriating powers. It may be conceived, therefore, that such effects result rather from different principles, than one common element universally diffused. The action of tea on the stomach seems to be in some degree narcotic; and though narcotics differ from pure stimulants, they are still possessed of a true stimulant operation. That tea tends, like the strong stimulants, spirits, wine, and beer, to retard the digestion, there cannot be a doubt; and, for this reason, it may not always agree with weak stomachs, in which the digestive process is already too tardy. But it is this quality that renders it more valuable in general diet, since, in moderately retarding this process, it preserves longer in the stomach that sensation of satiety which gives the feeling of strength. While the stimulants just mentioned produce these effects, persons drinking only water have generally the digestion so much expedited, that a feeling of sinking and emptiness sooner takes place. From this cause water-drinkers require more food, and are well known to have keener appetites than the drinkers of fermented liquors: Tea appears to have the same effect in rendering a smaller quantity of food adequate to the feeling of full support, and that without producing the dangerous consequences of strong drinks: and, as one part of the art of diet consists in making less food answer the purpose of nourishment in a prepared, than would have done in a natural state; another part extends to the consideration of those articles of food, which, while they give those sensations to the stomach that are so necessary to the happiness of animal life, produce also, by an indirect influence, effects equally salutary on the morals and manners.—*Pakis.*

The Third Time.—The facetious Dr. B., of W—, having, inadvertently, preached one of his early sermons for the third time, one of his parishioners having observed it, said to him after service,—"Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning, having had three several readings, I move that it now be passed."—We recommend this little anecdote to a few of our resident Clergy.—*Ed.*

A method of multiplying the delineations of natural objects, has been invented by means of an instrument called *Hyalograph*. Designs are traced on the glass of the instrument, and these are transferred to paper by a kind of ink; and this process may be repeated, as is the case in lithography.

During the times of the very severe penal laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland, it is little wonder that they were almost all Jacobites, or suspected to be so. Their priests, from their foreign education, were peculiarly objects of suspicion. On one occasion, a priest, whose jovial manners rendered him a welcome guest even at tables where his politics were not acceptable, dined with a freehearted loyalist in the county of Tipperary. He sat next the host, and immediately under him a dragoon officer. After dinner the master of the house gave "The King," adding with a smile, as he turned to his neighbour, "but not your King, by G—." The priest instantly turned to the officer, and, glass in hand, gave, "The King, but not your King, by G—." "How, Sir!" cried the dragoon very angrily, "what do you mean by such a toast?" "I don't know," answered the priest, "ask the gentleman at the head of the table, for I give it as he gave it to me."

The Albanian women have a custom, which at any rate prevents a portion of deceit and disappointment in regard to marriages. The younger females wear a kind of skull-cap composed entirely of pieces of silver coin, paras and piastres, with their hair falling down in braids to a great length, and also strong with money. This is a very prevailing fashion, and a girl before she is married, as she collects her portion, carries it on her head.—*Hobhouse's Journey through Albania.*

WITCHCRAFT.

As late as the year 1716, a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child aged nine years, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to Satan, tormenting and destroying their neighbours, by making them vomit pins, and for raising a storm, so that a ship was almost lost: which storm, it seems, was raised by the diabolical arts of pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap!

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 16, by Mathematicus.

Put s = length, then will $25 - s$ = breadth, and $3s$ = depth of the vessel.

By mensuration, $s \times 3s \times (25 - s) = 75s^2 - 3s^3$ the content, which is a maximum. The fluxion of which, being put = 0, will give $150s - 9s^2 = 0$.

Hence, by reduction, $s = 16\frac{2}{3}$ feet, the length; also, $25 - 16\frac{2}{3} = 8\frac{1}{3}$ the breadth, and 50 the depth; the capacity will, therefore, be 69444 feet.

Correct solutions were received from Amicus; Tyro; Mercurius; Mr. W. Williams; F. and J. H. The solution by Gamma is incorrect.

Solution of No. 17, by Mr. W. M'Lawrie.

Let $a - 1$ be substituted for s in the given equation, and we shall have $a^2 = 9a$; whence, by division, $a^2 = 9$, or $a = 3$; and consequently $a - 1 = s = 2$.

Solution of the same by Mr. Wilson.

First $x^2 + 8x^2 = 6x + 8$.

By adding the same quantity to each side, $x^2 + 8x^2 + 3x + 1 = 6x + 9$,

That is, $(x + 1)^2 = 9(x + 1)$,

By division, $(x + 1)^2 = 9$,

Therefore, $x = 2$ or 4.

Solutions were received from J. H. and Amicus.

Question No. 22, by Newtoniensis.

Suppose the earth's radius = 6982000 yards, and that there is a mountain upon its surface of such a height, that a clock when on the earth's surface, shall point out equal time; but when carried to the top of the mountain, shall be so retarded as to err 2 minutes every day. It is required to determine the mountain's elevation.

Question No. 23, by Mr. John Mole, author of the "Elements of Algebra."

A Ball descending by the force of gravity from the top of a tower, was observed to fall half the way in the last second of time; required the height of the tower, and the time of descent?



POETRY.

THE "LONELY HEART."

There is a joy in loneliness,
Which lonely minds alone can know,
Such as to none can e'er express
The secrets of their joy or woe;
Souls, wild, and various as the lyre,
That ne'er to mortal touch will yield;
Mysterious as the tomb's deep fire,
Never to mortal eye reveal'd:
Who feel within them deathless powers,
That pant and struggle to be free;
That would outstrip Time's lazy hours,
And launch upon Eternity.
Ah, little deems the blind, dull crowd,
When gazing on a tranquil brow,
What thoughts and feelings unavow'd
What fiery passions lurk below!
That while the tongue performs its part,
And custom's trivial phrase will say,
On Fancy's wings the truant art
Fleets to some region far away;
Feeds sweetly on some chosen theme,
Holds converse with the dearly-lov'd.
Weaves the light tissue of a dream,
Or wanders, where we once have rovd.

TO A FRIEND.

The world does not know me; to that I appear,
As rapture, or grief, wakes the smile, or the tear,
Now light—now reflective—now mournful—now gay,
Like the gleams, and the clouds of a wild April-day.

The wise oft will frown, the contemptuous will smile,
The good oft reprove, yet look kindly the while;
Indifferent to those, I am thankful to them,
But ev'n they do not know what it is they condemn.

For it is not the faults which the multitudes see,
That are wept o'er in secret so wildly by me,
These scarcely a thought from my sorrows can win;
Oh, would they were all!—but the worst is within,

Thou only dost know me; to thee is reveal'd
The spring of my thoughts, from all others conceal'd;
Th' enigma is solved, as thou readest my soul,
They view but a part, thou beholdest the whole,

Thou know'st me, above, yet below what I seem,
Both better, and worse than the multitude deem;
From my wild wayward heart thou hast lifted the pall,
From its faults, and its failings; yet lov'st me with all.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE GASCON.

At Neuchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
Where they were made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece;
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England the fix'd rate was eighteen-pence.

This damsel had to help her in the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging or for carrying logs,
But in his noddle weak as any baby,

In fact a gaby,
And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
That Wantley's dragon, who 'ate barns & churches,
As if they were geese and turkies,
(Vide the Ballad,) scarcely could exceed him,
One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream like nectar,
And wouldn't go to Church (good careful soul);
Till she had left it safe with a protector;

So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.

Watch it he did—he never took his eyes off,
But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,

Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried,—‘O happy, happy fly,
How I do envy you your lot!’

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearn'd;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
The whole up at a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence utter.
Until she summon'd breath enough to utter
‘Holy St. Mary!’

And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom,
To which he gave not separate replies,
But, with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to every question—
‘The Flies!’

‘The flies, you rogue!—the flies, you guttling dog!
Behold, your whisker's still are cover'd, thickly;
Thief—liar—villain—gormandizer—hog!
I'll make you tell another story quickly.’

So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
Two stout Gens-d'Armes,
Who bore him to the Judge—a little prig.

With angry bottle nose,
Like a red cabbage rose,
While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig—
Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turn'd to the delinquent,
And gan to question him, and catechise
As to which way the drink went.
Still the same dogged answers rise,
‘The flies, my Lord,—the flies, the flies!’

‘Psha!’ quoth the judge, half peevish and half pompous,
‘Why, you're non compos.’

You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,
And kill'd the flies, you stupid clown.
‘What! is it lawful then,’ the dolt inquired,
‘To kill the flies in this here town?’

‘The man's an ass—a pretty question this!
Lawful? you booby!—to be sure it is.
You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em,
To kill the rogues, and, if you like it eat 'em.’

‘Zooks!’ cried the rustic, ‘I'm right glad to hear it.
Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
If yonder bluebottle (I know his face),

Is n't the very leader of the gang
That stole the cream;—let me come near it!’
This said, he started from his place,
And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
At a large fly upon the Judge's nose,
The luckless bluebottle he smash'd,
And gratified a double grudge;
For the same catapult completely smash'd
The bottle-nose belonging to the Judge!

H.

SONG.

In my heart Love has built him a bower,
And there he sleeps all the year round,
You may rap at the door any hour,
At home he will surely be found.
If he slumbers, squeeze gently his hand,
Or a kiss will awake his slight doze,
If such sly tricks the rogue can withstand,
Then tweak him, love, hard by the nose.

VARIETIES.

Goll, of Zurich, has constructed a piano, on a plan by which he gives the higher notes the same proportional force and duration of sound as the lower.

PUN.

At the races on Wednesday, when Mr. Mytton's horse, Theodore, was laying in hard against the Doge, and making some dexterous manœuvres for the lead, “a guinea,” said some one, “that Theodore Majocchi will have it.” “Done,” replied another, “that Theodore may jockey—but he won't have it.”

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions that had taken place under them, in opposition to the arguments of the Archbishop, said, “I maintain that such persons are unfit to live.” “But my friend,” said Fenelon, “you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die.”

PARTY PASSION.

‘Well, Sir!’ (exclaimed a lady, the vehement and impassioned partizan of Mr. Wilkes, in the day of his glory, and during the broad blaze of his patriotism,) ‘well, Sir, and will you dare deny, that Mr. Wilkes is a great man, and an eloquent man?’ ‘Oh—by no means Madam! I have not a doubt respecting Mr. Wilkes's talents.’—Well, but, Sir! and is he not a fine man too, and a handsome man?—‘Why, Madam! he squints—does not he?’ ‘Squints! yes, to be sure, he does, Sir! but not a bit more, than a gentleman and a man of sense ought to squint!’

In a certain company, the conversation having fallen on the subject of *craniology*, and the organ of drunkenness being alluded to among others, a lady suggested that this must be the *barrel-organ*.

The following singular advertisement appeared in the Savannah Museum:—

To the Pious.—A splendid copy of the holy bible will be raffled for at the meeting-house this morning; the godly are invited to take chances.

FIRST BOOK AUCTION.

The first book auction in England, of which we have any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue, there is an address, which thus commences: ‘Reader, it hath not been usual here in England, to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning,) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way.’

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your Correspondent L. inquires (in a former number of the Iris,) the origin of *Barbers' Poles*, and, why Chimney-Sweepers decorate their dwellings with paintings of the most public places.—The reason for the first I believe is this: Barbers formerly held to themselves not only the right of shaving and hair cutting, but of bleeding with the lancet. The pole in bleeding is of great utility:—held by the person bled, it supports the arm, and at the same time tends greatly to promote a free circulation of the blood. The line painted round the pole, is intended to represent the tape or ribbon with which the arm is bound.

A barber, originally made a tolerable livelihood; though bleeding was not then so prevalent as it is in our times; it doubtless, even then, brought money to his purse; but in a dark and evil hour, some surgeon, viewing the happy thriving state of the lively barber, tore from him this valuable part of his profession, and twisted it to his own; while the poor fellow, in a fit of despair hung that pole out of doors,

which was now, alas! of no use in the house. The latter query I can make nothing of; it is probably a species of policy in the sweeper to have the sign of some public or eminent building over his door, to show that he is sometimes, at least, an inhabitant of a palace, and a companion of nobles, and, consequently, a man of some importance in the world.
S---N.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

—'I admire dress,' said the Rector, 'as becoming, not fashionable; as good, not gaudy. The head of a lady should shine from within—not from without. I value her fingers by the work that they do—not by the work that has been done for them by the jeweller.' 'What!' said I, 'do you object to rings as memorials of departed friends?' 'Rings,' cried the Rector, 'are, in my opinion, fit only for the snouts of swine. I will show you my memorials: follow me.' I followed him into his study.

'This,' said the Rector, 'I call my Mausoleum.' It was a small book-case, made of ebony, and lined with black silk curtains. Under its cornice was inscribed, 'Your fathers, where are they?' When the doors were opened, I saw two shelves unoccupied; the other two were filled with books very handsomely bound in black calf, with black edges to the leaves, and black linings to the covers.

'You well knew,' said the Rector, 'my excellent father, his devotedness to the welfare of his family, and his general beneficence: he was beloved by his children, esteemed by his friends, respected by his neighbours, lamented by all. This is my memorial of him.'

'The Duties of Men,' which he put into my hands, had the following inscription in gold letters on one cover of each volume—

T. B.
was born 25 April, 1742,
and died 16 March, 1822.

A father indeed!
He went to his fathers in peace.

On 'The Duties of the Female Sex,' similarly bound, were commemorated the name, birth, and death, of my friend's mother; under which I read—

A joyful mother of children!
I went heavily as one that mourneth for
his mother.

On 'The Life of Sir Wm. Jones' were inscribed the name and age of a brother, who had been distinguished in India, and underneath—

An honourable counsellor!
They mourned over him, saying,
Alas! my brother!

'You have heard,' said the Rector, 'of my uncle F. The world could never boast of more than two uncles: one was Uncle Toby; the other Uncle F. Both were of a peaceful, placid nature; both were full of the milk of human kindness. When uncle F. was removed to a happier world, I put 'The Triumphs of Temper' in mourning, and stamped on its cover—

The ornament of a meek and quiet temper,
is in the sight of God of great price.

'Here,' said the Rector, taking down a small volume, 'is a book which I have had bound in *terrorem*. I have given notice to all my female relatives, that if any one of them prove herself a teaser, I will inscribe her name on this—'The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting!'—(Mus.)

A COURSE OF EXAMINATION,

Submitted to — before he can be considered
a Profound Scholar, and entitled to wield the mighty
Grey Goose Pen of a Critic.

1. Give a comparative sketch of the different places of amusement in Manchester, distinguishing the difference between the Theatre Royal, Minor, Usher's, &c. the dates of their erection—names of candle-snuffers—duties of prompters and scene shifters—the situation of the pigeon-holes, and demonstrate by sound argument, whether Knot-Mill Fair is superior to Bartholomew?

2. Where is EVERY STREET in Manchester. Who was Churchwarden when the Collegiate Church was built. When was the Old Bridge built, and how long is it since Long Millgate was strewn with flowers, &c. for the King of Denmark, when he passed through Manchester?

3. Give the dates of all parish meetings held in the township of Manchester, and the number himself attended. What year the first Boroughreeve was chosen, and how long SHORT STREET is?

4. Prove whether Gin or Sir John Barclaycorn gives the most florid hue to the cheeks of the consumers, and explain all the cant words, used by thieves and pickpockets?

5. Say who was saint for the painters in the coronation procession, and who personated Adam and Eve for the Taylors on that occasion?

6. Trace the origin of pawnbrokers taking three golden balls for an emblem, and explain the true meaning of the word pop, in its different significations?

7. Who was St. Crispin—what sort of leather is the best, and what sort the worst. Tell whose wives and how many landlady's like strap. Explain black-strap, and prove what difference there exists between them and staystraps?

8. Give a ground plan of Cheetham's Hospital, and mention the beauties of Beppo's Poem, with some account why removing to another house is called flitting; say if there be only one Cuckoo, to prove every body in the wrong, in saying 'I've heard the Cuckoo sing!'

9. Explain the character Δ in Chymistry—give the prevailing colours for the spring fashions—elucidate the benefits dandies derive from stays, and say what a corset is?

10. Enumerate the different roads that lead to Kersall Moor, distinguishing those that are toll-free for Jackasses; who was toll taker at Longsight when the Chevalier D'Eon came to Manchester, to exhibit the art of self-defence; and give an exact weight and proportion of the different Manchester boys, and say how many of them were girls?

11. Express grammatically, out of Tim Bobbin, the words, "greedily," "buoth," "bandy hewit," "bray'd feigh," "Brid and Dayahums." Draw a map of the river Tib, with a correct delineation of all the sewers that empty themselves into it?

12. When was the Roman station at Manchester broke up—how came the stone near Stretford to be called the giant's stone—where is the ladies' walk—when was Ardwick canal finished—at what time does the celebrated clock in the college strike, and how often—and how many times the stone-pipes burst. L.

METEOROLOGY.

TABLE I.

Mean Height of the Barometer at Manchester.

BY THOMAS HANSON, SURGEON.

Years.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual Mean.	Difference of the Annual from the General Mean.
1807	29.86	29.65	30.01	29.64	30.03	29.81	29.67	29.65	29.62	29.63	29.46	29.71	29.64	.11m.
1808	29.61	29.80	29.96	29.66	29.68	29.76	29.73	29.64	29.63	29.49	29.67	29.64	29.69	.06m.
1809	29.34	29.53	29.89	29.69	29.73	29.55	29.52	29.50	29.52	29.96	29.77	29.56	29.65	.10m.
1810	29.60	29.69	29.45	29.56	29.67	29.85	29.70	29.64	29.87	29.70	29.11	29.39	29.61	.14m.
1811	29.66	29.13	30.00	29.45	29.48	29.64	29.81	29.69	29.82	29.79	29.86	29.52	29.62	.13m.
1812	29.77	29.23	29.65	29.91	29.86	29.98	29.92	30.01	30.07	30.26	29.96	30.04	29.80	.05p.
1813	30.10	30.03	30.19	29.90	29.64	30.06	29.79	30.11	30.06	29.61	29.76	29.89	29.88	.03p.
1814	29.51	30.10	29.79	29.88	29.14	30.12	29.99	30.00	30.15	29.88	29.77	29.42	29.89	.04p.
1815	29.95	29.86	29.75	30.00	30.00	29.96	30.14	30.00	30.06	29.94	30.04	29.84	29.95	.20p.
1816	29.69	29.80	29.83	29.82	29.92	30.02	29.72	30.02	29.95	29.90	29.63	29.75	29.86	.11p.
1817	29.83	29.95	29.87	30.39	29.84	30.92	29.86	29.74	30.04	30.10	29.96	29.63	29.93	.18p.
1818	29.68	29.53	29.35	29.57	29.44	29.88	29.95	29.92	29.64	29.71	29.06	29.90	29.68	.07m.
1819	29.62	29.43	29.70	29.66	29.77	29.75	29.88	29.81	29.81	29.67	29.57	29.57	29.68	.07m.
1820	29.72	29.52	29.76	29.80	29.59	29.79	29.81	29.72	29.40	29.13	29.73	29.83	29.70	.05m.
Genl. Means.	29.66*	29.66*	29.81*	29.78	29.73*	29.86	29.82	29.82*	29.84	29.66*	29.73*	29.69*	29.75	.91m.
	.08m.	.08m.	.06p.	.03p.	.02m.	.11p.	.07p.	.07p.	.09p.	.09m.	.02m.	.06m.	Mean	.061m.

Difference of the Monthly from the General Mean.

General Mean of the first three months 29.704; second 29.791; third 29.830; fourth 29.698 inches.

General Mean of the first six months 29.747; of the second 29.761 inches.

Of the six summer-months 29.810; and of the six winter-months 29.696 inches.

WEEKLY DIARY.

JUNE.

The Saxons called June, *weyd-monat*, because their beasts did then *weyd* or feed in the meadows.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

SATURDAY, 1.—*Nicomede*.

Nicomede was a pupil of St. Peter, and was discovered to be a Christian by his burying Felicala, a martyr, in a very honourable manner. He was beaten to death with leaden plummets, on account of his religion, in the reign of Domitian.

SUNDAY, 2.—*Trinity Sunday*.

Stephen, Bishop of Liege, first drew up an office in commemoration of the Holy Trinity, about the year 920; but the festival was not formally admitted into the Romish church till the fourteenth century, under the pontificate of John XXII.

TUESDAY, 4, 1820.—*Rt. Hon. Henry Gratian, M. P. Dieß, æt. 74*.

This great statesman and orator was born in Dublin, where his father was an eminent barrister. He was brought up to the same profession, but, becoming disgusted with it, retired from its avocations; and, in 1775, entered the Irish House of Commons: here he soon distinguished himself, both by his superior talents and his zealous patriotism. Throughout his whole parliamentary career he was assiduous in labouring to obtain an entire abolition of all the penal laws against the Catholics—and, in this cause, he at last expired. His remains are deposited in Westminster Abbey, not far from those of Pitt and Fox. The following elegant tribute to his memory is from the pen of the admired author of 'Lalla Rookh.'

Shall the harp then be silent, when he, who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her patriots lies?

No—still though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star has been lost!

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!

That one lucid interval, snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
A nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for one sacred instant, touched Liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—bath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown—

An eloquence, rich—wherever it wove
Wandered free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone
Through,

As clear as the brook's 'stone of lustre,' and gave
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approached him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come
Near—

Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear.

Is there one, who bath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory, through
blaze,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—
Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays;—
Oh, no—not a heart, that e'er knew him; but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the trees
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

WEDNESDAY, 5.—*Saint Boniface*.

Boniface was a Saxon presbyter, born in England, and at first called Winfrid. He was sent as a missionary by Pope Gregory II. into Germany, where he made so many converts, that he was distinguished by the title of the *German Apostle*. He was created Bishop of Mentz in the year 445. Boniface was one of the first priests of his day, and was also a great friend and admirer of the Venerable Bede. He was murdered in a barbarous manner by the populace near Utrecht, while preaching the Christian religion.

THURSDAY, 6.—*Corpus Christi*.

This festival, 'the body of Christ,' was appointed in honour of the Eucharist, and always falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is called the *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Christi*, and is one of the most remarkable festivals of the Romish church, beginning on Trinity Sunday, and ending on the Sunday following. The common mode of celebrating this festival is by grand masses, and processions of the holy sacrament only.

ANECDOTES OF PHOCION.

Phocion was a pupil of Plato, and afterwards received instructions under Zenocrates; was addicted from his youth to such studies as tended to the most valuable accomplishments; easy in his conversation, and of very great humanity, but had something morose in his countenance: his discourse was grave and pithy, replete with just remarks and sententious brevity, awful and austere, though unpleasant. Demosthenes was reckoned the better orator, but Phocion the more powerful speaker. Being taken notice of walking behind the scenes, very thoughtful, when the theatre was filled with spectators; he was asked what he was so intent upon; to which he replied, "I am considering how to retrench something in a speech I am to make to the Athenians." In military knowledge he was instructed by Chabrias, a very worthy general, but rather of a choleric and fiery temper, too apt to run precipitately into danger, which indeed at last cost him his life: Phocion helped much to correct his temper, by sometimes warming his phlegm, and at other times cooling the impetuosity of his unreasonable fury. Chabrias was by no means ignorant of his merit, and preferred him accordingly: the first time he distinguished himself in this station was at the memorable battle of Naxos, where he had the command of the left squadron of the Athenian fleet, which entirely routed the enemy, and gained a complete victory. After this, he was sent by Chabrias to demand the quotas of the charges of the war from their allies, and being offered twenty sail of ships, he said, if he intended going against them as

enemies, that force would be insignificant; but if as friends, one vessel would be sufficient. He embarked with one vessel only, and returned with all the arrears due from the allies. He was of a peaceable temper, yet almost always engaged in wars, for he would not decline military employments, when called thereto by the necessity of his country: he was forty-five times chosen general of the Athenians, by the voice of the people, and not once present at his election. In peaceable times the Athenians, who entertained themselves with spruce speakers and trim orators, would often insult Phocion; but when it came to the field of action, he was chosen as the ablest general and wisest politician. This great man was remarkable for his firmness; for when the oracle of Delphi was read, which informed them, that the rest of the citizens being unanimous, there was one person amongst them who was so presumptuous, as to dissent from the general opinion. Whereupon Phocion arose, and said he was the person pointed at by the oracle; that they need look no farther; that, in short, he disliked all their proceedings. Upon another occasion, giving his opinion in a debate, it was received with such general applause by the assembly, that he turned to a friend, and asked him, if any thing silly or impertinent had dropped from him unawares?

The Athenians urging him at an unreasonable time to fall upon the enemy, he peremptorily refused; and being upbraided with pusillanimity, he replied, "gentlemen, we understand one another very well; you cannot make me valiant at this time: nor I you wise." When they had declared war against Philip, and in his absence chosen other generals, upon his return he advised them to accept of such conditions as were offered, since Philip desired to be at peace with them, and he himself was very apprehensive of the event of a war with that Prince. One of the sycophants asked him, "darest thou, Phocion, think of dissuading the Athenians from the war when the sword is drawn?" "Yes, said he, I dare: notwithstanding I am satisfied I shall be thy master in time of war, but thou (perhaps) mine in time of peace." When he found he could not prevail, but that Demosthenes's advice was taken, to engage Philip as far from Attica as possible, Phocion said, "let us not be so careful about the place where we are to engage, as how to get the victory: that is the only way to keep the war at a distance: whereas, if we are overcome, the worst of calamities will soon be at our doors."

Upon the news of Philip's death, he would not suffer the people to sacrifice or give any other demonstrations of joy; "For nothing," said he, can be a greater mark of a mean spirit, than to rejoice at the misfortunes of others: besides, you are to remember the army you fought against a Cheronæa is lessened only one man." His fame soon reached Alexander's ears, who was so pleased with his conversation, that he contracted an intimate friendship with him, though an enemy. He sent him a present at one time of an hundred talents; which being brought to Athens, Phocion asked the messengers, how alone of all the Athenians he should be indebted to Alexander's bounty? Being answered, that Alexander esteemed him alone a man of honour and worth. "May it please him then," said he, "to let me continue such, and be still so reputed." However, they

followed him to his house, and earnestly pressed him to accept it. "We are ashamed, said they, that one in so high favour with so great a prince, should live so meanly." A poor old fellow in tattered cloaths passing by, he asked them, if they thought him worse than that poor wretch? They were amazed at the comparison. "Yet, said he, the man has less than I, and is content, and in short, I must tell you, if this sum be more than I can use, it is altogether superfluous. If I live up to it, I shall give cause of jealousy, both of your master and myself, and to the rest of the citizens." Thus he dismissed them. Alexander was displeased with his answer, and said he could not esteem those his friends, who thought much of receiving favours from him: but he made a nobler use of his favour, by interceding for two persons who were convicted of certain crimes, and were in custody at Sardis. Phodon at length fell a sacrifice to the injustice of his fellow-citizens. It is true he gave them some colour for what they did, by the fault he committed, in not arresting Nicanor, who afterwards betrayed the city. But this, if it were a fault, was not only pardonable, but commendable. No doubt if he had known what Nicanor designed, he would have preferred the preservation of his country to the interest and safety of his friend; but he was ignorant of it; and to betray a friend in whom we have entire confidence, is a thing mean and base, for a man of honour even to think of.

After his death, a lady of Megara deposited his bones secretly, he not being allowed sepulchral rites. The Athenians, made wise by their calamities, lamented what a watchful magistrate, and upright guardian, they had put to death; and, stung with remorse, they conducted his ashes back to Athens, interred them honourably at the public expence; raised a statue of brass to his memory, and punished his accusers with death.

ZENO.

A MORNING AT BOW STREET.

I was awakened in the morning by a note being delivered to me from a young friend of mine, telling me that he was in trouble—i. e., in St. Martin's watch-house—and requesting me to come down to Bow-street, to be his bail, if need were; and, at all events, to give him my advice and assistance to get out of the scrape. Now I am one of those persons who, like the beau in *Gil Blas*, "would not rise before noon for the best party of pleasure which could be proposed." It therefore gave me no particular delight to turn out before nine o'clock on a cold morning on an errand like this. Go, however, I did—and I arrived at Bow-street just in time to see my friend alight from a hackney-coach, with five companions in misfortune. "Sa toilette du soir, un pue fanée ce matin," added to his dim sunken eye, his pale cheek, and matted hair, made his appearance sufficiently forlorn; which was not improved by the shame which he very visibly felt of his situation. He had no sort of inclination, I soon perceived, to figure in a Police Report. His story was, that he had been foolish enough the night before to go to a gaming-house—usually and most appropriately called a Hell; and that after losing fifty pounds, he was *bagged*, as he phrased it, by an irruption of Bow-street officers, and had the satisfaction of passing the remainder of the

night in the watch-house. There was nothing very formidable in all this: and I thought it scarcely sufficient cause for me to have been dragged out of my bed at owl-light in the morning. My young friend, however, felt somewhat less than comfortable in his novel situation, and wished me to see him through the business. In the mean time as our case was not the first to be gone through, I had leisure to take a survey of the place which I was in, and the people by whom I was surrounded.

This was the first time I had ever been at Bow-street, and the scene was sufficiently striking. The low ill-lighted room, with its dingy walls and barred windows, was a *locale* well adapted to the figures of want, vice, and wretchedness with which it was filled. Some few, like my friend, seemed to be there for some slight offence, and their appearance evinced only the desire to escape from observation in such a place. Others, with looks of shame far greater, and with the air of the deepest depression, seemed to await their turn of hearing with the most anxious fear, rarely and slightly varied by a faint degree of hope. But by far the greatest number had that look of hardened reckless vice, which is perhaps the most degraded and revolting aspect in which humanity ever appears: these faces bespoke the total absence of shame, and the callous indifference to consequence, which habitual wickedness gives, and which seem to regard detection and punishment as but the adverse chances of a game, in which they must sometimes necessarily occur. But what was chiefly jarring to my feelings, was the matter-of-course air, with which the officers and even the magistrate looked on a scene from which I shrank with disgust and loathing. See, said I to myself, the hardening effects of habit! That magistrate is, I doubt not, a man of humanity, and once had the feelings natural to one of his station in life;—but now, from the constantly witnessing misery and guilt, he has come to look unmoved on these most degraded appearances of human nature—the very dregs and offal of misfortune and of crime!

The first case which was called was not of a nature calculated to remove the impressions to which the scene before me gave rise. It was that of a young man accused of forgery. Like many of those guilty of this crime, he seemed to be of superior manners and talents. His appearance was very interesting: he was not more than three or four and twenty, and his countenance, like that of the fallen Eblis, betokened energies and capabilities, which should have led to far different results. He was one of those instances of misdirected powers, and advantages perverted to evil, which, though so frequent, do not the less excite compassion and regret. It was his second examination; and, since the last, his friends had been informed of his perilous situation. His father had hurried from the country to console and to assist his son. The old man was now present—and I have seldom seen grief more pitiable. He seemed to be between sixty and seventy. His white hair was thinly scattered on his forehead; over which and his sunken cheek the most deadly paleness was spread. The furrows of his aged face appeared deepened and contracted with grief. His eye, which was becoming dim with years, had regained for the time a lustrous expression,—but it was that of agony.

His looks were rivetted on his son, who seemed to shrink from his gaze, as if his father's sufferings added tenfold bitterness to his own. When the young man's name was called, a shudder seemed to pass over his frame, but he stepped forward to the bar with a firm step, and a countenance sufficiently composed. His case proved to be one by no means uncommon, but always most distressing. He had early shewn talents superior to his station, and his parents had pinched themselves to give education to their favourite boy. A few years back they had with difficulty procured him a situation in a merchant's counting-house in London. And here, he yielded to those temptations under which so many have sunk. He passed from *expence* to *extravagance*, and from *extravagance* to *dishonesty*—and he was at last discovered to have forged a bill to a considerable amount, on which charge he was being now examined. As the examination proceeded, and the proofs against him became full and decisive,—the sorrow of the father's countenance darkened into utter hopelessness; and when the Magistrate signed the committal, the unfortunate old man fell back senseless into the arms of a by-stander. The Magistrate was visibly affected, and even the officers were not unmoved. Nature, though hardened and deadened, is Nature still; and the heart must indeed be closed, which has no touch of softness at an appeal like this to her first and purest feelings.

The next prisoner who was brought up, was a man who had been caught in the act of breaking into a Jeweller's shop. The tools of his trade were produced: for with him theft was a regular calling. He was well known by the officers, and appeared to belong to that class, alas! but too numerous in London, who, born in its sinks of misery and vice, pass their lives in violence and crime, and end them, probably, at the gallows. To these wretched beings ill name is the sole inheritance; dishonesty the only birth-right. The prisoner seemed the very epitome of the race. His coarse straight hair—his small deep-seated pig-like eyes—his cheek bones prominent, and distant from each other—his wide thick-lipped mouth—all combined to give his countenance every expression of brutality and degradation. His situation appeared by no means new to him, and he shewed total unconcern for the danger in which he stood. He seemed to understand all the forms of the examination, and he went to jail with the air of a man to whom it is a place of usual abode.

After him were brought up three young sparks for a street-row. They had been enacting the parts of Tom, Jerry, and Logic, and the scene had ended, as usual, in the watch-house. One of them exhibited the marks of the prowess of the "Charlies" in an eye portentously swollen and blackened; the two others seemed to have undergone complete immersion in the kennel; the mud of which, being now dried on their clothes, gave their evening finery a most dilapidated aspect. It appeared that these young men had been vastly taken with the refined humour, brilliant wit, and gentlemanly knowledge of the world of the production called "*Life in London*;" and that they had determined to emulate the deeds of its triumvirate of worthies as soon as opportunity served. In pursuance of this exalted ambition, they had sallied forth the night be-

fore with the determination of having "a Spree." Accordingly, in the Strand, they had overtaken a watchman, a feeble old man, who was instantly, in the most manly manner, felled by a broad-shouldered young fellow of six feet high. The prostrate Charley, however, incontinently sprang his rattle, which brought to his assistance a sufficient number of his brethren to lodge, after a desperate resistance, the *Corinthian* and his friends in the watch-house. And here it appeared that their behaviour was by no means peaceable or resigned; indeed, the constable averred, that he was finally necessitated to consign them to the strong-room for safety.

"At length the morn and cool reflection came,"

and found our heroes "fully sated" with their manly and gentlemanly exploit, and still more so with its consequences. These, however, terminated only at Bow-street, for, besides having large pecuniary remuneration to make to the persons whom they had assaulted, they underwent a most severe and well-deserved rebuke from the magistrate for their folly, brutality, and blackguardism.

When these sapient and polished personages had been discharged, a woman was placed at the bar, accused of having been drunk and riotous in the streets at two o'clock in the morning. This unhappy creature could not be above nineteen. She had strong traces—for already they were only traces—of loveliness. Her form, wasted as it was, still retained that beauty of outline which can never be entirely lost to a finely-moulded figure; and her face, in despite of its hollow eye, shrunk cheek, and shrivelled lip, shewed that it was once possessed of eminent beauty. This wretched woman was in the lowest state of degradation; her dress was ragged and filthy, and her looks were those of seared and desperate unconcern. Her eye had still the glassiness of inebriety, or, it might be, of habitual drunkenness; and when she spoke in answer to the magistrate, her language was mingled with obscenity and oaths! Oh! if there be a spectacle revolting to humanity, it is the degradation of woman! To see her soft and delicate frame consumed by want,—to behold her once chaste mind brutified into habitual indecency, and to hear her tongue—the tongue of woman!—profaned with oaths and beastliness! These are, indeed, things to make the flesh creep, and the blood run cold.—I shuddered and turned away.

We were called on next, and the business as far as regarded my friend was soon settled. Those who were proved to have been only players, were considered to have suffered punishment enough, and were let off lightly. I did not wait to see what became of the bankers and owners of the house. I left the office, thankful for the opportunity of having seen it, but fully resolved never to go thither again. I am one who wishes to see human nature in all shapes, in all conditions; but I do not take pleasure in dwelling on the bad; in returning often to the degraded. Those who desire philosophical knowledge of their fellows, must witness much which is painful and revolting; but there is no need to look to the dark side alone—to describe only the erring and the evil. In what I saw in a place to which people come but for their follies and their crimes, it is natural, indeed inevitable,

that I should experience only different degrees of pity and of pain; but he who wishes to see nothing, but what is pleasing, let him take care never to go to Bow-street.—(Album.)

KING JAMES. ON TOBACCO.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—In the limbo of oddities, inserted in a former number of the *Iris*, we are told that James I. wrote against tobacco. In "Witty Apothegms, delivered by James I. &c. 12mo. 1671," he says, "that tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world, whereby hell may be gained; last, to wit—it was a smoke, so are all the vanities of this world."

"2nd, It delighteth them who take it; so do all the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world."

"3rd, It maketh men drunk and light in the head; so do all the vanities of the world, men are drunken therewith."

"4th, He that taketh tobacco, saith he cannot leave it, it so bewitcheth him; even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so enchanted with them. And further besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it; for it is a stinking, loathsome thing; and so is hell. And further, if I should invite the devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes;

"1st, a pig.

"2nd, a poll of ling and mustard.

"3rd, a pipe of tobacco for digestion."

Query.—Did James write against tobacco from a natural dislike to it, or to give vent to his malice in an oblique manner towards Sir W. Raleigh, who introduced the use of it into England. I am inclined to the latter opinion, as in the third dish, as he calls it, he seems to acknowledge the use of Tobacco in promoting digestion.

L.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Monday, May 27th.—For the Benefit of Mrs. Hall: *Pizarro*; *The Revendous*; and *The Warlock of the Glen*.

Wednesday, 29th.—*Wallace*; after which, *Too Late for Dinner*.

Thursday, 30th.—*Henri Quatre*; with *The Follies of a Day*; or, *The Marriage of Figaro*.

Friday, 31st.—*The Antiquary*; with *High Notions*; or, *A Trip to Exmouth*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The columns of the *Iris* will always be open to the communications of "A Friend."

Horatio's interference will not, we think, serve the cause he advocates; we therefore decline inserting his letter.

"*The Wife's Prayer*" must have been written when she was rather better than half asleep.

Ding Dong's Letter has been unfortunately mislaid; we will thank the author to favour us with another copy.

We are sorry that the length of the "*Essay on Gaming*" prevents our inserting it, yet we fully agree with the author, "that the man, however respectable his situation in life may be, who devotes a portion of his time to the company of blacklegs, for the purpose of acquiring information by which he can lay his bets with the greater safety to himself, is nothing better than a common pick-pocket."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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TO CALICO PRINTERS.

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No. 19.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1822.

PRICE 3^d.

REMARKS

TENDING TO FACILITATE THE ANALYSIS OF SPRING AND MINERAL WATERS;

By JOHN DALTON, Esq. F. R. S. Member of the Royal Institute, and of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, and President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, &c. &c.

IT cannot but fall under the observation of every one, that the health and comfort of families, and the conveniences of domestic life, are materially affected by the supply of that most necessary article, water. The quality of water is undoubtedly of great importance in the arts of brewing, baking, and various others connected with the preparation of food; as also in the washing and bleaching of linen and cotton, and in other operations where cleanliness is the object in view. Many of the manufactories are materially interested likewise in the qualities of water, and in the methods of rendering it subservient to their exigencies when it happens to be presented to them in an obnoxious form. On all these accounts I thought it might be of some service to offer a few remarks on the subject, which, perhaps, may benefit those who have not made the science of chemistry a peculiar object of study.

Most writers consider the analysis of waters as a problem requiring great skill and acquaintance with chemistry; but the modern improvements in that science have rendered it much less so than formerly. It is true, that the variety of elements sometimes found in water, and the extremely small quantities of them, are discouraging circumstances when the object of analysis is to ascertain both the kind and quantity of these foreign elements. They may both, however, be investigated without much labour, when proper means are used; and, perhaps, a little practice may render a person qualified to undertake the task, who is no great adept in chemical science in general.

Most spring-water that is obtained by sinking some depth into the earth, contains lime held in solution by some one or more acids, particularly the carbonic and sulphuric acids.

It is to these salts, the carbonate and sulphate of lime principally, that spring-water owes its quality of hardness, as it is called; a very singular and astonishing quality, when it is considered as produced by so extremely small a portion of the earthy salt. The other earthy salts, or those of magnesia, barytes, and alumine, produce the same effect nearly,

but they are rarely met with, compared with those of lime.

When any earthy salt is dissolved in pure distilled or rain water, it increases the specific gravity of the water; but, in the instance of spring-water in general, this test is rendered of little use, because the increase of sp. gra. is so small as almost to elude the nicest instrument that can be made. I have, however, an instrument, made by an artist in this town, which is nothing more than the common glass hydrometer, but with an unusually fine small stem, that shows the superior gravity of spring-water. It cannot, indeed, be brought in competition with other methods for ascertaining the relative hardness of spring-water, but it is a most useful instrument in other departments of chemical investigation, particularly in determining minute portions of residual salt after precipitations.* It may well be conceived, that the sp. gravity cannot constitute a test of the hardness of water, when we find that one grain of earthy salt, dissolved in 2000 grains of pure water, converts it into the hardest spring-water that is commonly found.

We shall now proceed to notice some of the most useful tests in the analysis of waters.

1. *Soap-Test.*—When a piece of soap is agitated in distilled or pure rain-water, a part of it is dissolved, producing a milky liquid, which continues for many days unaltered. But when soap is agitated with hard spring-water, the milkiness produced almost instantly degenerates into a curdy substance, which rises to the surface, and leaves the liquid below nearly transparent. This curdy substance is understood to be the earth of the salt combined with the oil of the soap. It has a glutinous unpleasant feel when rubbed upon the hands, and soils glass and other vessels, so as to require hard pressure of a cloth to remove it. Though this test sufficiently distinguishes hard water from soft or pure water, it is not equal to form an accurate comparison of the hardness of two kinds of water.

2. *Lime-water Test.*—Most spring-water, fresh from the well, will exhibit milkiness by lime-water; this is usually occasioned by the

* The scale of the hydrometer is one inch and a half long, and it is divided into 25°, each degree corresponding nearly to .0004; the difference between distilled water and common spring-water is usually about 1° on the instrument; and that between distilled or rain-water and the strongest lime-water is 4°.

water holding supercarbonate of lime in solution; the addition of lime-water reduces the supercarbonate to carbonate, which is insoluble, and falls down in the state of a white granular powder. When a spring contains nothing but supercarbonate of lime, which is the case with the water of an excellent pump in this neighbourhood, lime-water is the only test wanted to ascertain the proportion of salt in it. Let a given portion of the spring-water be saturated by lime-water, adding it as long as milkiness ensues; the carbonate of lime is precipitated, and may be determined by the usual means. I find it, however, rather preferable to add a small excess of lime-water, to secure the precipitation of the whole acid: when the salt has subsided, the clear liquid may be poured off, and tested by an acid, and the salt may be dissolved by test muriatic or nitric acids. Thus the whole quantity of lime will be found; from which, deducting that added in lime-water, there will remain the lime in the spring-water originally combined with the carbonic acid. In this way I find the supercarbonate of lime, in five ounces of the water above mentioned, to consist of

.48 lime,
.77 carb. acid.

1.25

being about one grain of salt in 2000 of water. This kind of water is hard, and curdles soap; but it is much softened by boiling, and deposits the incrustation so often found in kettles, &c. If water contains sulphate of lime along with supercarbonate, the same treatment may still be adopted, as far as respects the supercarbonate. I have recently found, with some surprise, that the supercarbonate of lime, as I call it, existing in waters, or made artificially, is rather an *alkaline* than *acid* compound.

3. *Acetate and Nitrate of Lead Tests.*—These salts are easily obtained in great purity, and are excellent tests for carbonic and sulphuric acid, which they precipitate immediately in combination with the lead. If the precipitate be treated with nitric acid, the carbonate of lead is instantly dissolved, and the sulphate of lead (if present) remains undissolved, and may be collected and dried; from which the quantity of sulphuric acid may be determined.

4. *Nitrate and Muriate of Barytes Tests.*—When the object is to ascertain the presence of sulphuric acid, either free or combined, these are the best tests. The sulphate of barytes is perhaps the most insoluble salt known.

Even rain-water collected from slated houses, though softer than spring or river water, exhibits by these tests one grain of sulphuric acid in twenty or thirty grains.

5. *Oxalic Acid Test.*—When the object is to obtain the lime, either free or combined, in any water, this is the best test. It may be proper to add a little ammonia in some cases of combined lime. The oxalate of lime slowly precipitates in the state of an insoluble salt. The quantity of lime may be ascertained, either by collecting the precipitate, or by carefully and gradually adding the due quantity of acid, and no more, when the strength of the acid has been previously ascertained.

6. *Nitrates of Silver and Mercury Tests.*—These are tests of muriatic acid or of muriates; the muriates of silver and mercury are formed, both insoluble salts. It does not often happen that spring-waters contain notable proportions of the muriatic acid, either free or combined.

7. *Sulphuretted Hydrogen-water and Hydro-sulphurets.*—These are excellent tests for lead, mercury, and several metals, giving peculiar insoluble precipitates of the sulphurets of those metals. One grain of lead precipitated by sulphuretted hydrogen, would be sufficient to give a great many gallons of water a dark brown tinge. When sulphuretted hydrogen is found in mineral waters, as those of Harrogate, it may be known by the smell; but solutions of lead are much superior tests, giving a black or brown tinge to such waters immediately.

8. *Tincture of Galls and Prussiates of Potash and Lime Tests.*—These are proper for the detection of iron, the former giving a black precipitate, and the latter a blue one; but a portion of the solution of oxy-muriate of lime requires to be added previously to the water, if it contains the green oxide of iron in solution, in order to convert it to the red oxide.

There are many other tests than those I have enumerated, but they are more than can usually be wanted in the analysis of ordinary springs. My object is not to give a catalogue of tests, but to show in what manner their application may be improved, and reduced to a system intelligible to moderate proficient.

The improvements I would propose in the use of tests are, that the exact quantities of the ingredients in each test should be previously ascertained and marked on the label of the bottle; this might easily be done in most of them in the present state of chemical science. We should then drop in certain known quantities of each from a dropping tube graduated into grains, till the required effect was produced; then, from the quantity of the test required, the quantity of saline matter in the water might be determined without the trouble of collecting the precipitate; or, if this was done, the one method would be a check upon the other.

I shall now close this imperfect sketch by a few observations and experiments, which I have noticed in the course of the present week, relative to the subject before us.

I assayed the water supplied by the Manchester water-works, and found it nearly as I expected; river-water is most commonly softer than spring-water, and harder than rain-water. This is the case with the water in

question. It contains a very little sulphate of lime, and some carbonate; but only one-half of the earthy matter that the above-mentioned pump-water contains. It curdles a little with soap, but gives no precipitate with lime-water. It contains about one grain of earthy salts in 4000 of water.

When spring-water contains supercarbonate of lime, boiling it precipitates the greater part of the carbonate, and expels the excess of acid. Hence the furring of pans and tea-kettles with this kind of water. By boiling the water it is of course rendered much softer than before. It may then be used for washing, scarcely curdling soap; but it still contains about one-third of the earthy salt, and gives milkiness with acetate of lead. If a water contain only sulphate of lime, boiling does not, I apprehend, soften it at all.

When spring-water is used by manufacturers for washing, &c. it is advantageous to have it some time exposed to the atmosphere, in a reservoir with a large surface. This exposition suffers the carbonic acid in part to escape, and the carbonate of lime to precipitate; and in some degree supersedes the necessity of boiling the water. The more any spring is drawn from, the softer the water becomes, it should seem. I have this morning examined a spring, which yields many thousand gallons every day. The water is comparatively soft; it does not curdle scarcely at all with soap; it is very nearly as soft as the before-mentioned pump-water boiled. The hardness in it arises from a little sulphate of lime and a little carbonate.

One of the most striking facts I have observed is, that all spring-water containing carbonate or supercarbonate of lime, is essentially limy or alkaline by the colour tests. And this alkalinity is not destroyed till some more powerful acid, such as the sulphuric or muriatic, is added, sufficient to saturate the whole of the lime. Indeed these acids may be considered as sufficient for tests of the quantity of lime in such waters, and nothing more is required than to mark the quantity of acid necessary to neutralize the lime. It does not signify whether the spring-water is boiled or unboiled, nor whether it contains sulphate of lime along with the carbonate; it is still limy, in proportion to the quantity of carbonate of lime it contains. Agreeably to this idea, too, I find that the metallic oxides, as those of iron or copper, are thrown down by common spring-water, just the same as by free lime. Notwithstanding this, carbonate of lime in solution with water contains twice the acid that chalk or limestone does. I fully expected the supercarbonate of lime in solution to be acid. But it is strongly alkaline, and scarcely any quantity of carbonic acid water put to it will overcome this alkalinity. Pure carbonic acid water is, however, acid to the tests. I could not be convinced of the remarkable fact stated in this paragraph, till I actually formed supercarbonate of lime, by supersaturating lime-water in the usual way, till the liquid from being milky became clear. It still continued limy, and was even doubtfully so when two or three times the quantity of acid was added. It should seem, then, to be as impossible to obtain a neutral carbonate of lime, as it is to obtain a neutral carbonate of ammonia in the sense here attached to the word neutral.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loango, as in 1790.—(Continued from our last.)

Kingdom of Congo.—If the testimony of the natives may be relied on, the countries of Chimfooka, Angoya, Embomma, Loango proper, Solongo, and Sonia, at no great distance of time, formed part of the kingdom of Congo, the capital of which, from time immemorial, has been Banza Congo, (now St. Salvador). Upon the seizure of the city by the Portuguese, and the consequent paralysis of the power that upheld the kingdom, a number of independent states arose from the ruins, and whatever progress civilization might have made among them before that event, they have since remained in their present barbarous condition. It cannot, however, be thought that the great kingdom of Congo, which comprehended, in addition to those already mentioned, the very extensive countries of Angola and Benguela, was ruled with the mental weakness and imbecility characteristic of these governments at present.

Every one speaks in praise and admiration of the City of Congo,—its situation and extent,—the power and grandeur of the King before the arrival of the Portuguese.

Sonia.—The people of Sonia, it is said, were obliged to carry burdens of white sand from the beach to Banza Congo, one hundred and fifty miles distant, to form pleasant walks at the royal residence. This at last so exasperated the Sonia men, whose warlike and independent spirit is feared and respected by all the neighbouring nations, that they concealed their weapons in the burdens of sand, and were, by this contrivance, enabled to avenge themselves of the indignity put upon them, by plundering the city and killing many of the King's people.

Having thus shaken off the yoke, Sonia has since been governed by native princes.

However extravagant the idea of carrying burdens of sand such a distance may appear, yet the history of all barbarous and despotic nations, in some measure warrants the authenticity of the fact; for there, we see slaves subjected to ignominious tasks disproportioned to their strength and means; witness the Israelites, doomed by Pharaoh to make bricks without the necessary materials. Unless founded on fact, it is hard to conceive how the story could have originated among a people who at present know not the luxury of artificial walks.

It is worthy of remark, that the shoulder load is admirably calculated for the artifice of concealing arms, being nearly five feet long, and about eight inches square. It is formed by means of a bamboo or palm branch, which although very light and slender, is strong enough to support and keep the packages extended, whilst they are firmly bound to it by a peculiar sort of long narrow leaves. In this manner, parcels of salt and other small articles, are always brought to the Embomma market.

Many wonderful stories are related of the courage and ferocity of the Sonia men. When one of them is taken prisoner, which it is admitted, very seldom happens, he endeavours to exasperate his perhaps already implacable enemy, by requesting that he may be dispatched with his own clean weapon, and not with the captor's dirty one;—a plain insinuation that no quarter is given.

This nation is certainly of very different habits from any other upon the coast. It has had no intercourse with Europeans for these fifty years, when, in one night, the inhabitants massacred a colony of Portuguese, (probably their first establishment in 1484,) who had, for a long period, been settled in very considerable numbers in Sonia. They had many churches and seminaries of learning, which have all been demolished, with the exception of one called Ganga Emkisse, preserved as a monument of vengeance, now filled with bells, crucifixes, and other relics, the wreck of the colony.

Upon the whole, the stories of the invincible prowess and martial character of this nation, are entitled to some consideration. If they are somewhat embellished, we need not be surprised, for what else can be expected: yet they ought not to be regarded on that account as altogether fabulous; for, even in polished nations, every thing transmitted by oral tradition, very soon acquires a tinge of the marvellous. What I can say of the Sonia men, from my own personal knowledge, is in perfect unison with their magnanimous character; never having experienced any act of treachery or violence from them, although once completely in their power. I had strayed to some distance from the boat's crew, who were cutting grass for the live stock at sea, when a party of Sonia men travelling that way, and hearing the report of my fowling-piece, came upon me unawares, before I had time to load. I was a little alarmed, but, to put the best face on the matter, I asked the Chief if he would sell his ivory trumpets, to which partly consenting, he agreed to accompany me to the boat, where I purchased two of them, and gave him and his men something to eat and drink. They were going, they said, to Ganga Empeenda, and were quite at their ease whilst they remained in the boat, plainly shewing that they neither intended nor dreaded treachery. Before resuming their journey, they regaled us with a concert on the trumpets, as savage and discordant as the Genius of Africa could wish. The Chief had six ivory trumpets, the largest of which had apparently been a tooth of ninety pounds in weight. He had likewise a drum, and three musical instruments like lyres.

Trumpets.—Tusks of such magnitude can only belong, as may well be supposed to the elephant. They are converted into trumpets by boring out the body of the ivory, and leaving only a thin shell at the root, increasing however in thickness towards the point, within a short space of which, according to the size of the tusk, a hole is made to communicate with the extremity of the cavity; to this, the mouth is applied when blowing. The external surface of the trumpet is highly polished, and is frequently covered with regular devices and hieroglyphics, indented upon it with a hot iron. Upon the small end are carved a few annular knobs. The intrinsic value is small, compared with the value of labour employed in its formation. For this end their gorgeous appearance they are chiefly prized; but to instruments of music, they have not the smallest pretension.

Salutations.—When two persons of equal rank meet, one of them, kneeling on his left knee, gives the Saccula, (a certain clapping of the hands,) saying, "Katto co kelle?"—How do you do?—To which the other replies

in a similar manner, "Kelle-mia botta moine!"—Very well, I thank you Sir.

When an inferior approaches his superior to ask a favour, he prostrates himself on the ground, and, throwing dust upon his head, claps his hands as a suppliant, and says, "—Betsawae moine, Menou Moontu accu, Menou Baveeca accu!"—Be merciful, Master, I am your servant, I am your slave.

Monkeys.—The number and variety of the monkey species in these countries is beyond conception. Myriads of a small black kind with white breasts, about the size of a Cat, assemble every morning upon the lofty trees overhanging the brink of the Congo, in the neighbourhood of Oyster Haven and Maccata, to drink. At these times it is amusing enough to observe with what celerity they make their retreat, causing the woods to resound with their chattering, at the report of a musket. Upon the highest trees they generally build their nests, which, in form and construction resemble those of the magpie, but are much larger, and made of dry grass. The entrance is a round hole in the side. The upper part is covered with grass to a considerable height, to keep out the rains.

Poongo.—The most wonderful animal of the genus Ape, is the Poongo. When walking erect, it measures six feet, and is said to have the strength of ten men. In this case, were it equally ferocious, it might reign the undisputed sovereign of the woods. In fact, according to the natives, it is an overmatch for all the beasts of the forest; drives the elephant before it with clubs, and frequently carries off their women; when it meets them at a distance from home.

Chimpainzee.—This is known to Europeans as the Oran Outang, or Wild Man of the Woods. In point of size, strength, and sagacity, it is very different from the Poongo. It is of a more gentle nature, and is easily caught and tamed. Captain Fairweather brought one from Old Callabar, but it died on the passage from the West-Indies to Liverpool. I was told by an eye-witness, that it used to take its bed upon deck to air, would tie a handkerchief about its head, as if sick, formed a partiality to some of the officers, made use of a cup and saucer when taking tea, peeled an orange with a knife, wiped its mouth with a cloth, all in a very methodical manner. Many attempts have been made to bring them to England, but they cannot endure the cold of our climate. They have never been known to utter articulate sounds.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO SATISFY ALL ONE'S TEACHERS.

Lord M. had masters; for dancing, music, Italian, French, and for the civil law; and he made a rapid progress in all his exercises and studies. When he thought himself somewhat accomplished, he began to neglect taking his lessons in their customary order; but when the dancing-master came, he would ask him to hear him play on the harpsichord, and tell him what he thought of his proficiency. He would dance a minuet before the music-master, and request his opinion of his dancing; and each praised that part of his performance, which himself knew nothing about. Thus also he would speak French to his Italian master, and Italian to his French master; and both assured him that he had done miracles. Hence Lord M. wrote to his father, with perfect truth, that he had made great progress in his education, and that all his masters were highly satisfied with him—*Memoirs of a Traveller now in retirement.*

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 18, by the Editor.

Suppose $x + y = 2s$, and $x - y = 2d$, then $x = s + d$, and $y = s - d$; let also $n = 29$, $m = 278$, and $u = 880$; then $z = n - 2s$. Substitute these values of x , y , and z in the given equations, and we shall have, $2ns - 3s^2 - d^2 = m$, and $ns^2 - 2s^3 - nd^2 + 2sd^2 = u$. Find the value of d^2 in these equations and compare them, and we have the cubic $8s^3 - 8ns^2 + 2ms + 2m^2 = mn - u$; here $s = 9$, the values of x , y , and z are found therefore, to be 10, 8, and 11. If we now take 10 = the Solar Cycle, 8 = the Lunar, and 11 = the Indiction, we shall have $\frac{x+9-10}{15} \cdot \frac{x+1-8}{19}$ and $\frac{x+3-11}{15}$, or $\frac{x-1}{28} \cdot \frac{x-7}{19}$, and $\frac{x-8}{15}$ whole numbers.

To proceed, by Indeterminate Analysis, let $\frac{x-1}{28} = p$, then $x = 28p + 1$, this, substituted in $\frac{x-7}{19}$ will give $\frac{28p-6}{19}$ or $\frac{9p-6}{19}$ a whole number. Hence, $\frac{19p-18p-12}{19} = \frac{p+12}{19}$ a whole number. Now let $\frac{p+12}{19} = r$, then $p = 19r - 12$; but $x = 28p + 1$, therefore, by substitution, $x = 532r - 335$, and this substituted for x in $\frac{x-8}{15}$ will give $\frac{532r-343}{15}$ or $\frac{7r-13}{15}$ a whole number. Hence also $\frac{15r-14r-26}{15} = \frac{r+26}{15}$ a whole number, or $\frac{r+11}{15}$ a whole number. Consequently $r = 4, 19$, or 34 , &c. Take $r = 4$, then will $x = 1798$, this subtracted from 1822, leaves 29 years, the age required. J. H. favoured us with a solution.

Solution of No. 20, by Mr. J. Wilson.

Let x = the time the sound is in reaching the ear of the Aeronaut; then also will x = the time of the ball's descent. Hence, $16.08x^2 = 1142x$ by the nature of the question; and $x = 71.0199$ seconds, the time of descent. Consequently $71.0199 \times 1142 = 8104.7258$ feet or 15.360743 miles, the height of the balloon.

Amicus, Mercurius, and J. H. favoured us with neat solutions of the same.

Solution of No. 21, by J. H.

If the four given equations be multiplied together, we shall have $x^3y^3w^3z^3 = abcd$. Extract the root, and $xyzw = (abcd)^{\frac{1}{4}}$. If this be divided by the first, second, third, and fourth given equations, we have, $w = \frac{(abcd)^{\frac{1}{4}}}{a} = 6$; $x = \frac{(abcd)^{\frac{1}{4}}}{b} = 7$; $y = \frac{(abcd)^{\frac{1}{4}}}{c} = 11$; $z = \frac{(abcd)^{\frac{1}{4}}}{d} = 12$.

Neat solutions were received from Mr. Williams, Amicus, Mr. Wilson, Mr. R. Andrew, and Miss Agnes.

Question No. 24, by Mr. J. Wilson.

$7\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of a Gas are confined in a tube by a column of mercury, 6 inches above the level of the mercury on the outside of the tube. The barometer at the time is standing at 29 inches, and the thermometer at 35° . It is required to reduce the quantity of the gas to the real bulk at the standard pressure (30 inches) and temperature (60°).



POETRY.

LINES

Inscribed on the back of a Lady's Portrait.

Painter! in vain thou pliest thine art,
Thou canst not, canst not paint the heart!
Full well thy pencil knows to trace
Each winning charm of form or face,
To spread o'er nature's loveliness
Th' enchanting veil of modest dress,
Yet, Painter! vain is all thy art,
Thou canst not, canst not paint the heart!

The picture view:—it well supplies
The charms which strike but common eyes:
The smiles that o'er the visage play,
Tell of a heart by nature gay:
They tell of pure benevolence:
Of cheerful wit, restrain'd by sense;
That wit so loved, so seldom found,
Which strives to please, and fears to wound.
'Tis her own smile!—and yet, 'tis not
That smile—which ne'er can be forgot—
Th' endearing smile, whose magic pow'r
Has sooth'd me in affliction's hour;
Which came not o'er my brighter years
But sought me, in the vale of tears;
Bade me forget how men betray,
And whisper'd still, "*Be gay, be gay!*"
No, Painter, no! not all thine art
Can o'er that winning smile impart,
Till thou hast learn'd to paint the heart!

Needs not a lover to decry
Affection beaming from that eye,
Yet not an eye but mine can see
Those beams of love are all for me.
That secret of the inmost heart
Shines in her looks—but mocks thy art.

Yet, Painter! tho' thy skill denies
To give the charms which most I prize,
Still shall the Muse's artless lays
To merit true, record thy praise.
For, tho' the charms you now pourtray
Relentless time will sweep away,
Tho' age will silver o'er that brow,
The portrait still shall bloom as now;
Shall e'en those charms, for mem'ry, save,
When the form moulders in the grave!
And, Dearest! should it be my doom
To lay thee, in the silent tomb;
On thy cold cheek to drop the tear;
To deck with fading flow'rs thy bier;
To walk this dreary world alone
Widow'd and sad, when thou are gone;
Then, then, thy mute resemblance nigh
Shall often to this sorrowing eye,
That gayer, playful smile impart,
The other's graven on my heart!

5th June, 1822.

GIACOMO.

SONNET.

What to the maid is left below,
When he is gone, she held most dear?
The sigh of anguish—sorrow's tear!
But can these heal the wound?—Oh, no!

Will comfort rise to bless her, where
She oft has found delight before?—
Nay, things once pleasing charm no more,
All speak of me, who oft was there!

May she then hope, by change of scene,
To gain her bosom's former peace?—
'Tis fruitless—now she cannot cease
From thinking, here he ne'er has been!

What then is left to her below?
Has life a single charm?—Oh, no!

LOVELY WOMAN.

A Scottish Song.

I've rock'd me on the quivering mast
Through seas all chafed and foam'd;
I've braved the tolling of the storm
From dawning day till gloamin';
I've girdled round the good green earth,
In search of pleasure roamin'—
And scorn'd the world to smile with thee,
Loved, loving, lovely woman.

The farmer ploughs the pleasant land;
The merchant ploughs the ocean;
The soldiers' steeds gore-footed snort,
Through warfare's wild commotion;
And princes plot, and peasant's moil,
From morn till dewy gloamin',
To win thee—heaven's divinest gift—
Sweet, willing, witty woman.

The savage in the desert drear
The lion's lair exploring;
The king who rules, the sage who charms,
The nation round adoring;
The bard, who 'neath the bright moon meets
The dew-hair'd muses roamin';—
All seek to win thee to their will
Wise, witty, lovely woman.

C.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

WALKING DRESS.

Anglo-Greek dress of fine India muslin over lilac sarsonet, with white muslin sleeves; the *mancherons* composed of lilac sarsonet and muslin. Fichu of Urling's patent lace, surmounted by a double frill of the same material. Bonnet of white shagreen, spotted improved sarsonet, lined with a quilling of blond, and edged with a *rouleau*, in puffing of *tulle* entwined with white silk *cordon*; the crown ornamented with lilacs and ears of corn. Lilac kid slippers, gloves of yellow kid, and parasol of lilac sarsonet. The shawl thrown over this dress is of white cachemire, with a beautiful variegated border.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of fine net over a white satin slip. The net dress ornamented next the hem with two full scalloped rows of pink crape edged with a delicate fringe of polished steel. Over these scallops are beautiful pink flowers of embossed crape, surrounded by beads of polished steel. The corsage finished in front with a stomacher trimmed to correspond with the border of the dress, as in the bust, and short sleeves, which are full. Elastic net sash of pink and white; the stripes transverse. Denmark toque of pink crape and polished steel with full plume on the summit of marabout feathers. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves, very much rucked, and surmounted next the elbow with a silk fringe.

COURT DRESS.

The gown is composed of a new and very beautiful white transparent material: it is worn over a white satin slip, and is finished at the bottom of the skirt by a trimming, which may be styled a net-work of puffs; they are composed of *tulle*, crossed with pink gimp, and divided by moss rose-buds. The trimming consists of three rows. The *corsage* is cut low; it is rounded at the bust, which is shaded by a blond tucker: the lower part of the bust is ornamented with pink satin *chevronels*, edged with blond. Short full sleeve, decorated with blond and rose buds to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.

A round gown, composed of *buff crêpe lisse*: the skirt is ornamented with a trimming of the same material, intermixed with leaves formed of blue satin and *gros de Naples*, disposed in two rows of stars, irregularly placed. Beneath this trimming is another, composed of bands of the same material, with satin *crêpes* let in. The *corsage* is tight to the shape; the waist is rather more than the usual length, and the bust is cut low: it is rounded in front, and ornamented at top with a wreath embroidered in blue silk.

VARIETIES.

Serjeant Popham, when he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, which had *sate long, and done nothing in effect*—coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him,—"Now, Master Speaker, what hath passed in the House of Commons?" He answered, "if it please your Majesty, *seven weeks*."

THE DWARF COUPLE.

Charles the Second, in one of his fits of jocularity insisted on being present at the Marriage of Mr. Richard Gibson, the dwarf portrait painter, with Miss Ann Shepherd, who was also a dwarf. His Most Sacred Majesty gave away the bride. It was a very equal match, each of them measuring three feet ten inches. If their stature was short, their days were long in the land; for Gibson died in his 75th year, and his wife in her 89th. This miniature pair had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, were well proportioned, and of the usual stature of mankind. Waller wrote a poem on their Marriage, which begins thus—

"Design or chance makes others wife,
"But Nature did this match contrive:
"Eve might as well have Adam fled
"As she denied her little bed
"To him, for whom Heaven seem'd to frame
"And measure out this only dame."

SINGULAR MISTAKES.

A few weeks since, a young man returning home about eleven, mistook the house of a friend for his own, it being pitch dark, and his house and our friend's being near each other on the same terrace. He entered it by the key with which he was in the habit of letting himself in at home, and was heard by Mr. H. and his lady, padding up the stairs. The lady thinking that he was an approaching robber, screamed, and her husband proceeded to the chamber door which the young man had assailed, and where he loudly demanded admittance, at the same time denouncing the supposed villain, who was ill-treating (he thought) his sister. The attack and defence of the door was continuing with mutual force of foot and shoulder, and collected strength, while Mr. H.'s wife and supposed sister, throwing open the window, vociferated for Watch! Watch! The Watch at length came, and proceeding up stairs, joined the young man in demanding entrance, which to a legal claimant was granted. The sight of the lady produced an instant *éclaircissement* among the perturbed parties, and infinite apologies from the mistaken invader.

DISCOVERY RESPECTING THE FROG.

In the summer of last year, I was invited by a friend to walk in his garden, to view a bed of tulips; and while making my remarks on the grand variety, a very fine frog leaped across the path I stood upon, and as I was always an admirer of nature, I watched it under a gooseberry bush, where there happened to lie a large leaf of a tulip; the frog immediately mounted on the highest part of the leaf, and placing himself in a very erect position, looking most attentively up into the bush, remained in this attitude at least ten minutes without moving the breadth of a hair. I called my friend to come and observe, as well as myself, and he advanced to look for the supposed object of the frog's attention. At that moment the frog made a spring up under the bush, and brought down a quantity of caterpillars, and devoured them with the greatest rapidity; nor was he the least alarmed at our standing so near him, as he immediately returned to the same spot as before, and as many times repeated the attack with the same success. As the caterpillars hung in small clusters, he never brought down less than from five to eight at a time, and then picked them up from the ground as quick as fowls pick up corn.—After swallowing them,

he always opens his mouth as wide as possible, as if adjusting his tongue, but the truth of this we could not ascertain. My friend was much pleased with my observation, as he declared he never knew the frog so valuable, as to be capable of keeping his gooseberry and currant trees from these destructive visitors.

LA FONTAINE.

In some respects La Fontaine was not unlike Oliver Goldsmith; both were forgetful, generous, unaffected. The French poet almost forgot that he had a wife; and when his friends told him that it was a shame to absent himself from so worthy a lady, he set out for her alone. The servant not knowing him, said she was gone to church; upon which he returned to Paris; and when his friends enquired about his proceeding, he answered, that he had been to see his wife, but was told she was at church!—Being one day at a house, his son came in:—not having seen him for a little time, he did not know the youth again, but remarked to some of the company, that he thought him a boy of parts and spirit. He was told that this promising lad was his own son: to which he answered, "Ha! truly I'm glad on't!"—In company he made no figure. He had been invited to the house of "a person of distinction," for the more elegant entertainment of the guests; but though he ate very heartily, not a word could be got from him. And when, rising from table soon after dinner, on pretence of going to the academy, he was told he would be too soon, "Oh then," said he, "I'll take the longest way."—Being one day at a tedious church service, Racine, seeing he was weary, put a bible into his hands. Fontaine happening to open it at the prayer of the Jews in Baruch, read it over with much admiration, and observed to Racine, "This Baruch is a fine writer: do you know any thing of him?"—In a company of Ecclesiastics, he one day asked whether they thought St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais?—The Reverend Doctor, somewhat amazed at such a question in such a company, observed, "You have put on one of your stockings the wrong side outwards:"—which was the fact!—On his death-bed, his old nurse, seeing the priest was much troubled about him, said, "Good Sir, don't disturb him so—God won't have the heart to condemn him."

SCENERY.

It has been a question of much literary controversy, whether, in our ancient theatres, there were side and other scenes. The question is involved in so much obscurity, that it is difficult to decide upon it. In Shakspeare's time, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places, where the scene was laid in the progress of the play, upon large scrolls, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience. In the year 1605, Inigo Jones exhibited an entertainment at Oxford, in which moveable scenes were used; and he appears to have introduced in the masques at court several pieces of machinery, with which the public theatres were then unacquainted, as the mechanism of our ancient stage seldom went beyond a painted chair or a trap door. When King Henry the Eighth is to be discovered by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk reading in his study, the scenical direction in the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, printed in 1623, apparently from playhouse copies, is—"the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively;" for besides the principal curtains that hung in front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes. If a bed-chamber was to be exhibited, no change of scene was mentioned; but the property-man was simply ordered to thrust forth a bed. When the fable required the Roman capitol to be exhibited, two officers entered, "to lay cushions, as it were, in the capitol." On the whole it appears, that our ancient theatres in general were only furnished with curtains, which opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod, and a single

scene composed of tapestry, which was sometimes, perhaps, ornamented with pictures; and some passages in our old dramas seem to favour the opinion, that when tragedies were performed, the stage was hung with black.

A COURSE OF EXAMINATION.—Continued.

having gone through the first course and approved, here follows the second.

13. Describe the particular ceremony performed on ship board, upon crossing the Line, and state whether a pound of tar or a pound of feathers possesses the greater portion of electricity?

14. Draw a parallel between the following:—Crib and Penn—Grimaldi and Milton—Homer and Ben Johnson—Quevedo and Baxter.—Furnish a dissertation on Clubs, without borrowing from "A Man U Ensis," Translate the term "one of the fancy" into Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Dutch, French, Scotch, Irish and Welsh?

15. State the difference between Coat and Coatee—Surtout (not the heraldic) and Benjamin—Gallowases and Braces—Hessians and Wellingtons, and the height of St. Mary's Spire when it is took down, taking the observation from "George's Bar at midnight," and prove the superiority of printing over engraving?

16. Enumerate the living Artists of the town, with a comparative scale of merit that each possess, distinguishing each class, such as portrait, landscape, historical, caricature, and mere daubers—who painted the beauty and the beast, and who destroy'd it—and give the best pattern of a ledger, with an opinion, whether giving or taking—begging or stealing—borrowing or lending, be the most honourable and profitable?

17. Astronomy being most essential, of all the arts and sciences, state at what time Venus is eclipsed, and where she goes when she is neither a morning nor an evening star. Give an account how many moons have waned since the creation, according to all the different Chronological Writers—and prove the materials Jupiter's belt is composed of, and whether it was wove seamless, or put together in shreds and scraps.

18. Scan Edmund's Poem of the "Curses of Wedlock," and state in what style of poetry it is written, and where its chief beauties lie?

19. Prove that Sheldon did not first find out the mode of precipitating a *clear red lake* from Madder, it having been found more than 12 years ago, by a living artist, who goes to George's—and make manifest that a coat of arms can be blazoned better in Latin than French, and may be done into king's English if required—what is amo in English, and domini in Latin?

20. Give Biographical sketches of Dee and Faustus—Britton and Honeyman—Dancer and Elwes, and all female characters, remarkable for prating, &c. Furnish a criticism on Richard Barlesqued?

21. Mention how long since there was a ducking stool in Manchester, and who was it last that underwent the operation—state the difference between dipping and ducking.

22. Who was Dr. Gall, and what is "the Spirit of the Doctor?" What power has an old horse-shoe against witchcraft—and state whether gas is procured more by the aid of Satan or black diamond-Gem?

23. Demonstrate, by example, the most polite method of making a bow to a lady, when you are too tight laced, and shew the best way of winking at things with your eyes wide open?

Lastly.—What is the art of pleasing?—What is the greatest recommendation for a villain receiving justice?—Whether fire, water, or the sword is the most pleasant when one is in jeopardy, and what is the reason that all crooked lines are not straight?

These being duly answered without hesitation or evasion, suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action, will entitle the respondent to his diploma.

SCRAPIANA.

No. IV.

From the common-place book of a Clergyman who flourished in Lancashire at the beginning of the 18th century.

Divisions ended by this rule:—Sit in necessariis unitas, in non necessariis libertas; in utraque charitas.

Duty's our's, event's God's; ye devil consens us of all our time, by consensing us of our present time.

Durham, Deira, Deirham.

St. Dunstan's harp fast by a wall

Upon a pin did hang-a:

The harp itself with ly and all

Untoucht by hand did twang-a.

Distentus venter non vult studere libenter.

Desinat Phillipus esse rector mundi.

Direct act of ye understanding is yt whereby we know a thing, ye reflex yt whereby we know yt we know it. Isa. 59. 12.

Drexelius says, all yt we can say of Eternity is still less then it is.

Despair will force restitution, when true repentance will not do it. Judas's case.

Difficile est orare, quia difficile est desiderare.—Aquinas.

Death of that person not worth a tear, whose life is not worth a prayer.

Drones flie about more hastily than bees, but they make combs only, no honey.

Delay the greatest loss of human life. Seneca.

Dubius pars tutior.

Difficilia pulchra.—Things hard are excellent.

Dixes and Anthems sung alternatim.

Dubitatio est suspensio rationis, propter equilibrium contrariarum rationum.

Dives eram dudum, me fecerunt tria nudum

Alea, Vina, Venus, tribus his sum factus egenus.

Dr. Preston lived much in a little time.

David the chief mourner, and yet ye sweet singer of Israel.

Dives lived a life of pleasure, his life was a continual feast: but death soon brought ye voider, and the devil took away! Let me have none of his roast meat.

Difference in opinion should not divide our affection. Dry bread at home, better than roast-meat abroad.

Dean and ye Devil begin with one letter

When ye Dean is away, ye kirk will be better.

Scotch-Prov.

Day of death ye day of truth.—Commune Proverbium.

Dine with Duke Humphrey—go without one's dinner.

Devil run through these bootied and spurr'd with a sythe on his back. Sedgely curse.

Dr. Jegon, Benet's-Colledge master

Brake ye schollar's head, & gave ye walls a plaister

Lyming it with there mulots.

Under which wrote ye Dr

If I knew who wrote these verses in a bravery

I would praise him for his witt, & whip him for his knavery.

Dum alius solvit, alius solvitur.

Devil ye Painter when a man leaves a fair wife for a foul whore.

Derby ale inferior to none.

Devil's an old knave.

Disce scribere scribendo.

Drunkard's lose reason gain Phancy;—Judgment goes down, opinion up.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The History of Roman Literature, from the earliest period to the Augustan age; in 2 vol. 8vo. by Mr. Dunlap, author of the 'History of Fiction.'

A Tour through Sweden, Norway, and the Coast of Norwegian Lapland, to the Northern Cape, in the year 1820. in 4to, with numerous plates, by A. de Capell Brooke.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Ormskirk, Lancashire, by W. J. Roberts.

POLYHYMNIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

It can no longer be a complaint of this age that English songs, without their music, are senseless and inanimate things; for within a very short period of time, the most celebrated of our poets have contributed to this delightful species of poetry; and a young lady at her piano may with the turning over but few leaves chuse for her voice a song of Moore's, or Byron's, or W. Scott's, or Campbell's. To be sure, Moore's morality and Byron's piety are two for a pair;—but in the light Scotch words of the two latter, there is all that is unexceptionable; and even in the two former, a want of meaning is certainly their last sin. It is with very sincere pleasure that we can now add the name of Montgomery to those of the illustrious lyrist, we have just mentioned; and who that has read the Wanderer of Switzerland and the minor pieces of this poet; can for a moment doubt his power to be great in song? The present little work is composed of seven very beautiful songs written to foreign airs, and as we have the author's permission to publish them, we shall take them at his word, and let them assert their own beauty:—certainly, to our taste, they have that exquisite union of tenderness, melancholy, and truth, which makes a good song perfect.

The first piece is entitled *Reminiscence*; it is exceedingly plaintive and unaffectedly pathetic.

REMINISCENCE.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estrang'd from me, or parted;
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea in soul my friend and brother still?
Heav'n receiv'd thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lone bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
Love and gladness I no longer see;
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release.
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

The air is remarkable for sweetness and pathos. The accompaniment presents only chords repeated in regular succession, supporting but not disturbing the voice, while the short symphonies are full of expressiveness.

Youth, Manhood, and Age, the next piece, is of another character; and though one in which the author is eminently successful, perhaps it is not the most fitted for song.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE.

Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heav'n and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth.
Love invincible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

* Polyhymnia, or Select Airs of celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this Work, by James Montgomery. The Music arranged by C. F. Hesse.

Time, swift Time, from years their motion stealing,
Unperceiv'd bath sober Manhood brought;
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,
Tinges fancy's fairy dreams with thought;
Till the heart no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, Old Age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the scene;
Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful Eternity.

The music is a fine motivo, exalted a little from its tone of deep feeling by an accompaniment of more motion and variety than the last. These things almost rise to the level of some of Haydn's Canzonets (the most exquisite things of the kind ever written), and may claim a place in the memory with his *Despair*, and *The Wanderer*.

The War Song is remarkable for strength, simplicity, and expression; mixing, however, no small portion of melody with its more animating qualities. The symphonies and accompaniments are characteristically plain.

WAR SONG.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word!
Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake; put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On, to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone;
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in your veins.

On, to the combat, on!
Rest will be sweet anon;
The slave may yield, may fly;
We conquer or we die.

O, Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm;
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day!

Meet Again, is the subject of all subjects for music. It is almost a song that sings of itself!

MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words, we meet again!
Love's own language comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting;
Life in death to meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.

Joyful words, &c.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home.
Joyful words, &c.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last:

Joyful words, &c.

This is set for three voices, with a solo, and a return to the trio.

There is an admirable spirit and beauty in the following.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day, when sullen darkness lowers,
And heav'n and earth are hid from sight;
Cheer up, cheer up; ere long the opening flowers
With dewy eyes shall shine in light.

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees;
Cheer up, cheer up; all beautiful and glowing,
May float in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calma, when over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind;
Cheer up, cheer up; the voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace; though dread artill'ry rattle,
And gasty corpses load the ground;
Cheer up, cheer up; where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose, with noctide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast;
Cheer up, cheer up; grey twilight cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief thy story,
Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;
Look up, look up; eternity and glory
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

The music is of an intense but darker character in its opening; the reverse of the movement of which *Meet Again* consists. This air has a similar, but more marked division. Here also the composer, or the adapter, has shown his knowledge of effect in the accompaniment.

The home truth of *The Pilgrimage*, which follows, is delightful. We could wish that English songs should be distinguished by, and valued for, this character.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

How blest the pilgrim, who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail or griefs impend.
Care flies before his footsteps, straying
At day break o'er the purple heath,
He plucks the wild flow'rs round him playing,
And binds their beauties in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves;
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire;
Yea, though the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer by his evening fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he lov'd forsakes his view,
Sweet is Affection's voice replying,
"I follow soon," to his "adieu!"
Nay then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end,
Happy the man, whom Heav'n hath given
In life and death a faithful friend.

It is a bass sostenuto song; expressive and elegant. The passages are cast into the best parts of the voice. It reminds us of the *Qui sdegno* of Mozart, though the resemblance is in the style, not in the melody. There is a second part for two tenors, which adds a variety to its intrinsic beauty.

The last piece, *Aspirations of Youth*, is the call of Genius to Glory, which can only be truly heard through the air of poetry. With infinite spirit and truth is combined a feeling which carries the invocation to the heart. We

should think that this little piece beautifully sung would waken a slumbering mind to its fullest energies.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems,
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,
Through the path of duty.
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make me then a heav'n of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Draw our souls in union,
To our father's-house above,
To the saints' communion:
Thither ev'ry hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The music consists of an animating strain, like the War song. The succeeding verses are in the nature of variations, which are introduced either upon the melody itself, or into the accompaniment, and each is concluded with a chorus—a repetition of the last bars of the air with a different accompaniment.

Having thus given every word of this interesting publication, our readers may suppose that they need not seek the work elsewhere; but if they suppose that, admiring it, they can do without the music, they are mistaken. The words are so married to the music, that in reading they seem to pine for that voice which gives them feeling, force, and spirit. The Airs are beautifully selected, and most skilfully arranged; and we only wish that Mr. Hasse, who by this work so forcibly proves his power, would not stay here,—but, seeking other melodies; and inspiring his present companion, would lay other delightful songs at the feet of Polyhymnia.—(*Lon. Mag.*)

THE RURAL CHRONICLE,

APRIL, 1822.

Departures.—For the north; — Frost, Esq. and suite, amongst whom we noticed Messrs Woodcock, Fieldfare, Redwing, &c. &c. &c.

Arrivals.—Early in the month, Mr. and Mrs. Swallow; family expected to follow soon.—N. B. Mr. and Mrs. S. go out very little as yet.

The Messrs Blackbird and Thrush have begun to give their annual concerts for the season.

Their respective ladies are “at home.”

The musical foreigner of distinction—the Signor Cuckoo—whose favourite cantatas are so repeatedly encored—he is said to be on the look-out for lodgings in the neighbourhood.—Strange stories are in circulation respecting a branch of the Sparrow family.

The Widow Nightingale—to her seat in Poplar islands.

The Miss Martens for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Rook have made great progress in their new dwelling, which is built on the old site.

The Wren family, so famous in the annals of architecture, have lately designed some edifices, which shew them to be as skilful as ever in that admirable art.

Court News.—*Gazette Extraordinary.*—Yesterday, her serene highness, Queen Flora, held her first drawing-room this season; which was most numerous attended. The court opened soon afterwards. Mr. Sky-lark was in waiting to announce the company.

The Misses Daisy were the earliest visitors, after which arrivals were constant.

Messrs Bugle, Broom, Lilac, Orchis, Periwinkle, Ranunculus, Stellaria, &c. &c. all richly and tastefully attired.

The numerous family of the Anemones paid their devoirs early—these elegantes were variously habited. Some wore rich scarlet bodices, others purple and green train. The Misses A., in robes of simple white and green, almost surpassed in beauty their more splendid relatives.

The Miss Violets—on their return to the country—introduced by the Ladies Primrose. The amiable and modest appearance of the former was much noticed—the costume of each party was thought very becoming, and skilfully assorted to set off the colours and charms of each.

The Miss Blue Bells, robes of azure tissue, much admired for the sylph-like elegance of their forms.

The beautiful Germander family, with their never-to-be-forgotten eyes of heavenly blue, attracted universal attention.

The arrival of the Rose family was anxiously expected.

The Miss Cowslips were presented—it has been the fashion to call them the “pretty rustics;” but they were most graciously received, and the delicate propriety of their dress and manners much admired.

The Lady Cardamines—costumes of the finest linen. The simplicity of this novel style of dress was thought very bewitching.

Mrs. Tulip—body and train of crimson and gold. This truly grand dress had a superb effect.

Messrs Chemnut, Oak, Birch, Lime, &c. &c. sported new bright green liveries.

Messrs Blackthorn, Pear, Apple, &c. &c. crowded round their sovereign, eager to pay their dutiful homage: they made a magnificent show in rich suits of white, red, and green.

The company were greatly delighted with a concert of vocal music from a large party of the best performers in the neighbourhood, consisting wholly of amateurs.

In this belle assemblée it has been whispered that radical principles had been very generally disseminated, though studiously kept out of sight.

The good order and obedience to the laws of their Queen, for which the attendants on this court are remarkable, is the best refutation of every calumny. We are happy to add, that though in so large and mixed an assembly, many individuals must have been unavoidably thrown into the shade, yet no umbrage was taken, and the evening concluded with the utmost harmony, the parties continuing together till the shadows of evening; when, having partaken of a few drops of a light and charming beverage, (the receipt of which is not to be found in Mrs. Kandell's) the court broke up; but not before the widow Nightingale (who had joined the performers of the morning) had been entreated to favour the company with a song—that well-bred lady instantly complied, and poured upon the ears of her delighted auditors one of her most heart-thrilling melodies.

DANCING.

A multitude of very wise people have declared, that the 19th century has made a decided retrograde: quite as large a multitude have affirmed that it has made no such thing. To prove this they have produced some very

weighty arguments; but they have always omitted one, on the attention we pay in this age to Dancing.

Aware that the necessary abstractness and flatness of my subject may betray me into perplexity, I shall endeavour, for the sake of a *locutus ordo*, to arrange my remarks under different heads. And 1st, let me say that there is no art so ANCIENT as dancing. I think it will be allowed by every thinking mind, that man was created with legs. What then can be more natural than to suppose that he put these legs to some use? I may be bold in the assertion, but I must be allowed to say that it is my unalterable opinion, that the first *pas seul* was danced by Adam in Paradise. Almost all the old Hebrew worthies shone in the dance; Moses was a renowned *figurante*, and David is almost as well known for his dancing as for his playing. We have often heard of a young lady's dancing a man's heart away—a Hebrew damsel danced a man's head off his shoulders. But let not my reader think that the Jews were the only cultivators of this science. The Egyptians have been long celebrated for their progress, nor did Cadmus fail to teach it to Greece, when he taught her every thing else. The Pyrrhic dance, with all its varieties, has been long in the mouths of the learned. Theseus and Numa both invented dances, and led off the first couple themselves. When Rome was mistress of the world; when her civilization flourished most, then dancing shone brightest. Pylades and Bathyllis drew the world after them. Rome fell, and lamed the dancers with the falling rubbish. The barbarian Tiberius banished dancing from Rome: no wonder that after ages have looked upon him as a monster. When Domitian grew wicked, dancers fell into disrepute with him. When the lamp of civilization was supplied with new oil by the Italians in the 16th century, then and there did the dance elate the legs of its votaries.

But, 2nd, let me hasten to prove that Dancing is WISE—

1. Dancing is exercise.
2. Exercise is serviceable to life.
- Ergo*, Dancing is serviceable to life.
1. Dancing is serviceable to life.
2. Whatever is serviceable to life, is wise.
- Ergo*, Dancing is WISE.

By these two simple syllogisms, I have no doubt set the matter at rest with every thinking mind; but I will even go farther. Pallas, the goddess of Wisdom, is said to have invented the dance; but as this rests upon rather slender testimony, and as I myself think, with Diodorus Siculus, that a king of Phrygia had this honour, I shall not press it; but it is a well-known fact that the Goddess danced a hornpipe after the defeat of the Titans. So-crates learnt to dance of Aspasia. Homer makes all his heroes good dancers; so does Hesiod. Solomon (than whom no one was more capable of judging) has expressly assigned a time to mourn and a time to dance. Plato has not disdained to write about it, and divides it into three heads; and a learned Professor of philosophy at Dantz has given to the world a dissertation on it as late as 1782. The President Montesquieu, and Helvetius; both knew what the *esprit* of the dance was. Professor Porson was a great dancer in his earlier days. It is also curious that the most rational animals, the dog and the elephant,

both dance. But to sum up all in a word, that learned body, the Lawyers, have always been noted for their antique masks and revelries. At certain times in the year, the learned Judges, Sergeants, and Apprentices de la Ley, wigged and gowned, all hand in hand (*a grand rond*) move majestically round a fire in their respective Halls. The world applauded, and majesty joined in the shout. By this we may infer that Lords Hale, Coke, Fortescue, &c. and even our old friends Bracton and Glanville, were all "*Deux de la danse*."

There are two snarlers at this divine art, (I do not mention St. Jerome or St. Augustine, or the Albigenses and the Waldenses, at present) the one, Cicero, who in his oration for Gabinius, dared to call a man a fool if he danced; the other, Lord Byron, who has frequently railed against dancing. When Cicero pronounced that oration, his "dancing-days" were over; we may fairly, presume, therefore, that he reviled it, knowing he could no longer shine in it. As for the noble Lord, we all know that he cannot dance even the Scotch step.

I could now expatiate on various other heads—the Use of Dancing: The Cretans used to dance to the battle; so does our 42d. Its pleasure—"Ich war kein Mensch mehr. Das liebenswürdigste Geschöpf in den Armen zu haben, und mit ihr herum zu fliegen wie Wetter, dass alles rings umher verging."—Its grace, "As those move easiest, who have learnt to dance."—Its fluctuations, "Jigs grew to reels, and reels to cotillions." I could view it in a thousand lights, and it would be strengthened at each reflection;—but I abstain. I have attacked the most difficult points, and, I trust, with success.

We would hint that Dancing now-a-days is of great importance. A good *pastorale* has often procured an *acred* wife; the *ballances* has influenced the *scales* of many fortunes; the *demi queue de chat* has often entailed an estate; and the *chaine Anglaise* has been exchanged for the *chaine du dame*, and that not unfrequently for the *fetters* of Hymen. Therefore, *Saltare si recte nescis*, &c. I cannot better conclude than by quoting Tully's eulogium of a different thing, turning the words of the scorner against himself:—"Hæc studia (to wit waltzing and quadrilling) adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et periculum præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernocant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A BOTANICAL GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have often looked with an envious eye upon the most beautiful Botanical Garden of our Liverpool neighbours; and I never think upon the subject, especially during the summer season, without regretting the want of such a resort near Manchester. I find that I am not singular in these feelings. I have heard a number of persons express a strong wish in favour of this; and the only thing really wanting is, I am persuaded, a person to come forward to start the subscriptions. An institution of the kind recommended would prove highly acceptable, not only to the learned horticulturist, but to the subscribers in general. Such a place would prove a very suitable promenade for our ladies, who have at present hardly

any place of public resort, except St. Ann's-square, and the walks of the Infirmary gardens. But these situations are too much exposed, and too noisy to be considered as draw-bags upon the necessity of the proposed institution.

Measures have already been commenced for establishing a Botanical Garden in Leeds.

I am, Sir, &c.

A BOTANIST.

"I will not do him wrong."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—As you have lost my letter, (which by the bye, was exceedingly careless of you), and as I have not a copy of it. I shall not take the trouble to go into the subject again.

I shall content myself with referring Mr. Salter and all his friends to the extract from Mr. Lewis' letter, which Mr. Ward published at the Theatre; and with desiring to know how that can be considered a fair statement of facts, which omitted so material an article as the one there mentioned.

In a Liverpool publication, which accidentally fell into my hands this morning, there appears an account from the managers of their transaction with Mr. Salter, a comparison of it with what that gentleman published in March, will place the matter in a proper point of view, and demonstrate, that, whatever expectations he might choose to entertain, they originated entirely in his own misapprehension or conceit.

I am much obliged to Mr. Salter, for his offer of an explanation in person, but, as I am not privately concerned in this affair, and care nothing about it, excepting as it influences the order of the public stage, I know no reason for accepting the invitation; and if the documents which Mr. Salter holds would so materially serve his cause as he professes, I think he ought to do himself the justice of presenting them openly to the world.

June 6, 1822.

DING DONG.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot, consistently, comply with the request of "Giacomo," unless he will favour us with his real name, and address.—A fictitious signature gives no guarantee for a fact.

We have been complained of by several of our friends for having inserted, as original, Ledyard's beautiful eulogium "On Woman."—We had, indeed, seen the lines before they were sent to us for insertion in the *Iris*; and it was quite inadvertently that we published them as original, though they were sent to us in that character by a person who meanly attempted to deceive us.—We beg of Correspondents, when they favour us with their communication, to be very explicit in respect to their originality, or the sources from which they are taken.

We think the young gentleman, or whatever he is, who wishes to remonstrate with his sickle mistress, through the medium of the *Iris*, and whose verses begin with,

"I loved thee dear Mary, what could I do more,
The days as they pass'd were devoted to thee."

had, perhaps, better send them to her direct.

Will "R. M. Mathematician" favor us with a solution of his question?

The lines signed "G. B." are not original.

Communications have been received from Mercator.—Z.—D. W. P.—J. M. Jun.—Archer.—Juvenis.—W. E.—June.—Horatio Simius.—L.—D. A. R.—Steffano,—and Dunsic.

THE DRAMA.

MANCHESTER DRAMATIC REGISTER.

Saturday, June 1st.—The Honey Moon; after which, Too Late for Dinner.

The following is a statement of the Receipts of the late Benefits:—

Mr. Bass.....	£183	5	0
Mrs. McGibbon.....	162	4	0
Mr. Andrews.....	150	3	0
Mr. Salter.....	238	11	0
Mrs. Radcliffe.....	150	1	0
Mr. Brown.....	184	9	0
Mr. Chapman.....	78	10	0
Mr. Larkin.....	114	10	0
Mr. Kland.....	120	2	0
Mr. Rees.....	76	14	0
Miss Hammersley.....	69	0	0
Miss Fisher.....	181	4	0

This Day is Published,
3rd Edition, Price 4s.

CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S BREAKWATER;
or, a few Poetical Remarks, occasioned by a Visit to the Breakwater, in Elymouth Sound, on the 20th of January, 1822, being the substance of Two Letters, sent to his family.
BY WM. GADSBY.

Sold by E. Thompson, W. W. Clarke, Silbire and Richardson, and Geo. Greenough, Manchester; Higham, Chiswell-Street, and Paris, Long-Acre, London.

MR. VANDENHOFF TO THE PUBLIC.

THE occurrences at the Theatre this evening, impel me to present to the Public a plain statement of my case, since the cabal of party prevented my obtaining a hearing. I will, in a few words, answer those charges which have been indirectly urged against me.

I never made any application whatever to resume my situation in the Liverpool and Manchester Theatres. In November last I proffered my services as an auxiliary, for a fortnight, in the Manchester season, which proposal was declined by the Managers, because they considered that my temporary appearance might be injurious to the gentleman who had succeeded me in the Company.

In the month of February last, while I was fulfilling an engagement in the Salisbury Theatre, I received a letter from the Management of this establishment, stating "that a number of changes were contemplated for the next season at Liverpool—that it was deemed advisable that I should resume my former station—and it was proposed to me to return either on the same terms as constituted our last engagement."

In a peculiar point of view, this proposal held forth advantages over the course of engagements I had entered upon, but the idea of returning to the service of that public which had for seven years cherished and distinguished me by their unanimous and enthusiastic approbation, excited in my breast the strongest desire to become once more a candidate for their favour. After a few letters on either side, in relation to some minor points, an engagement, distinct and specific, was mutually concluded, subject only to the established rules and regulations of the Theatre.

Malevolence has been active to abuse and calumniate me, but the assertions of falsehood are easily refuted; and I stood before the tribunal of the public, prepared to answer any charges that might have been preferred against me, while I defy my enemies to substantiate one single fact among the many insinuations which have been so industriously circulated to defame me.

To have declined the proposal made to me to return to the Liverpool stage, would have argued an ungrateful forgetfulness of the fostering kindness which had been extended to me through successive seasons; the recollection of which, with full confidence in its continuance till I cease to deserve it, induced me to present myself to the Liverpool audience. Weak indeed must be that cause which needs defence. Had I been permitted to speak, I could have refuted every accusation. It is said I failed in Birmingham; as a proof of which, it is asserted I could not renew my engagement there.—I have only to say, I hold a letter from the Managers of that Theatre, soliciting my services for this season, with my answer thereto, which I shall be happy to submit to the inspection of any Gentleman who is liberal enough to seek the truth.

Relying on the justice of my cause, I submit its decision to an impartial Public and whose respectful and devoted servant I beg leave to subscribe myself,

J. VANDENHOFF.

Liverpool, Monday Evening, June 3rd.

Manchester: Printed, Published, and Sold, by the Proprietors, HENRY SMITH AND BROTHERS, St. Ann's Square, to whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



Scientific Miscellany.

Published Weekly, and may be had of the respective Booksellers in Manchester; of the Agents in most of the principal Towns in the Kingdom; and of the News-carriers.

Advertisements.—The last column of the Iris is open to such advertisements only as are of a Literary or Scientific nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 20.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1822.

PRICE 3½d.

FOR THE IRIS.

“THE CLUB.”

No. X.—FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1822.

Peritane parcite charite.—JUVENAL.

WHITSUN-WEEK is, with respect to amusement, by far the most eventful portion of the Manchester year. The Races at Kersal-moor are, to an inhabitant of this town, an object of as much anticipation and recollection, as the Carnival is to the gay people of Venice. The busy note of preparation is heard long before the period of enjoyment arrives; and the various modes in which it is exhibited are, to an observer, sufficiently amusing. The good house-wife cleans her rooms, and polishes her furniture with unusual nicety: the rich man *beautifies* his house, and the poor man whitewashes his cellar: the calculating shop-keeper paints his window with the gayest colours, and arranges his prints and ribbons in the most tasteful manner: the knowing ones of all classes visit the Moor to inspect the turf, and study, with deep attention, the racing calendar, and the list of all the running horses. For a time the character of our population undergoes a change. Salesmen and book-keepers forget their business while they are making bets. Even the shop-boys dispute about the merits of the respective racers; and you may hear a chimney-sweep venturing his three-half-pence on the Doge of Venice, or a factory-lad laying two to one on Anti-Radical.

To make a proper appearance at so important a season, is, of course, the general endeavour. New clothes at Whitsuntide are as necessary as mince pies at Christmas. Never do the young folk take so much pains to appear charming in each others' eyes, as during the race-week. It is certain that our fair townswomen never look so generally lovely as at this period. The general hilarity diffuses itself even to those whose principles forbid their participating in the common pastimes of the week; and while the gay world of Manchester becomes still more gay; a chastened and sweet expression of pleasure may be observed beaming on countenances which, however beautiful, are generally grave.

On the subject of going to the races, there exists in our society, that difference of opinion which is always to be found in a company composed, like ours, of persons of different ages, and different religious opinions. Our dissenters condemn, and our churchmen tolerate, the practice. Our young members can

see no harm, our seniors can discover no good, in being present at a race. In the course of the ten years during which most of us have associated, we have found even those who theoretically allow the amusement, become less and less attached to it; and either ceasing to attend altogether, or going, occasionally, on one only, of the three days.

Since the commencement of our paper, however, we have thought it necessary to extend our observations, and to be occasionally present at all places of public resort. How, indeed, should we faithfully delineate mankind, if we did not observe their amusements, and their follies, as well as their graver pursuits. It has been for some time agreed amongst us, that the races were entitled to a paper; and we have been obliged to have recourse to some management, in order to prevail upon the President to be present for that purpose. The old gentleman is a churchman, pious, and entertaining a very high opinion of the dignity of his profession as a schoolmaster. He at first received our request that he would go to the races with an absolute refusal: but it fortunately happens, that a dispute has for some time existed between him, and one of the members, who is a physician, as to the comparative effects of manufactures and agriculture upon the health and morals of those who are engaged in them. The Doctor is of opinion, with some of his brethren who were examined before the House of Lords on the Cotton Factory question; and maintains very stoutly, that neither the long time they are kept at work, nor the heated atmosphere they breathe, is at all injurious to the health of the persons employed in spinning. As he is a subtle reasoner, and has considered the subject with attention, he has frequently got the better of the President in their contests on this head; and the old gentleman has been obliged to appeal to experience, in order to avoid a complete triumph on the part of his antagonist. We took advantage of this circumstance, to represent to the disputants that the race-ground would afford the best opportunity of comparing the effects of manufactures and agriculture; as great numbers of persons, both from town and country would be present, and would, by their appearance and behaviour, enable us to determine the question. With some reluctance on the part of the President, it was at length agreed that he should visit the Moor. Friday, as being the day on which the country people are generally most numerous, was chosen for this expedition; and the Doctor, Mr. Medium the Secretary, and the nephew of our friend the tradesman, accompanied the President.

We set out in good time that we might not be incommoded by numbers. Gentle rain, just sufficient to lay the dust, and to restore the hedges to their usual verdure, fell as we proceeded. We all felt that cheerfulness which generally attends an agreeable walk in fine weather, and our old gentleman, after a little time, was unusually pleasant. The smart appearance and orderly conduct of the people who were at the same time proceeding to the Moor, contributed not a little to his good humour; though the Doctor desired him to observe that they were almost all *people from the town*.

Remarks of this kind, and some merriment occasioned by the coarse, but good-humoured jokes, which were every now and then exchanged by the people around us, brought us very agreeably to the race-ground. The rain had by this time ceased, and when we had taken our station on the rising ground behind the grand stand, the whole landscape was illuminated by the splendour of an unclouded sun. This is not the place to dwell upon the beauty of the prospect which is there presented to the eye of the spectator, and which was then extended before us, fresh with the recent shower, and bright with the reflected sunbeams. Our attention was directed to the *living scene* more immediately around us, to the vast crowd of human beings, most of whom appeared eager for enjoyment, and gay with anticipated pleasure. As our President, notwithstanding his grave and magisterial appearance, is a person of great good nature, he appeared much pleased with the cheerfulness of those around him, and his good-humour discovered itself by a vivacity of expression which he does not generally exhibit.

As we had some time to spare before the commencement of the race, we left the eminence, and walked down to the entrance of the course. This movement gave the President an opportunity of triumph which he did not suffer to escape him. A band of country people, consisting of stout young fellows, and ruddy young women, came up the course at the same moment with a group of both sexes, whose pale visage, slender figures, and, in one or two cases, distorted limbs, left no doubt of the nature of their employment. “Behold,” said the old gentleman, seizing the arm of the Doctor, “behold a complete refutation of your fine system. Look at the well-knit limbs, and muscular forms, of this brave peasantry; look at the glowing health, and sparkling eyes, of these females; and then look at the contrary appearance of the manufacturing classes. Yes, Sir,” continued he, still more earnestly, “this perfection of manly health is the result:

of moderate labour in the open air; a country life is the life best suited to man; agriculture is the best support of the greatness and happiness of nations. In the country we still find the strength and the virtue of our ancestors. It is in the rural cottage that peace, and purity of manners, driven by the avarice and the vices of trade, from our towns and cities, may still be found. It is——"

As the old gentleman grew warmer while he proceeded, he would perhaps have dwelt for some time longer on the purity and virtues of the country, but at this part of his harangue, a country fellow, whose hat was covered with wedding ribbons, made a snatch at a red-faced girl, just behind our friend, (addressing her at the same time in terms of gross indecency) and being much more than half-drunk, came reeling against the President so violently, that but for the timely support of Mr. Medium, he must have fallen on the ground.

The Doctor also assisted his friend, but could not refrain from making, at the same time, some satirical remarks on the pure morals of the peasantry, to which the old gentleman was in no haste to reply. He was, however, somewhat relieved from the mortification which he evidently felt, by the preparations which were now made to clear the course, and which obliged us to move towards a stand. Two or three of the unhappy women who live by prostitution, happening to pass us in our way thither, he pointed them out to the Doctor, and enquired if they came from the country? but was too much chagrined by his recent interruption to reply, in any other way, to the remarks of his opponent.

Our disputants had neither of them found his theory so fully confirmed, as to have much cause of triumph; and both now appeared willing to decline further controversy. The number of people who were visible from the stand, gave rise to some remarks on the army of Xerxes; which were followed, after the race began, by a conversation on the Olympic games, and the races of the ancients. As both the President and the Doctor are familiar with the classics, the latter repeated some verses of Pindar, to which his friend replied by a quotation from Homer, very much to the amusement, if not to the edification, of some young persons who sat near us; and whom the President, as he told us afterwards, was much inclined to have reproved for their ill-manners in laughing while he spoke.

Having staid during a single race, we left the Moor, and went to the house of a friend, who lives near the entrance of the town, on the road from the race-ground. As there is no meeting of the Club in Whitsun-week, we spent the evening with this gentleman, and amused ourselves after tea, by observing, from his window, the people who were returning.

I wish I could draw a veil over this part of our observations. We were astonished to see so many persons who were intoxicated; to witness the frequent quarrels which took place; to hear the profane and abusive language which was made use of; and to observe the mingled air of fatigue, disgust, and ill-humour, which appeared on so many countenances that, in the morning, had been lighted up with eager expectation.

Alas! said the President, drawing in his head, and sighing, as a drunken woman reeled past the window, can scenes like these give pleasure?

R. H.

OBSERVATIONS.

On the Countries of Congo and Loango, as in 1790.—(Continued from our last.)

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the Letters to Mango Park, &c.

Antelope.—The Antelope is about the size of the common deer. As an article of food, it contributes much to the support of the inhabitants. The flesh is prepared and seasoned with Palm-oil, salt, and Cayenne pepper, and is then called Sylla mamba. The skin is used for various purposes.

The Antelopes are seen at times in such immense herds, as almost to exceed belief. Once, about the middle of November, when dropping down the river, I was gratified with a most interesting sight; the whole country between Taddi-lem Weenga and Ganga Empeenda, a distance of five leagues, was covered with Antelopes down to the river. We fired several rounds of canister shot at them, but apparently without effect. The mountains on this bending reach of the river, recede considerably inland, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, over the sloping surface of which the Antelopes had spread themselves. Were I, at a venture, to estimate their numbers at 30,000, I should conceive myself far within bounds; for that would not give 600 to a square mile,—a small number considering the appearance they made. It must be remembered, however, that, as seen from the ship, their numbers appeared to the greatest possible advantage; but, on the other hand, we may suppose that the undulations of the ground concealed many of them from view.

With the exception of a clump of aged trees here and there, which gave a high finishing to the landscape, the whole of this slope was free of brush, or any other sort of wood. The withered grass had been burned down in October, and was now succeeded by luxuriant herbage of the most lively green, which, although very little rain had fallen as yet, had sprung astonishingly in length, and presented an appearance like the wheat crops of Britain when covering the clod,—an adequate invitation no doubt, for the vast herd that browsed upon it.

On the steep banks of the river, the natives have formed inclined landing places for their own convenience. Here, when the wild animals are under the necessity of coming to quench their thirst in the dry season, they conceal themselves, and when an Antelope enters the narrow pass, they appear behind and drive it into the water, where it is soon dispatched by people stationed in canoes for that purpose.

During the dry season, large hunting parties are formed, who surround the place where the greatest quantity of game is known to be, and set fire to the withered grass. The flaming circumference of the circle diminishes with noisy rapidity, emitting so intense a heat, that no animal dares to attempt a passage. An opening, therefore, is purposely left, at which the most expert marksmen are stationed, who generally kill a sufficient quantity.

Another mode of hunting the Antelope, only had recourse to when the grass cannot with safety or convenience be set on fire, is to encircle an entire district with a cordon of people, at proper distances from one another. Each individual is provided with a piece of red cloth, which he fastens to the end of his spear, and waves it over his head. In this manner, the whole circumference advances as towards a

centre, and with shouts and cries at last coops up the terrified animals within a very small space, where great numbers are killed whilst attempting to escape.

Buffalo.—The Buffalo is sometimes hunted, but he becomes so furious when wounded, that it is considered a very dangerous enterprise, and is therefore seldom engaged in.

Chacal.—The natives have contrived to domesticate a species of Chacal, which, however, is of very little use to them, and very ugly; nevertheless, they take it with them to the chase.

Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.—The natives hunt this animal with much eagerness for its flesh, which they esteem excellent food. I was one day presented with a piece which had just been killed. It was coarse and bitter; probably however, some of the gall had been diffused over it: the young ones may be delicate enough. It is an amphibious animal, and associates in herds. I have sometimes seen a groupe of fifty basking in the sunshine, and half covered by the shallow water of a sand-bank. At such times being frequently asleep, the natives steal cautiously upon them in canoes, but seldom succeed in surprising them. They remain so long under water when disturbed, that it would be difficult to discover a wounded one, were it not for a float attached by a line to the harpoon. This points out his retreat, and where he will re-appear again to breathe. There are two tusks to each jaw, which yield very valuable ivory.

When they have cropped all the herbage upon the low islands, and on the margin of the river, they go on shore during the night to graze, and are caught in pits, dug in their most frequented paths, and covered over with branches.

I never had the good fortune to kill a Hippopotamus, although I have often attempted it by muffling the oars and warily approaching them, but they always took the alarm, and retreated to deep water. This inclines me to think, that one of their number stands centinel whilst the others sleep. They presented, however, many opportunities of being fired at, rearing their huge heads abruptly out of the water, sometimes only a few yards from the boat, putting us under no small apprehension by their tremendous bellowing and threatening aspect. Many a volley was fired at them, but whether the hide was proof against ball, or the current carried the wounded out of our reach, we could not ascertain.

One morning I dispatched my chief mate, Simmons, who augured better success with the harpoon, upon this employment. When he reached the shoal, where the Hippopotami had been observed basking, he discovered one of them by the motion of the water, and accordingly darted the harpoon at it with his utmost force. The animal was probably wounded by the stroke, for it gave the boat such a kick, that the mate was thrown overboard, but was instantly rescued from his perilous situation by the crew.

The coincidence between the description of Behemoth in the Book of Job, and the habits of the Hippopotamus, is so remarkable, that whoever studies the subject must be satisfied they are one and the same animal.

Fishing.—This forms a principal part of the amusement and resources of the great men who live in the vicinity of Congo. At certain seasons, they repair with a considerable retinue to the Mangrove forests skirting the river, where they establish their quarters. The bland air enables them to dispense with any other

covering than that afforded by the trees, which shade them completely from the sun; and, if necessary, an ample cloth-belt secures them from cold. A few earthen pots to dress their victuals in, with skins and mats for the better sort to lie upon, are all their furniture. The mode of fishing is very ingenious. Having fixed upon a shallow channel between the shore and some sandbank or island, a row of stakes is driven across to support a frame of wicker work about three feet high. A small opening is left where the water is deepest, in which a trap, resembling a bird-cage, is placed. Into this the fish enter in great numbers, and are taken. The women and children are employed in smoking them for the rainy season.

The fishing on the coast of Angoya (or Cabenda), is conducted in a different manner, and upon a very extensive scale. They use a net or seine nearly four hundred fathoms in length, and three or four in depth, made of strong materials. It is floated by buoys of the Lob-lolly tree, a soft spongy wood, used also for harpoon floats. A sweep is made along the shore with this net, which seldom fails to bring out a large draught of mullet and other fish, with which these coasts are well stored. There is abundance of very fine rock-oysters, which adhere to one another in hundreds, and can only be come at by being knocked in pieces. Rock-cod, snappers, and soles, are very plentiful. The two former are of a reddish colour, and are accounted delicate eating.

Electrical Fish.—Happening one day to see a fish struggling upon the surface of the water, as it floated past the vessel, I sent the small boat for it; and when alongside, a rope was handed down to haul it upon deck. The sailor who was fastening the rope started back in the greatest consternation, exclaiming with an oath, that he believed the Devil was in the fish. This induced me to examine it attentively, and I perceived that the cause of the man's astonishment was an electric shock proceeding from the fish. Before each shock, the skin upon its back and sides became very tense. It was like a Cod, and weighed about thirty pounds. I gave it to the natives, who were commending it much.

(To be continued.)

A STATE-SCENE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The Duke of Newcastle had been thirty years in the ministry, and was then at the head of the Treasury—the department, which, in England, bestows all employments; from which, under the King, flow all favours; and which, from these causes, constitutes the person holding it the Prime Minister. But Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Earl of Chatham) had silenced the Opposition; had formed all plans for war; and had left to the Duke of Newcastle the care of finding money to carry these into execution, as well as the pleasure of giving such places as did not depend upon his measures. They frequently differed in opinion; but Mr. Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occurred on one of these occasions:—It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Confans. The season was unfavourable, and even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at that time confined to his bed by the gout, and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not hear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season: scarcely had he entered the chamber, when, shivering with cold, he said, "What, have you no fire?" "No," replied Mr. Pitt, "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout."—The Duke sat down by the side of the invalid,

wrapped up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room, and the Duke, unable to endure the cold, at length said, "With your leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;"—and without taking off his cloak, he actually got into Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and resumed the debate. The Duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined it should put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the Duke, making a thousand contortions, "it will certainly be lost."—Sir Charles Frederic, of the Ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two Ministers of State deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.—*Memoirs of a Traveller now in retirement.*

ROUGE.

Triumphant Generals in Rome wore Rouge. The Ladies of France, we presume, and their fair sisters and imitators in Britain, conceive themselves always in the chair of triumph, and of course entitled to the same distinction. The custom originated, perhaps, in the humility of the conquerors; that they might seem to blush continually at their own praises. Mr. Gilpin frequently speaks of a 'picturesque eye,' with something less than solecism we may affirm, that our fair ever-blushing triumphant, have secured to themselves the charm of picturesque cheeks, every face being its own portrait.

STEAM-ENGINES.

Silvester II. (who is commonly called Pope Silvester, being the most notorious of that name), made clocks and organs which were worked by steam. The old historian explains intelligibly to us what he did not understand himself: *ferit arte mechanica orologium, et organa hydraulica, ubi, mirum in modum, per aqua caliditate violentiam, implet ventus emergens concavitate barbiti, et per multis foratiles tractus areæ fistula modulatos clamores emittunt.*

Prideaux (an older father than the biographer of Mahomet, but resembling him in blind and brutal bigotry) classes Silvester among the Egyptian magicians, by no means the worst of the orders into which he has distributed the popes.

ALLITERATION.

The admirers of alliteration will be pleased with the following character of a young lady, from an old Newcastle Journal:—Died, in the flower of her age, Miss Harrison, daughter of the late Mr. Harrison, of Wheldon-bridge-house. If boundless benevolence be the basis of beatitude, and harmless humility the harbinger of a hallowed heart, these Christian concomitants composed her characteristic, and conciliated the esteem of her contemporaries who mean to moderate their manners by the mould of their meritorious monitor. There are but three instances in our recollection, which approach near to the above, one is "Henry Hallam, hatter, hosier, and haberdasher, at Holborn-bridge, Hatton-garden." The second is "Benjamin Bell, brown bread and biscuit baker, near Battersea-bridge." The third on Cardinal Wolsey is better than either:—

Begot by Butchers, but by Bishops bred,
How High his Honour holds his haughty head.

A GOOD SNOT.

It is now, said Von Wyk, more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door! My wife, either frozen with fear or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards

the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think: I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed; and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes; which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire; and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.—*Lichtenstein's Travels in South Africa.*

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 22, by Mr. W. M'Lawrie, Schoolmaster, Frinton.

The lengths of pendulums are directly as the force of gravity drawn into the squares of the times of vibration; if, therefore, f , and T , represent the force of gravity, and time of vibration at the surface of the earth; and F , and T , the same at the top of the mountain; we shall have, per question, $fT^2 = FT^2$.

But, the force of gravity is inversely as the square of the distance from the centre of the earth; that is, f is as $\frac{1}{r^2}$, and F , as $\frac{1}{(r+x)^2}$; putting r = radius

of the earth, and x = height of the hill, then the equation becomes, $\frac{fT^2}{r^2} = \frac{FT^2}{(r+x)^2}$, or $\frac{f}{r^2} = \frac{T^2}{(r+x)^2}$.

Again, the time of a vibration being inversely as the number of vibrations in a given time, and the number of vibrations being as 1440 to 1402 or 1438; the same equation will become,

$$\frac{1}{1440r} = \frac{1}{1442 \text{ or } 1438 \times (r+x)}$$

hence, $x = 9697$ or 9710.7 yards, the height of the mountain required.

Cor. Hence it appears, in general, that if t be the time lost in the time t ; then $24 - t : t :: r : x$; or, as $24 - t$ will be nearly = 24;—the proportion will be, nearly, as $24 : t :: r : x$; that is, the whole time, is to the time lost, as the radius of the earth, is to the height of the mountain.

Solution of No. 23, by J. H.

Set x = time of the stone's descent through the whole space; then will $x - 1$ = the time of the stone's descent through half the space; and, hence, per question, $x^2 = 2(x-1)^2$; this, reduced, gives $x = 187.43$ feet, the height of the tower.

Neat solutions were received from Mathematics, Mr. J. Wilson, and Amicus.

Question No. 25, by Mr. W. M'Lawrie.

Suppose a heptagon be enclosed with shillings, each an inch in diameter, the shillings that reach round just to pay the purchase of the land enclosed, and the shillings that purchase one acre be, eleven times the number of acres enclosed; what then will be the number of acres enclosed, and the price of each acre?

Question No. 26, by Mr. J. Wilson.

The convex superficies of a right cone is equal to the area of a circle whose radius is a mean proportional between the side of the cone and the radius of the base:—Required a demonstration.

✂ We beg to call the attention of our Mathematical friends to question No. 19,—no solution to it has yet been received.—Several incorrect solutions of No. 24 are come to hand.—Ed.

POETRY.

SONNET TO HOPE.

Hail thou, whom heav'n's high glitt'ring gems adorn,
Blest gift of Jove, immortal goddess hail!
Whose charms lay wafted on the inspired gale,
Breathing love transport to the soul forlorn.

Hail hope, of love and joy the eldest born,
Whose kiss to rapture turns the heart-broke wail;
Crimsons the cheek, with cank'ring care grown pale,
And lifts to peace the mind with sorrows torn.

Fair, lovely star of life, celestial maid!
Oh, could I snatch thee to this throbbing heart,
Enraptur'd hold thee, ne'er again to part,
Live on thy smiles, each care, each fear allay'd,
Watch thy kind eye in soft enchantment beam,
E'en skies might envy me the bliss supreme!
Manchester, June, 1822. SINAW.

THE VOW.

The rose is my favourite flower;
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light, airy pinions convey'd
Both tablet and promise away.
KOSTROV.

THE HUNTER'S SONG,

A BALLAD,

Supposed to have been written about the beginning of the 18th century.

With staff in hand, the hunter stood
On Radholme's dewy lawn;
And still he watch'd, in anxious mood,
The first faint streaks of dawn.
Faintly on Pendle's height they play'd,
The thrush began to sing;
The doe forsook the hazel shade,
The heron left his spring.

He turn'd him east---the Ribble there
In waves of silver roll'd,
While every cloud that sail'd in air
Just wore a tinge of gold.
There Waddow's meads, so bright and green,
Had caught the early ray,
And there, through shadow dimly seen,
Rose Clithero's castle gray.

He turn'd him west---and, hill o'er hill,
Fair Bowland Knotts were seen,
Emerging from the mists that fill
The winding vales between.
The thorns, that crown'd each verdant crest,
Look'd greener to the eye,
While vistas, opening to the west,
Display'd a crimson sky.

But most he turn'd where, 'neath his feet,
The Hodder murmur'd by;
And you low cot, so trim and neat,
Still fix'd the hunter's eye.
He gaz'd, as lovers wont to gaze,
Then gaily thus he sang:---
From Browsholme Heights to Batter-Heys,
The mountain echoes rang.

"Fair is my love, as mountain snow,
All other snows excelling;
And gentle as the timid roe
That bounds around her dwelling;
With other maids I oft have rovd,
And maids of high degree,
But none like her have look'd and lov'd---
My Fanny still for me.

When at her door she sits, to sing
Some simple strain of mine,
The lark will pause him on the wing
To catch the notes divine;
And when she speeds her love to meet,
Across the broomy lee,
The dew that sparkles round her feet,
Is not so bright as she.

Around the fairy-oak (1) I've seen,
The gentle fairies dancing,
And, mounted light, in robes of green,
O'er Radholme gaily prancing;
On moonlight eve I've seen them play
Around their crystal well, (2)
But lovelier far than elf or fay
Is Anna of the dell.

And still, though poor, and lowly born,
To me she's kind and true,
She flies the Bowman's (3) tassel'd horn,
She shuns the bold Buccleugh. (4)
Old Rose (5) may rule by word and sign,
By magic art, and spell,
But what are all her charms to thine,
Sweet Fanny of the Dell?"

(1) Now corruptly call'd Fair-oak.---(2) The White Well.---
(3) Parker of Browsholme.---(4) Chief Forester.---(5) A noted witch of the time.

STANZAS.

Oh look not, speak not thus again,
Nor try thy magic power on me;
You cannot feel, but you can feign---
I may not dare confide in thee.

To you my heart's a summer's flower,
A minute's bloom, a passing sigh,
A toy to please a vacant hour---
Caress'd then thrown neglected by.

I could have loved thee---could! nay more,
My heart was once most wildly thine;
But---loving thee was but to pour
Incense upon a marble shrine.

For, what to thee are vows or sighs,
But odours gone as soon as shed;
The sighs, forgotten as they rise,
The words unthought of soon as said.

I knew I could not trust thee, when
My pulse throbb'd high with passion's bliss;
Our lips have met, yet even then
I felt the falsehood of your kiss.

What though you hung upon my lip,
And prais'd its sweets and breath'd its sigh,
I knew you were the bee to sip,
If chance a newer rose was nigh.

I've yet enough of pride to break
The lingering relics of my chain:
I lov'd it madly for thy sake;
But so I shall not love again!

VARIETIES.

ANTIQUARIANISM.

Vaillant, the great French Medallist, fearing to fall a prey to an Algerine corsair in the Mediterranean, swallowed several medals he had found in Africa. He escaped, however, the fate he feared, and got safe to France, but was not a little incommoded with the medals he had swallowed, which would not pass like the waters of Scarborough. By the aid of a skilful physician, he was relieved from time to time, to the great joy of his learned brethren, who were for many days anxiously waiting the deliverance of an Otho, which was one of the last regained.

ELIZABETH, SECOND WIFE OF GEORGE, SIXTH
EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

Unsated with the wealth and the carresses of three husbands, this lady finished her conquests by marrying

the Earl of Shrewsbury, the richest and most powerful peer of his time, and whom she drew into the same disgraceful and imprudent concessions which she had procured from his unlucky predecessors; and partly by intreaties, and partly by threats, induced him to sacrifice the fortune, interest, and happiness of his family, to the aggrandizement of her children by Sir William Cavendish. She was a woman of a masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling; a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a trader in lead, coals, and timber. When disengaged from these employments, she intrigued alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, and always to the prejudice and terror of her husband. She lived to a great age, continually flattered, but seldom deceived, and died in 1607 immensely rich, and without a friend. Fortunately for the poor Earl her husband, he had been released from this complication of plagues seventeen years before, by death.

In a very rare and curious work printed in the year 1604, entitled *Miscellanea--Meditations--Memoratives*, by Elizabeth Grymestone, the following maxims are among the memoratives at the end, as good and judicious as any to be met with in *Rochefoucault* or *Bruyere*. We have modernized the language.

'The darts of lust are the eyes, and therefore fix not thy eye on that which thou mayest not desire.

'There is no moment of time which thou art not countable for, and therefore, when thou hearest the clock strike, think there is now another hour come, whereof thou art to yield a reckoning.

'The end of a dissolute life is a desperate death. There was never precedent to the contrary, but in the thief in the gospel: in one, lest any should despair: in one alone, lest any should presume.

'Evil thoughts are the devil's harbingers, for he lodgeth not but where they provide his entertainment.

'Indifferent equality is safest superiority.

'Where passions increase, complaints multiply.

'If thou givest a benefit, keep it close; but if thou receivest one, publish it, for that invites another.

'Let thy will be thy friend, thy mind thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

'Age may gaze at beautie's blossoms; but youth climbs the tree and enjoys the fruit.

'Time is the herald of Truth, and Truth the daughter of Time.

'The young man may die quickly; but the old man cannot live long.

'There be four good mothers have four bad daughters: truth hath hatred, prosperity hath pride, security hath peril, and familiarity hath contempt.

'Wisdom is that olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

'Happy is that mishap whereby we pass to better perfection.

'The soul is the greatest thing in the least continent.

'Let the limits of thy power be the bounds of thy will.

'No greater comfort than to know much: no less labour than to say little.

'Give a lazy clerk a lean fee.'

"Well shot," quoth Watcham, who right wisely thought, He'd levelled at a star, and hit it. *Hudobras.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,--It is well known that a comet has for a short time presented itself above our horizon. It is visible about ten in the evening, in a S. W. direction.

The gentlemen of Cannon-street have, however, made a discovery respecting the phenomenon, which has eluded the sagacity and research of other astronomers. By means of the reflection upon a glass bottle, they find that the sun has a small spot in his immediate neighbourhood, which they pronounce, at once, to be the comet.

Will some of your readers be so good as to explain to our mercantile astronomers the cause of this double reflection upon the bottle?

QUERIST,

Manchester, June 13, 1822.

THE MUSACID.

NO. X.—THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1822.

Adieu,
Amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme!
BEATTIE.

Bath, June 5.

MY DEAR PANACEY,

I arrived too late—poor Volatile only survived his accident for the space of three days. How little did we think, when he left us, a month ago, in the plenitude of gaiety and health, that so short was his interval of being from Eternity—how dimly does the eye of human probability perceive the events which constantly surround us.

It was high noon as I drove down Milsom-street, and I gazed, among the fluttering fashionables, hopelessly anxious for the appearance of Volatile in the groupes: the disappointment of not finding him in a state which it was presumptuous to expect, raised within my breast an undefined apprehension of the worst which I dared to anticipate. When I came to the Hart, the conflict betwixt the expectations of good and evil was speedily decided—our friend died yesterday.

You may imagine the emotion which this intelligence awakened. Though my fears had foreboded it, the shock was at once sudden and overpowering. It seemed as if I had armed myself, for a show of bravery, against an enemy whom, I cherished a secret hope, I should not have to encounter—my spirit sank within me at the contest. I was violently agitated, and trembling and faintness obliged me to retire into my chamber.

When I recovered, Mr. T——, the Surgeon, was introduced to me. He is a man of a friendly and compassionate disposition, and having formed some previous intimacy with Volatile, gave him the most humane and unremitting attention. He was assisted by an eminent Physician of the place. The account which T—— gave of the accident was as follows. Volatile had been at Varley in the morning, and was returned, and in the act of dismounting, when the horse suddenly plunged, and projected him with considerable violence upon the pavement. No reason can be assigned for the unusual impetuosity of the animal.

The burial is fixed for Friday, to take place at the Abbey. The Clergyman, a young relation of Volatile's now staying in Bath, T——, Dr. W——, and myself shall be the only attendants.

T—— has a practice, which I consider particularly praiseworthy, of taking minutes of the progress and changes of the disorders of his patients—which often prove a source of consolation and satisfaction to their friends who are absent. On this occasion he has been more than commonly precise, from the kind interest which he himself entertained for every thing which regarded our friend. I subjoin you a copy of the notes, as T—— calls his observations of this sort.

My feelings will not allow me to remain in Bath after the burial. I purpose to make a tour of two or three months in this part of the Island, and may possibly return to Bath before I see you in Manchester. I am told there is an unusual number of visitants here

for this period of the year, but not many of rank or distinction. I have had a short stroll with T——, and could notice many admirable improvements since my last visit. But every where there is some indication of gaiety which my heart has a forbiddance to partake.

Communicate the intelligence of this letter to Orthodox. I know how much it will affect him—as you also. It is indeed a grievous event, and should teach us how circumspectly we ought to walk when every step may be on the confines of the grave. Sad and afflicting as is the lesson which it has read to us, I trust the moral will be felt—the precarious tenure of this temporal existence. I leave the religious corollary for Orthodox, who will exhibit it in the meekness and wisdom of truth. I commit you to his counsel, (of which I likewise would profit) and both of you to the care of that benignant Being, whose goodness blesteth his creatures.

Adieu.

FREDERICK TACIT.

TO LIONEL PANACEY ESQUIRE.

P. S.—If you please you may write some account of this melancholy event, as a final paper for the Musacid. We can have no inducement to continue it, now that he is gone for whose pleasure it was chiefly pursued. Mr. Smith said something of publishing the series in a collected form; if he persist in his determination, procure for him an index to the persons who have chosen to appropriate the characters. This you know was poor Volatile's plan for revenging the discredit of our 'Excusatory.'

NOTES of my attendance on WM. VOLATILE, Esq. of MANCHESTER, at the White Hart, in Stall-street, BATH.

June 1. 4 P. M.—Summoned to attend on W. Volatile, Esq. found he had received an injury by a violent projection from his horse—the perfect state of insensibility, stertorous breathing, slow and labouring pulse, (48 strokes in the minute) left me little reason to doubt that, from the violence administered to the cranium, a portion of bone had been depressed. The tumour, situated on the frontal bone, immediately above the left orbit, seemed to indicate that the seat of injury was beneath—an incision through the integuments brought into view an extensive depression.

Five P. M.—Mr. S—— being from home, I held a consultation with Dr. W——, and the elevation of the depression was performed *instantly*.

Circumstances during nearly 12 hours were, through the assistance of a vigorously anti-phlogistic treatment, as favourable as could have been anticipated.

June 2. 7 A. M.—The pulse increased in frequency—the skin hot and dry—incoherency and extreme restlessness rapidly advancing—anti-phlogistic treatment continued with increased rigour. Remained with patient—who talked wildly—appeared sometimes by his expressions to imagine himself soothing his horse—would then converse with some fancied female, and occasionally seemed to be in the act of writing, using such exclamations as the following:—Whom will they take that for, aye, Panacey?—what shaking your head at, Orthodox?—mean nobody there—that one slip makes the whole town suspect—poor——ha-ha-ha—don't interrupt me—Tacit, give me a name,

Eight P. M.—Symptoms unabated—patient had a restless day—rambled chiefly about a female—called her Mary—bade her pity him—then reverted to his horse—asked what we were boiling his brain for—said it would not make a pudding.

June 3. 6 A. M.—Symptoms increased—treatment vigorously pursued—patient gradually became more incoherent—talked of his wife—bade her not forget him—to look up to Heaven for protection for herself and her son—he was going to Heaven and would take care that her prayers were attended to—don't weep poor Mary—be kind to Sancho—I came a wooing on Sancho—you would pat his neck then—ha—ha—ha—to keep him quiet while we walked by his side to the lodge—who's this like Tacit—write it yourself then—if I mean any one may I—hush! don't swear—Orthodox will hear you—you'll offend him—call me Coax, Tacit—I like to be called Coax—I think I've vexed you when you don't call me Coax.

10 P. M.—Symptoms unimproved—the inflammatory diathesis seemed to have given place to confirmed delirium—subsultus tendinum, &c. &c.—obliged to quit patient during the night for Mrs. Jennet's accompaniment.

June 4. 8 A. M.—Decided Coma—heard from the nurse that during the night patient had used slight interjections of incoherency, which became more faint and imperfect towards the morning—the name of Mary was most frequently on his lips, and uttered, as it should seem, in the tenderest tone—his friends Tacit, Orthodox, and Panacey were often in his presence, and he was continually invoking their compassion on poor Sancho—for the last three hours patient had appeared in a mute and abstracted devotion.

Five P. M.—~~Death~~.

Inspection post mortem.—A considerable quantity of pus was found extensively diffused between the dura mater and cranium, as I was led to infer from the latter symptoms. A fissure was discovered traversing the base of the cranium transversely, extending from one temporal bone to the other. I may remark, that in the whole course of my experience, I never found a human brain of a more exquisite development, all its parts being accurately defined and singularly explicit. It presented a firm and healthy structure, excepting such portions as were correspondent to the seat of violence; which parts, of course, had undergone consequent morbid alteration. The calvaria was a beautiful specimen of the impressions made on it by certain portions of the brain, and presented a perfect study to the admirers of the scientific researches of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim. Remarkable, among the most prominent elevations, those corresponding to the organs denoted by the respective numbers 4, 13, 16, and above all that denominated by 32.*

(Signed)

MARMADUKE T——

* The unlearned reader may probably desire to know what are the indications of the organs thus prominently developed in our friend. We are glad to inform him, because they are strongly confirmatory of the admirable science of Craniology, and present an exact analysis of the prevalent faculties which were observable in Volatile.

L. P.

No. 4.—Adhesiveness. The Social Faculty.
13.—Benevolence.
16.—Ideality, or Imagination.
32.—Will.

MARIANNE.—A FRAGMENT.

He was proceeding with his soliloquy—"Yet a little while—and then,"—"and then what?" continued a plaintive female voice from behind the curtain, that concealed her slender but lovely form. "Is that you, Marianne, my love?" cried the unfortunate invalid, as he stretched forth his thin white hand to welcome her. His eye gleamed with unearthly brightness, his cheek was suddenly flushed with the hectic of joy, and then gradually resumed its wonted paleness. "I had quite given you up;—I was endeavouring to persuade myself it was all for the best—that I should never see you more,—that I must pass into eternity without receiving and imparting the farewell blessing. I know you will forgive me; but I could not help thinking there was something like unkindness in this last neglect, but now—and his eye sparkled as he spoke,—but now my fears are vanished—I feel as though a load were removed from my heart—as if happiness was yet in store for us"—the tone of tender melancholy, in which he addressed her, had thrown her into tears,—as he pronounced the last sentence, his face was for a moment enlivened by a gleam of hope, and she involuntarily exclaimed, "Indeed!" he saw—he heard her not; he was wrapt in his subject; and Marianne's soft blue eyes were again suffused with tears as he mournfully concluded—"but not here—not in this world."

He was a young man, apparently about nineteen, he could not be more than twenty;—he had been in the army, abroad, had undergone the perils and fatigues of a two years' campaign in the Peninsula; he was advancing in his profession, had attained the rank of lieutenant when his health declined, his strength gave way, and he returned home with the prospect of recovery—he hoped in the caresses of his parents and the smiles of his Marianne, that his health would quickly be restored;—but from the hurry of travelling, ere he reached his home decay had made rapid inroads on his constitution. He arrived, and his parents knew not of it; they thought him on the mountains of Spain, and he was at their threshold—overpowered by a multitude of feelings, scarce was he able to throw himself into their arms; they bore him to his bed; and he had been there ever since—it was only three days—to him it appeared an age—his sole enquiries were for Marianne—they told him she was from home—it evidently preyed upon his spirits—it was therefore deemed prudent to deceive him no longer;—she had been nigh him, and he saw her not; she had heard him, and he knew it not; this was their first interview since his return from the Peninsula. Marianne endeavoured to cheer him,—she spoke of the war, of the hardships he had endured, of the laurels he had reaped—of the prospects before him—she faltered as she spoke—every effort to avert his mind from gloomy forebodings was unavailing;—he saw through the affectionate little artifice, smiled his thanks, and she was silent—the tide of feeling was at its height—one word would have told all—she rose to retire—the big tear trembled in her eye; and ere she closed the door a convulsive sob burst on the ears of the wretched William, and thrilled through his frame with indescribable anguish. Oh! but there is something in woman's sorrow that insensibly wins the heart, and engages the best feelings of our nature in its behalf;—the lamb-like resignation—the vain attempts to arrest the ebullition

of feeling; the retiring weakness that seeks to withdraw itself from public gaze;—the calm despair and the wild throbs of agony alternate;—all tend to shew nature loveliest in her weakness. It was impossible to witness a scene like this and not inwardly curse the fiendish monster war;—my soul took an expansive glance over the unknown myriads this single war has swept to an untimely grave; on the tens of thousands it has beggared; and on the millions of hearts it has widowed. I asked myself;—and will it not be asked in another world? "Why should man raise his hand against his fellow?" His faculties, his feelings, his pleasures, and even his pains, bespeak him formed, not for himself alone, but for society; and yet in this particular, we run counter to nature;—we become lions, we glory in the reeking blood of thousands, and, like Indians o'er their sacrifices, turn midnight into day, with lighted windows, bonfires, loud huzzas:—and thus deluded thousands, whilst they mourn a husband, father, brother, shout for the general weal. When falls the conqueror, many nations mourn; bards swell the song, and statues join to tell posterity his deathless fame; but sons of mercy die and none regards—they pass untrophied to the quiet grave, but not forgotten.—Oh, no! their tribute is the bounding of the grateful heart, not shouts of multitudes mingled with dying groans—not widows' tears, but widows' blessings—not the bereaved orphan's anguished cry, but songs of gratitude—not dying soldiers' curses, but their prayers,—not the world's fear, but the world's veneration."

I know not how much longer my reverie might have continued, had not the return of Marianne called my attention to what was passing around me: there was a calmness in her aspect that might easily be accounted for, the full heart had overflowed—the tide of her feeling had subsided, and she was now sunk into a deep and settled melancholy.—During her absence, her lover had fallen into a gentle slumber; fearful of disturbing his repose, she approached his bed-side on tiptoe; and, having seated herself beside him, watched his pale and haggard looks with the most fixed and solicitous regard. He appeared to be dreaming, his lips muttered inarticulate sounds—his face became flushed, his brow bedewed with perspiration—his whole frame seemed agitated—she was alarmed; she took his hand, and gently pressing it, exclaimed, "William, my love!" he raised himself from his couch, and wildly casting his eyes around cried, as he earnestly seized her arm, "What, Marianne! here still? methought we were separated for ever—death was the divider—and I was just casting a last glance on this transitory world;—'twas all a dream—but shadows of truth—for I feel my strength rapidly wasting, and ere long shall be as though I ne'er had been. Yes—yes—I am verging towards eternity—each moment bears me like the boiling billow—farther from the shores of time—my eye is dim—my hand is feeble—my frame is relaxed,—but my soul, my immortal soul, is still the same;—it lives through all, and flourishes in the midst of ruin,—to feel all the agony of parting! and to experience with more poignant anguish the sad and solemn reflection, that when I am reposing beneath the grass-green turf, there will be one kind and gentle spirit left, lonely and deserted, who must weep unnoticed,—sigh un comforted,—in the hour of gaiety joyless, in the silence of solitude drear and desolate—these are the thoughts that rack—these the reflections that

harass me,—she who loved me living must mourn unconsolated o'er my memory when dead, Then, Marianne," continued he,—"then, when you shall call for me unanswered, save by the hollow echo from the graves—then, if parted souls may visit those they love, mine shall hover round you,—watch over your destiny, reverberate your sighs, weep over your sorrows, if disembodied spirits weep—and be the first to hail your trembling spirit when it crosses the threshold of eternity."—Those, and those only, who have stood beside the couch, where all that is lovely and valued lies struggling with the last enemy, can imagine the devotional fervour the something more than mortal interest with which Marianne beheld him. "This," said she, taking a little miniature from her bosom;—"this is all that will remain to remind me of a hapless lover—but my heart needs no remembrancer—none, none, 'tis withering at the core, and ere long—" The door slowly opened and an aged lady, whose face bespoke a heart ill at ease, gently approached to his bed-side, enquiring with much anxiety how he felt himself. He smiled, and would have reached forth his hand, but the effort was too much, and the willing arm fell heavy and languid by his side. "I am better now," said he, "much better," although his voice and features evidently bespoke him much weaker. Marianne was in tears, and her deep and repeated sobs at length attracted his attention—suddenly raising himself in his bed, he stretched forth his arms as if to clasp her, and then sunk exhausted, with his head upon her lap—she raised him tenderly, and having carefully smoothed his pillow, gently placed his head upon it. "This is the boon which, through many a wearisome night I have earnestly prayed; to have my pillow smoothed by the fostering hand of early affection—and now I die in peace; let them lay me," continued he with pathetic softness, "let them lay me beside the little yew-tree in the north corner of the church-yard; there shall I sleep in quiet, as I would have lived, but war forbade—there, when all the human race have forgotten me, and not a trace remains to tell that I have been there, shall the rising and the setting sun shed his sweetest beams. Oh, Marianne! do you recollect that happy evening when first we made the vow of mutual love? We stood upon that spot, and lightly talked of many a future year—and then you sighed—but not as now you sigh, in deep despair,—'tis past, 'tis past—all past, and now no more of joy—of love—of life—of hope—remains for us—but bitter dregs—no! no! 'tis misery all—before—behind—around—whither, oh! whither shall the wretched flee and be at rest!"—his breath seemed departing, his bosom heaved with spasmodic agitation, and it was some minutes before he was able to assure them, with a voice weak and tremulous, that he was recovering. "Heaven is our home," said Marianne, "there shall we experience that plenitude of bliss we fondly vainly looked for here." It was pleasing to hear the touching tones of her melodious voice thus breathing the spirit of religious consolation at a moment like this—it had the desired effect—he ceased repining, and whispered (it was all he could) "Yes—there is a Providence that rules and directs all for the best; and to his benevolent protection I can safely commit the dearest and most valued of earthly beings—the taper of life waxes short—I am faint and feeble; give me your hand." He pressed it to his lips, then to his heart. "Mother, yours too." Having done the same with it,

he placed them in each other, and said, "My mother, my Marianne; one of you is about to be childless, the other loveless; be a daughter, be a mother to each other; and when all around is cheerless and unpromising, and I am no more, think of futurity, of me, of heaven—where we shall all be united to part no more. I have a blessing for you, but it will die in my —" His voice faltered—his lip quivered—his eye rolled carelessly round—the last spark of life seemed nearly extinguished. After a short struggle he appeared more composed, but grew gradually weaker and weaker. The convulsive clasp of his hand was still the same; Marianne pressed it to her lips, and looked upwards as if in spirit to implore heaven to spare him yet a little. His fading eyes were fixed on her; she again placed his hand to her lips and wept: he looked his gratitude and closed his eyes—opened them, closed them again—heaved a gentle sigh, and then, with a faint smile on his countenance, breathed his last.

A MORNING VISIT

The rain came down, not in the picturesque form of a torrent, as it sweeps over the tops of virandas, and swells the kennels into a broad current, carrying away particles of straw, or any other wreck of the pavement, which float, like small craft, over the surface of the tiny billows,—but in a steady, heavy, determined sort of manner, as though Aquarius and Neptune, the cloud king, and river fiend, invested with supreme dominion, had sate in council together, and it had pleased their watery godships to drown the sons and the daughters of men. A devout believer in the world of spirits, and lacking only the spells of Renfred to call them from the vasty deep, and the boundless air, I instantly transferred all my admiration from the Undines to the Sylphs.

Home, which during many a day of cloudless sunshine I had found so luxurious that no persuasions could withdraw me from my pen or my book, became insupportably irksome, and yielding to the impulse which prompted me to seek amusement abroad, I ordered my cabriolet, and drove to Berkeley-square. Even a favourite is most welcome in rainy weather, and I met with a very flattering reception from my fair friends, interspersed with many a pretty wonder at seeing me on such a deplorable day of rain. I found my fair hostesses, as usual, engaged in elegant occupations; Belinda was copying the beautiful picture of Dido listening to the story of Æneas, and clasping Cupid, in the form of the innocent Ascanius, to her heart. Julia, herself the fairest flower, was busy weaving a garland, wherein

The buds of Autumn, Summer, Spring, commixed,
In lines so vivid, that e'en Flora's self
Ne'er revelled 'mid more blooming sweets, or twined
A richer crown.

And Constance, the youngest and the loveliest, was singing a charming ballad, accompanied on the harp by her mistress, a beautiful girl of eighteen, not less attractive in her person, or elegant in her manners, than her more fortunate patronesses, whom indulgent fate had nursed in the lap of luxury and ease. She was rather pale, and an air of dejection sometimes obscured the lustre of a brilliant blue eye, and gave a languor to her voice which rendered her dangerously interesting. I lis-

tened to the magic tones which she drew from the golden chords of her soul-thrilling harp; and gazed upon her downcast beauty with a degree of pity that almost became painful. Her shawl hung upon the back of her chair, and I perceived that it was damp; and though her delicate little feet were fenced in thick shoes, they could not be a sufficient preservative in such penetrating humidity. The shawl I took upon myself to dry at the fire; and though longing to offer the accommodation of my cabriolet, only ventured to recommend a hackney coach. She sighed as she declined my advice, giving as a reason the necessity which obliged her to brave the weather in her constant perambulations over the metropolis. Her lesson was finished; and though the rain came down with unabated rigour, she rose to depart. I had always imagined my fair friends to be blessed with an abundant share of sensibility; I had seen them weep over the pathetic descriptions in a novel, and faint away at the catastrophe of tragedy; it was therefore a matter of surprise to me to observe the indifference which they manifested towards the comfort of a creature whose close resemblance to themselves in age, beauty, and accomplishments, ought to have excited their warmest sympathy; I recollected all the shawls and the cloakings, and the sendings of servants with umbrellas to guard any of their intimates, if even a slight shower of rain threatened to sprinkle them on their pilgrimage from the hall-door steps to the luxurious carriage, and the horrors expressed lest sweet Augusta should take cold, or that tender exotic, the darling Caroline, be afraid to venture out again, from the too rough salutation of that chartered libertine, the air. Taking the privilege of long acquaintance, I asked them if they could possibly permit Miss G—— to leave the shelter of their house on such a day? "It is very shocking to be sure," replied Constance, "but what can we do? dear lady Jane will expect her at four, and I would not have her disappointed for the world." I stood at the window, biting my under lip through with vexation, as I saw my snug warm cabriolet standing at the door, and felt that I dared not offer it, least I should bring the envenomed breath of slander upon the lovely creature whom I longed so ardently to protect from the inclemency of the weather. I turned my head and sickened at the display of magnificence which met my gaze; burnished mirrors, glittering cornices, nothing but gilding in the costly furniture, and thought of the dripping walk, lonely and desolate, encumbered with a heavy umbrella, which could not entirely screen her from the pelting of the pitiless storm, that the sweet melodist was obliged to undertake. At length, unable to conceal my indignation, I burst out into a bitter invective against the hardheartedness of woman. The girls were amazed, and forthwith began to vindicate themselves from the charge.—Belinda said that walking in the rain could not be injurious to Miss G——, because she was accustomed to it; and she supposed people in her station in life never took cold. Julia had heard her Mamma declare, that any attention to the health or convenience of professional gentry, always rendered them unbearably pert and impudent; and Constance made a merit of employing Miss G——, who had not yet attained any reputation in the musical world, though for nearly the same terms she might command the attendance of a fashionable Signora, who kept her own car-

riage. This reasoning not being very satisfactory, I took my leave, I doubt not, as much lowered in the estimation of these high-born nymphs, as they were in mine. The hardships attendant upon young women whom stern necessity compels to seek their livelihood as teachers, never struck me in the same light before. Well bred, and well educated, conscious of possessing talents, they must feel most keenly the contrast between their lot in life, and the happy destiny of their pupils. Is it wonderful, that strong temptation assailing vanity and weakness, should sometimes beguile these unfortunate females from, to them, the thorny paths of virtue? Frequently the pursuit and the victims of our destroying sex, shall we not mingle pity with our condemnation, when we behold the fall of these luckless beings, who are so cruelly exposed to the view of luxuries which they are eminently qualified to appreciate, and which they are sometimes induced to purchase at the sacrifice of all that should be most dear and valuable to them in life?

THE TWO COATS.

Shakespeare says, that many a man's coat is his father, and, like most things he has said, it is true. How many are there who would be *nullius in fili* if it were not for their vestments! People say that old friends are better than new ones; I presume that this does not hold good as it relates to habits—for the person I mean—for, all the world prefer new coats to old ones, and all the world must be right.

It is now five years, when the sun shall have set upon the 12th of June 1822, that my late coat was brought home. With what *triumph* I hurried it! how eagerly I listened to the exhortations of the maker, how to fold it up! how cautiously I put it on, and how carefully I felt in my pocket for my key, when I locked it up! Its colour was suitable to the tint of my mind—it was a bright green, with Waterloo buttons. Green coats were then the *sine qua non* of a beau. Black and blue "hid their diminished heads," or rather tails; and although now and then a brown appeared, it passed along amidst the scoffs of the multitude.

The first year every thing went well. I stalked down Bond-street at the full glare of half-past four. I was not afraid to meet the purse-proud stare of the glittering Oriental in Hyde Park on Sunday; nor did I shrink before the glance of a St. James's Blood. The second year, in spite of all my anxiety, an incipient whiteness began to appear on the elbow. The Waterloo buttons began to look somewhat short of their beams, and the collar had been slightly annoyed by the too rude pressure of the hat, however, it had not yet had a regular wetting, if I omit the baptizing it got from my gallantry to Miss Protocol, in giving her more than her share of my cotton umbrella. But the third year now fast approached; years rolled on, *et nos mutamur in illis*—and so did my coat. The thread of the lives of two of its buttons had been snapped; one was wrenched off by a friend, notwithstanding my agonized look, whilst he was telling me the fate of his farce; the other fell into a gradual decline, and died a natural death. The bright green had now faded, and had imbibed a tint of brown; the collar was dilapidated, the cuffs were in ruins.

I struggled on, however, another year, but I left my former scenes. I would go half a mile out of the way to avoid St. James's-street—I would go a mile out of my way, rather than pass Hyde Park on a Sunday. Three more buttons had fell under the scythe of Time: Something must be done—I sent it to be repaired, and I hardly knew it again. The Waterloo buttons once more dazzled by their brightness; new cuffs and collar sprang up like phoenixes from the ashes of their fathers; and though the fashion of coats had somewhat altered, yet I held an

erect head. But ah! this was a deceitful splendour—a glimpse of sunshine on a rainy day; the constitution of the coat was ruined, and it soon suffered a relapse.

At last my resolution was taken—a new coat must be ordered. It was a precept of my late respected uncle Nicholas, that one good dear garment is worth two bad cheap ones; and I always act up to it. I walked up boldly to Mr. S—, in Bond-street; and although I met with some broad stares at my entrance, yet when my purpose was known, every thing was respectful attention. With what elevation did I survey myself in the double mirror close to the window! With what *hauteur* did I bid the tradesman be punctual as to the hour! How fiercely did I brush by the beaux in my return, with the delightful thought that I should soon have it in my power to out them all out. How many are the advantages of a new coat! a new pair of trowsers rather serves to contrast the oldness of the upper garment with its own novelty; but a coat diffuses its splendour through the whole; it brightens a withered pair of pantaloons, and revivifies a faded waistcoat; it illuminates a worn-out beaver, and even gives a respectable appearance to an antiquated pair of gaiters. A man in a new coat holds his head erect, his chest forward; he shakes the pavement with his clattering heels; he looks defiance to every man, and love to every woman; he overturns little boys, and abuses hackney-coachmen; if he enter a tavern, he calls hastily for his drink, and knocks the waiter down if he does not bring it soon enough. But a man in an old coat hangs his head, fumbles in his moneyless pockets, and stumbles at every third step; he is scorned by the men, and unnoticed by the women: he is jeered at by children, and hustled by *jaegers*; at a tavern, he enters the parlour with a sheepish face, knowing his right to be there, but fearing it may be disputed—the waiter sniggers, and the landlord bullies him. Such then is the difference which the outward man makes.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of May, 1822, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.		Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.81	
Highest, which took place on the 21st.....	30.22	
Lowest, which took place on the 10th.....	29.30	
Difference of the extremes.....	.92	
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 9th.....	.27	
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	2.95	
Number of changes.....	8	
TEMPERATURE.		Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	58.93	
Mean of the 5th. decade, commencing on the 30th. of April.....	48.9	
“ 6th. “.....	57.7	
“ 7th. “ ending on the 29th May.....	61.9	
Highest, which took place on the 19th.....	77	
Lowest, which took place on the 10th.....	39	
Difference of the extreme.....	38	
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 14th.....	31	

RAIN, &c.	
1.040 of an inch.	
Number of wet days.....	5
“ “ foggy days.....	0
“ “ snowy “.....	0
“ “ haily “.....	1

WIND.	
North.....	0
North-east.....	2
East.....	0
South-east.....	4
South.....	9
South-west.....	13
West.....	0
North-west.....	0
Variable.....	3
Calm.....	0
Brisk.....	1
Boisterous.....	0

REMARKS.

May 2nd.—The late warm days have brought many common house flies into existence.—3rd. A

little rain in the morning, mild forenoon; but cold in the evening.—9th. Variable, and rather cold; hail and rain in the evening.—10th. Very windy, cold, and rainy; temperature early in the morning, only seven degrees above freezing.—15th. Fine but rather gloomy; hoar frosts have been common lately.—19th. Fine and clear, slight fall of rain in the evening: the temperature rose to 77° to day.—20th. Many loud claps of thunder, and heavy showers of rain early in the afternoon.—21st. Very gloomy in the afternoon, every appearance of a thunder shower; but it blew off.

Bridge-street, June 13, 1822.

CORRESPONDENCE.

What strange confusion in these jarring clocks!
Old Play.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The difference in the clocks of Manchester has become quite proverbial. These in the most conspicuous situations, in which regularity might be reasonably expected, are least to be depended upon.

From what cause this neglect of the clocks arises, in a place where, like Manchester, they are of so much importance, I cannot conjecture. If it be that the salary of the Superintendent will not remunerate him for taking proper care of his charge, I beg to suggest, that a subscription be immediately set on foot, from the proceeds of which the clocks of the Old Church, of St. Ann's, and of the Infirmary, at least, might be made to go for a time together.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A MANCUNIAN.

Manchester, 13th June, 1822.

(Though we do not agree in the sentiments of the following Letter, yet, as we are anxious to encourage the subject with the public, we have inserted it as the writer requests.—We were perhaps something moved by its whimsicality.—Ed.)

TO "A BOTANIST."

What in the name of wonder, man, do you mean, are there not enough ways of spending money already; but you must come out with your new-fangled scheme for a Botanical Garden? A pretty do-nothing sort of gentleman you are, I'll be bound, if one knew you—fit for nought but to put longings into silly women's heads, and cause all one's children to be speckled with tulips and kalmias.

What a plague for must you set up Liverpool as an example? We don't get our money here by per centages and speculations—we scrape it out of the dirt too hardly to bury it again in flower-seeds and bulbous-roots. Besides, if we begin a going crack-brained after rare-shows and ornaments, how the deuce, man, must our charities be supported? I suppose you'd have us get up a triennial music-feast, and call all the country together to put their guineas and five guineas into our funds, when we cannot raise them among ourselves. Thank God, we need no pomps of this sort at present—but what we give, we give—and neither fiddlers nor singers carry it off for their mummery.

What have you to say against the Infirmary gardens? Pity the women don't walk more there than they do—it's far healthier than being cooped up betwixt four high walls, in a Botanical Garden, where every breeze that reaches you is impregnated with stinks and poisons. Pah!

I suppose, too, our daughters must be set a cultivating this elegant science—going out with their baskets, gathering specimens in white kid-gloves—or dirtying their fingers with filthy roots and mould; besides, the advantage, to their morals, studying 'the loves of the plants,' and their tongues glibbing of cryptogamia, polygamia, iocosaandria, and the Lord knows what that's indecent. Do you suppose any sensible person will encourage such a thing? I won't for one.

If you think it only wants somebody to start it, why don't you come forward yourself? I dare say you have plenty of time—more than you know what to do with it should seem, or such a silly notion

would never have bed'd up in you this hot weather.

The Devil finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do.

However, you may perhaps find some foolish fellow that will join you. Try it!

COP-TWIST.

P. S. I took Mrs. Cop-Twist and the girls to Tinker's last night, and it's as fine a place as I could desire.

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NEW MUSIC.

CATALOGUE of New Music, just published and sold by J. TOWNSEND, at his Musical Instruments Manufactory, and Music Warehouse, No. 44, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

FLUTE SOLOS.

Pott Pourri, in which is introduced the favourite Airs of The Blue Bells of Scotland, My Lodging is on the cold Ground, and The Sprig of Shalish, dedicated to Miss Pupils.....	J. Townsend	20 1 6
Life let us Cherish, with six variations.....	Ditto	0 1 6
Auld Lang Syne, with five variations.....	Ditto	0 1 6
Copenhagen Waltz, with six variations.....	Ditto	0 1 6
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ENGLISH SONGS.

Absent Matilda	J. Townsend	0 1 6
Oh! take the Harp	Miller	0 1 6
Forgive and Forget	Ditto	0 1 6
Love in the Barn	J. Townsend	0 1 6
The Bells of St. Andrew's Tower	Ditto	0 1 6
You say you Love	Ditto	0 1 6
That I may live to love her	Bardeley	0 1 6
While yet this Heart shall beat	Ditto	0 1 6
When day has bid the world farewell	Ditto	0 1 6
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Harmonicon Tutor Improved		0 2 0

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.—The very interesting Letter of "A Friend," came too late for insertion in the present number. It shall appear in our next.

We refer H. E. to our answers to Correspondents in No. 18.

We shall feel obliged for any original communications Rusticus, or his Friend, may favour us with.

Communications have been received from Candiana.—No CRIC.—A Reader.—Pithyas.—P. R.—Giles Martingale.—Z.—and A Friend, of Liverpool.

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Or, Literary and



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CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—As your correspondent "SCRUTATOR," in a late number, complains of the unsatisfactory termination of the controversy respecting the "*Philosophical Query*," and wishes the attention of your readers to be again directed to the subject, I send you the following elucidation. He charges me with relying too much on the *ipse dixit* of others, but he will perhaps think not very justly, when I tell him, I have advanced nothing but what has been sanctioned by experiments of my own; and that I have preserved by me, for these ten years, apparatus necessary in making such experiments. The whole, or nearly so, of section 6th, is my own, at least, I know of no other having advanced the same; it must, therefore, be received with diffidence.

Pendleton, June 12, 1822.

A FRIEND.

SECT. 1.—*The Retina is composed of muscular fibres mixed with medullary substance. It's consequent motions.* 2.—*The sensation of light may be communicated to the mind without the agency of light.* 3.—*Motions often repeated are liable to recur spontaneously.* 4.—*Direct Spectra. All objects leave direct spectra in the eye.* 5.—*Inverse Spectra, or, Spectra from Spasms.* 6.—*It is more than probable the retina has a set of fibres for the perception of each true colour.* 7.—*"O." Query answered.*

SECT. 1.—Having procured the head of a large animal, I carefully examined the eyes and optic nerves. Placing a small piece of a torn retina in a few drops of water on a thin plate of glass, its fibrous structure was evident, particularly when viewed through a powerful microscope. A slice of medulla showed no trace of muscular fibres. The retina is not, therefore, as some persons have imagined, simply an expansion of the optic nerve. A case very lately occurred, where the retina was perfect, though no optic nerve had ever existed.

The fibres of the retina must be intended to perform some motion, otherwise they would be completely useless, as the medulla would answer every other purpose. The retina is well known to be transparent, but if light acted by a chemical combination with the organ, or by its mechanical impulse, it would certainly be opaque. Light passing through the retina, stimulates it into action, and is then received by the choroid coat behind. Heat, which frequently accompanies it, is

there changed into sensible heat, to prevent its destroying the organ. Like the other muscular parts of the body, the retina is fatigued by exertion, and its motions painful during inflammation, and it is alike subject to paralysis and the torpor of old age.

SECT. 2.—Place a crown-piece upon the tongue, and a piece of zinc, of the same size, betwixt the upper lip and the gums, then bring the two metals into contact, and you will, particularly if in a dark room, fancy you see a flash of white light. This is evidently owing, either to the galvanic fluid acting as a stimulus similar to light, or to its having simply agitated the fibres of the retina in its passage.

When a smart blow is received on the eyes, or when we leap from a great height, we are said to see a flash of light. The other evening I found this experiment might be made without pain or danger. In a dark room, place the longest finger of the right hand just above the eye-brow, after closing the eyes, strike the finger suddenly across the ball of the eye, and the sensation of a vivid light will be the consequence. These experiments demonstrate that a sudden shake or vibration of the fibres produce the same sensation as light itself.

SECT. 3.—The motions an organ is accustomed to perform are liable to recur spontaneously. Thus the heart will frequently pulsate after it has been emptied of its blood, and the lips of a sleeping infant move at intervals as if sucking; and thus also the motions of the retina continue and recur.

SECT. 4.—If we look steadily on a bright object, as the setting sun, for a short time, and then turn away our eyes, an image of the sun appears before us. This is called a direct spectrum, because it is owing to a continuation of the action occasioned by the direct agency of light.

It first occurred to me, that all objects left direct spectra in the eye, on seeing children make fiery circles by whirling round burning bits of wood, and from perceiving that in most fire-works there appeared many times more ignited matter than really existed.—Fix one one side the periphery of a wheel, a piece of white paper, then turn the wheel rapidly round, and the paper will assume the appearance of a white circle, which is thus explained:—an image of the paper falling on a certain point of the retina stimulates it into action, and passing on, arrives at the same point again before that action has ceased, hence the paper appears a circle.

SECT. 5.—Look upon a circle of orange-coloured silk, placed upon a black ground, in the light of the sun, till the orange becomes

faint, then close the eyes, and a blue image of the silk will appear. This is called an inverse spectrum, because it is opposite to the colour used in making the experiment. It is nothing more than a spasm of the antagonist fibres of the retina. The colour of a spectrum is altered by extraneous light. While the blue image is still vivid, turn your eyes to a sheet of red paper, previously hung upon the wall, and the colour of the spectrum will become a mixture of the two colours. These experiments demonstrate that the sensations of colours are occasioned by certain motions in the fibres of the retina, produced by the stimulus of light.

SECT. 6.—We have ocular proof that the retina is fibrous, and it requires little stretch of imagination to suppose the fibres divided into sets, each sensible to its peculiar stimulus. What can be more simple, more plausible? The following facts strongly countenance this supposition. When sudden motion is communicated to the retina, as in the experiments in section 2, the flash is always white, which will evidently be the case if there is a set of fibres for the perception of each colour, as each set must be agitated at the same time. Again, if the different sensations consist merely in the degree of motion, the flash in these experiments ought sometimes to assume one colour, sometimes another. Look on a circle of red silk, placed in a strong light, for a considerable time, and the red colour will gradually disappear. This has been said by Darwin, and others, to be owing to the retina becoming insensible to the red rays; but he did not notice that the circle does not disappear, but assumes a white appearance. This circumstance, however, may be easily explained, if we admit the retina to have sets of fibres. When one set endures great pain, the others are brought by degrees into strong spasmodic action, for as the circle assumes the white appearance, the pain evidently abates. Again, if after looking on the red circle till the colour disappears, we close our eyes, a green spectrum appears, not a perfect green, but such as may be produced by a mixture of all the colours except that used in making the experiment.

"O" says he cannot conceive how the retina can perform seven different kinds of motion, forgetting that there is but three true or simple colours, all others being a mixture of red, yellow, and blue. It is evident that three sets of fibres are sufficient to perform all the motions necessary for the perception of every colour, simple and compound. Observe, I do not wish to be understood as insisting on the division of the fibres into sets, it is enough to show that the retina is partly composed of

muscular fibres, and capable of being stimulated into action by the rays of light, and that it is liable to spasms like the other parts of the body, and that these spasms give the sensations of colours.

SECT. 7.—In some respects, no reliance can be placed on the experiments of "O." The sun is not equally bright every evening, and is seldom of the same colour, assuming every tint from blood-red to yellow. Hence the result must vary. It is true, if you dwell sufficiently long on the setting sun, whatever be its colour, the retina will be thrown into various spasmodic motions, producing spectra of various colours. "O," I think, merely wishes to know, why the spectra assume, successively, the prismatic colours? Now, a certain degree of stimulus produces a direct spectrum, a greater degree, an inverse spectrum, a still greater, various successive spectra.

In the first, nothing more is required than the gradual cessation of the original action; in the second, one spasm is sufficient; in the third many are requisite, to restore the organ to ease and vigour. "O" says, the "yellow spectrum was supplanted by a green, which gradually gave way to a blue, which ultimately subsided into a deep violet." Suppose a green spectrum has been present for such a time as to exhaust the sensibility of the retina to green light, or its power of producing a green spectrum, and yet has not sufficiently relieved the retina from the painful impression of the sun, a spectrum of another colour will doubtless follow. Even thinking of a colour greatly exhausts the sensibility of the retina to that colour.

I shall now conclude, hoping that I have satisfactorily explained the phenomenon, but if your correspondent cannot rely on such explanation, I will thank him for a better.

WANSTEAD HOUSE.

The ancient manor of Wanstead was granted by Edward VII. to Robert Long Rich, who sold it to the Earl of Leicester. Here Elizabeth's favourite entertained his royal mistress for several days; and here he also solemnized his marriage with his ill-fated wife. Reverting to the crown, King James gave it to Sir Henry Mildmay, who, having been one of the judges of Charles I., it became forfeited. Charles II. gave it to his brother, afterwards James II. who sold it to Sir Robert Brooke, and it soon afterwards was purchased by Sir Joshua Child, who planted a great number of trees in the avenues, leading to the scite of the old mansion. His son Richard, first Earl of Tilney, laid out some extensive grounds in gardens; and, after these were finished, he employed the celebrated Colin Campbell (about 1715) to build the present structure, which is cased with Portland stone, and is upwards of two hundred and sixty feet in length, and seventy feet in depth. It is one of the noblest houses in Europe; and its grand front is thought to be as fine a piece of architecture as any that may be seen in Italy. It consists of two stories, the basement and the state story, and is adorned by a noble portico of six Corinthian pillars. In the tympanum of this portico, (which we ascend by a noble double flight of steps,) are the arms of the Tilney family; and over the door, which leads into the great hall, is a medallion of the architect. The great hall is fifty-three feet by forty-five. On

the ceiling are representations of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, by Kent. In this hall are antique statues of Agrippina and Domitian; four statues of Poetry, Painting, Music, and Architecture; and four vases. The principal apartments on the left of the hall, in the front line of the mansion, are a dining-room and a drawing-room, each twenty-seven feet square, and a bed-room twenty-four feet by twenty feet, all which, with the adjoining closets, are hung with the choicest pictures. The suite of apartments to the right consists chiefly of a dining-room, twenty-five feet square, on the ceiling of which the Seasons are painted; a drawing-room, thirty feet by twenty-five feet, with the story of Jupiter and Semele painted on the ceiling, and an elegant chimney-piece in the centre, on which, in white marble, is an eagle taking up a child (the crest of the Tilney family); and a bed-chamber, twenty-five feet by twenty-two feet. The ball-room, seventy-five feet by twenty-seven feet, extends the whole depth of the house; it is splendidly fitted up with gilt ornaments of all kinds, in the taste of the period when it was built. It is hung with tapestry in two compartments; the subjects are Telemachus and Calypso, and one of the battles of Alexander.

Under the great hall is a noble arcade, from which is an entrance to a dining-parlour, forty feet by thirty-five feet, communicating with a breakfast-room, thirty-two feet by twenty-five. There are, besides these, other apartments upon a scale equally magnificent, and finished in the most appropriate manner. In the avenue, leading from the grand front of the house to Laytonstone, is a circular piece of water, which seems equal to the length of the front. There are no wings to the house, although they were included in the original design. On each side, as you approach the house, is a marble statue: that on the left, Hercules; that on the other, Omphale; and hence to compensate, as it were, for the defect of wings, obelisks and vases extend alternately to the house. The garden front has no portico, but a pediment, enriched with a bas-relief, and supported by six three-quarter columns. From this front is an easy ascent, through a fine vista, to the river Roding, which is formed into canals, and beyond it the walks and wildernesses rise up the hill, as they sloped downward before. Highland-house, an elegant seat built of stone, forms a beautiful termination to the vista. Among other decorations of the garden is a curious grotto. The house was for several years, during the minority of Miss Long, occupied by the emigrants of the royal house of Bourbon. It was customary for the public to be admitted to view this seat on Saturdays only, and it has been inspected with feelings of delight by travellers from all parts of the world who have made a visit to it. Mr. Young, in his 'Six weeks' Tour,' has the following passage:—'Wanstead is one of the noblest houses in England. The magnificence of having four state bed-chambers, with complete apartments to them, and the ball-room, are superior to any thing of the kind in Haughton, Holkham, Blenheim, and Wilton. But each of these houses is superior to this in other particulars; but, to perform a complete palace, something must be taken from all. In respect to elegance of architecture, Wanstead is second to Holkham: what a building would it be were the wings added, according to the first design?'

We are at a loss for words to express our feelings on the sale of this mansion, and of its motley and magnificent furniture. Indignation, pity, and astonishment, by turns take possession of our breasts. The residence of the modern Sardanapalus is about to be waded to the earth: his 'feather' is drooping, never again to stand erect; and the wearer is wandering a fugitive on other shores.

There is something heart-appalling in the view of such a sudden and severe reverse of human nature: but there is something, at the same time, strongly illustrative of the character of an Englishman. Bonaparte said there was 'only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.' This is perhaps a little too frolicsome and skipping. He might more truly have observed, that there was frequently only 'a hop, step, and a jump,' between these two extremes.

Only 'a little month' past, and the master of Wanstead house was perhaps the richest commoner in England. He had married the richest heiress; his equipages were numerous and costly, and his retinue of proportionate extent and splendour. He is now, with this once 'richest heiress,' a quiet inmate of Desaug's hotel at Calais, occupying the apartments usually occupied by the common run of travellers from his own country, while his tokay is transmuted into vin-ordinaire, and his golden fringed Genoa-velvet curtains, are exchanged for the more gossamer texture of muslin and lino. These be sad thoughts: mournful reminiscences: but they speak volumes of instruction. In no country in the world are fortunes made and unmade—won and lost—in so sudden and surprising a manner; as in our own.

This day, a reservoir to save and spare,
The next, a fountain spouting thro' the heir.

So sung Pope—but a more ancient, and a more inspired Bard, sung before him, that 'there be some that put their trust in their goods, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches—and think that their houses shall continue for ever, and that their dwelling places shall endure from one generation to another, and call the lands after their own names;' but other casualties than that of death deprive them of their property, and strip them of their pomp. Thus it hath been with the modern Sardanapalus. It will scarcely be believed, that within the compass of a few years, an annual income of little short of 80,000*l.* should have plunged its proprietor into such a state of necessity and distress, as to cause him to dispose of every thing by PUBLIC AUCTION. House, lands, furniture—pictures, where an ancestry was delineated in yet unfading colours—and cabinet treasures, which had been the gifts of Sovereigns, and of the illustrious in arms, arms, dignity, and hereditary rank and virtue: these, including even the last lingering bottle of what is costly or common in the cellars, are ALL to be swept away, under the hammer of the auctioneer.

TABLE TALK.

I received an invitation to dine with a friend a few days ago; and, as an inducement, I was told, that the party was to consist of Mr. Posy, the poet, Mr. Bombast, the author of certain dramatic pieces, a celebrated Wit, and several other persons of distinction in the literary world. In short, I was prepared to meet a

galaxy of talent, and felt infinitely flattered at being invited to so recherchée a party. During the interval between the invitation and the dinner, I anticipated the amusement I should receive, with no small degree of pleasure, and refreshed my memory with looking over the productions of each of the expected guests, that if the conversation turned to their works, I might be able to take a part in it. This, by laying their various talents before me, impressed me still more with sanguine expectations of the pleasure to be derived from their society, and I went to my friend's house punctually at the appointed hour, prepared to enjoy the 'feast of reason, and the flow of wit, if not of soul.' During the awkward half hour before dinner—that half hour so embarrassing in English society—I eagerly listened to every syllable that escaped the lips of the party; but, alas! I found that your wits and poets are as dull and common-place during this period, as other men, and after the 'severe storms' and 'east winds' had been discussed, in all the modifications of which language would admit, they formed themselves into knots of two and three, and commenced desultory conversation, on the new opera, and the last play; unenlivened by a single stroke of wit; or by any poetical image. At length dinner was announced, and now I expected to be repaid for my previous disappointment. I prepared to treasure up in my memory all the jeux d'esprits and flashes of wit that might escape them, to regale my less recherchés friends on future occasions, and in anticipation enjoyed the applause I should excite. By the time that the third course was placed on the table, and that the wine had circulated pretty briskly, the conversation took a lively turn; and now, thought I, my expectations are about to be realized, but, unfortunately, the two guests most inclined to talk were punsters, and they not only kept up a running fire across the table, but tortured every sentence that was uttered by the rest of the party, into a play on words. Many of the hits were neat and apt, but they gave rise to several execrable puns—as that is a species of wit to which every man thinks he may aspire.

I felt relieved when the party was over, and returned to my home with the sage maxim full in my memory, 'Let no man say hereafter, this shall be a day of happiness.' Having mentioned to several of my acquaintances the party I was to meet, I felt a little ashamed at the defeat of my anticipation, and endeavoured to recall to my mind all the observations that I had heard made, in the hope that I might quote some of them. But after recurring to all that had taken place, I could only remember, that Mr. Posy, the poet, who has so well described rural scenery, declared that he detested the country, which he would never willingly visit, for he agreed with Morris, that

If in the country, in summer you'd dwell,
Take a house on the sweet shady side of Fall Mall.

Mr. Facetious, who has written so eloquently, in praise of society, and who I expected would have been the very life of the one we were in, expressed his ardent passion for solitude; and Mr. — the author of so many admirable comedies, stated his dislike to theatrical representations. In short, there was not a single thing said that might not have been as well expressed by any common-place party, and I felt annoyed, that the anticipations of so many days, had so completely failed of being realized.

I mentioned my disappointment next day to a friend, who made the following observations.—In large towns, conversation is but little known, except in small circles of enlightened persons; for in the generality of parties, people meet determined to shirk, or, to use a simile, each person is determined to fire off a certain number of shots, with which he has provided himself for the occasion; and whether there be game or not, the shots must be fired, and consequently they must often prove random ones. In a party of ten persons, if eight, or say six, out of the number are determined to talk, the result must be, that each wishing to produce his own *Bon-mot*—which is often a-propos to nothing—interrupts his neighbor, who perhaps might be saying something more worthy of being listened to; and half a dozen voices all talking at once, each endeavouring by his loudness to drown the story of his friend, is certainly far from being agreeable. I have often thought, that it would be a good plan, if the guests, before dinner, candidly announced what each, to use a theatrical phrase, had got himself up in; and that they draw lots who should speak, and how many anecdotes or *Bon-mots*, each should give. Puns should be banished, because they are not only disagreeable, but cause an endless display; for once set one guest punning, and, like yawning, it becomes infectious, and you are overwhelmed with a thousand bad attempts at torturing. I will not say playing, on words. If on comparing notes, the company found they had laid in a larger stock of wit than could be disposed of that day, it would be well to agree to an adjournment till a future day, when they might dispose of the remainder. This plan would prevent the annoyance so frequently felt in society, when it appears that the talkers think it likely they may not see each other again for a long time, and therefore are determined to bring into play every story, anecdote, or pun, they know, without ever thinking of the unfortunate hearers, who sit in misery, longing to bring forth their stock.

I always feel an inclination on these occasions to say, Gentlemen, pray be patient and I will give you another field day to fire off your remaining cartridges.

Next to the misery which I have been describing, is that of being compelled to listen to a song which you have heard twenty times sung by the same person, and with the faults of whose voice, ear, and taste you are so well acquainted, that you know every bar where he will fail, as well as every line where there is a point; and you sit in sober sadness, anticipating the misery of both, afraid that the close of one song will be only the prelude to beginning another. And then, to crown the misery, being expected to say, 'how good, how witty, how excellent, &c. &c.' when you are fatigued to death by ennui, and afraid to open your mouth, lest you should yawn.

A HARD CASE.

Some days back a private of the 88th, quartered in Cavan, requested his Commanding Officer to obtain him permission to change into the 44th regiment, now embarking for India.—On being asked his motive for this singular wish, he replied, it was from no dislike to the regiment or his comrades, or his officers, and least of all to his Honour, nor from any partiality to the 44th or to India, "but the truth is, I am married, and I hear my wife is coming to join, I would fain be off first."

MATHEMATICS.

From the "*Traité Élémentaire de Mécanique*, par L. B. Francœur, Professeur aux Lycées de Paris, Examinateur de l'Ecole Impériale Polytechnique, &c. &c. &c."

It is easy now to see how Archimedes resolved the problem of Hiero, King of Syracuse. He was required to determine, without damaging his Majesty's crown, whether it was composed of pure gold; and, if the Jeweller had alloyed it with silver, to assign the ratio of the constituent parts, consisting of the two metals. This problem was then to find the degree of impurity of an ingot composed of gold and silver.

Let 11 and $11'$ be the known ratios of the specific weights of these metals to that of water, f and f' the weights of the mixture in air and in water; then, x and $f - x$ the respective weights of the portions of gold and silver contained in the mixture. Since 11 is the quotient of the weight x of gold divided by the weight of water which it displaces, this last

weight is $= \frac{x}{11}$: in like manner, $\frac{f-x}{11'}$ is that which

the silver displaces. The sum of these quantities is the weight f' of the volume of water displaced by

the mixture; thus, $f' = \frac{x}{11} + \frac{f-x}{11'}$, whence $x =$

$\frac{11(f-f'11')}{11-11'}$. If there had been only gold, we

should have had $11 = \frac{f}{x}$, whence $x = \frac{f}{11}$; it is then

easy to ascertain whether the mixture contained an alloy, or whether it is formed of pure gold. This theory makes no allowance for the apparent penetration which the compound body experiences on account of chemical attraction.

Solution of No. 25, by J. H.

Put x = side of the heptagon in yards; $c = 4840$ the yards in one acre; and $a = 5.633912$ the tab area. Then $\frac{ax^2}{c}$ = the acres enclosed, and $252x =$

the shillings round the heptagon, which per question, is the price of the land enclosed. Now $252x \div$

$\frac{ax^2}{c}$ = price of one acre, and per question, $\frac{11ax^2}{c}$

= the price of one acre.

Hence, $\frac{252x}{\frac{ax^2}{c}} = \frac{11ax^2}{c}$, this reduced gives $x =$

$\left(\frac{252c^2}{11a^2}\right)^{\frac{1}{3}} = 343.80849$ yards, consequently 88.748747 = acres, and 976.236217 shillings, or $\pounds 48-16-2\frac{1}{2}$, the price of one acre.

Question No. 27, by Mr. J. Wilson.

Given $(x-2)y - \sqrt{xy}(y^2-1) = 2y^2 - x$, and $\frac{1}{2}xy = \frac{\sqrt{xy}-12}{xy-18}$, to find the value of x and y .

Question No. 28, by Amicus.

If the sum a be put out at 5 per cent per annum, compound interest, in what time will the last year's interest be equal to the principal?

Question No. 29, by T. B. Juhn.

A person, planting a certain number of trees in a square form, finds that he has 382 trees more than a perfect square, but increasing the side of the square by 6 trees, he then wants 38 trees to complete the square. What was the number of trees?

No correct Solution to No. 19 is yet received, the Author's excepted. Question No. 24 is yet unsolved.

POETRY.

SONG.

Golden bee! for ever sighing,
Round and round my Delia flying,
Ever in attendance near her:
Dost thou really love her, fear her,
Dost thou love her,
Golden bee?

Erring insect! he supposes
That her lips are morning roses:
Breathing sweets from Delia's tresses,
He would probe their fair recesses,
Purest sugar
Is her breast!

Golden bee! for ever sighing,
Ever round my Delia flying;
Is it thou so softly speaking?
Thine the gentle accents breaking,
'Drink I dare not,
Lest I die.'

DERZHAVIN.

WISDOM.

While honouring the grape's ruby nectar,
All sportively, laughingly gay;
We determined—I, Sylvia, and Hector,
To drive old dame Wisdom away.

"O my children, take care," said the baldame,
"Attend to these counsels of mine:
Get not tipsy! for danger is seldom
Remote from the goblet of wine."

"With thee in his company, no man
Can err,"—said our wag with a wink;
"But come, thou good-natured old woman,
There's a drop in the goblet—and drink!"

She frowned—but her scruples soon twisting,
Consented:—and smilingly said:
"So polite—there's indeed no resisting,
For Wisdom was never ill-bred."

She drank, but continued her teaching:
"Let the wise from indulgence refrain,"
And never gave over her preaching,
But to say, "Fill the goblet again."

And she drank, and she totter'd, but still she
Was talking and shaking her head:
Muttered "temperance"—"prudence"—until she
Was carried by Folly* to bed.

DAVIDOF.

* The original has *Love*.

DURING A THUNDER STORM.

It thunders! sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of days! thou speakest from above:
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear Thy awful voice—alarmed—afraid—
I see the flashes of Thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? Up to the sun he flies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And here in error and in darkness lost:
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost
In a poor bark—the sport of destiny,
He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest;—and th' obedient storm is still:
Thou speakest;—silent the submissive wave;
Man's shatter'd ship the rushing waters fill,
And the husht billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compare with Thee,
Life is a shadowy momentary dream:
And time, when view'd with Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

DMITRIEV.

ELEGANT VERSES.

—sadness steals
O'er the defranded heart.—Wordsworth.

Oh weep not for the dead,
For her whose beauty lies
Too deep for sympathies;
For her whose spirit's fled!

Oh weep not, though her form,
Like a young April flow'r,
Was pluck'd up in an hour,
By death's relentless storm!

Weep not because no more
Her mellow tongue will try
Its witching melody,
To charm ye as of yore!

Oh weep not, though her face
Is pale as any stone,
And that for aye is gone
It's vivifying grace!

Oh weep not that her breast,
Which once enraptur'd beat
With its own native heat,
Is in the grave at rest!

Oh weep not that e'en now,
The dew-worm doth unfold
Those ringlets of pure gold,
Which wanton'd on her brow!

Oh weep not that the light
Of her blue laughing eyes,
Charming us like sunrise,
Is chang'd for endless night!

Weep not when ye would seek
For the just op'ning rose—
Now, any where it grows,
Save on her icy cheek!

Weep not that all ye knew
Of loveliness and grace,
Hath vanished from her face,
And stole away like dew!

Weep not when memory brings
The pleasant words she talk'd
When ye together walk'd,
Discoursing sweetest things!

I tell ye not to weep,
But, ah! I feel the tear
Is gathering fastly here!—
What thorns from joy we reap!

My heart is heaving high,
With bitter thoughts oppress;
Peace—wilt thou never rest?
It answers with a sigh!

Well then our tears may flow;
But not that she is gone
Before the golden throne,
With palm, and robe of snow:

No, but that we must stay
From her we lov'd so dear;
And hold on sorrowing here,
Our melancholy way.

EPIGRAM.

You talk of your taste and your talents to me,
And ask my opinion—so don't be offended;
Your taste is as bad as a taste well can be:
And as for your talents—you think they are splendid.

VARIETIES.

Eggs preserved 300 years.—In the wall of a chapel near the Lago Maggiore, built more than 300 years ago, three eggs, imbedded in the mortar of the wall, were found to be quite fresh. It has long been known that bird's eggs brought from America or India, covered with a film of wax, have been hatched in Europe after the wax had been dissolved by alcohol.

Music.—The German Journals announce a brilliant musical discovery. A citizen of Courland, of the name of Hausen, has invented an instrument which he calls *Olympicon*, and which to a rare beauty joins the advantage of compassing all the tones of the violin, bass, violoncello, and the high contralto (Haute-contre.) All who play the piano can perform on the Olympicon, and with it a single person may execute a concert.

A Curate complaining to Fenelon, that after the evening service of Sunday, his parishioners, in spite of his remonstrances, would dance. My dear friend, replied Fenelon, neither you nor I should dance; but let us leave these poor people to dance as they please; *their hours of happiness are not too numerous.*

In the early part of the last century, a Jacobite Publican on the Chester road, was highly provoked at the accession of George the First to the English throne. Hearing that a white horse (the sign suspended over his door) was part of the armorial bearings of the House of Hanover, in the ardor of toryism he immediately changed the white horse to the red lion, and had the following lines painted under his sign; but the new fixture and every window in the house were speedily demolished, by his more loyal and indignant whig neighbours.

The horse has insulted the lion; in fine I could not be easy till I alter'd my sign, And to shew that the English I wholly rely on, I have pull'd down the horse and have put up the lion.

On the 14th of May, between six and seven in the evening, during a thunder shower, there fell at Leipzig such prodigious multitudes of insects, that they covered whole streets. The wind was very strong from the East, from which quarter vast swarms of insects were seen to approach, which fell with the rain in countless heaps. They are dragon flies, and it is inexplicable whence they can have come in such swarms, as there are no marshes near Leipzig on the east side. It was reported among the common people that it had rained locusts.

Strawberries, a Cure for the Gout.—The celebrated Linnæus, when he was forty-three years of age, was subject to such violent attacks of the gout, that they deprived him of sleep and appetite. During the fit, he happened once to eat some strawberries, after which he had a refreshing sleep. The next day he eat, at intervals, a large quantity, and on the second day after was quite recovered, and able to quit his bed. In the summer of the following year he again dispelled attacks of the disease by taking ripe strawberries. The third year the attacks were renewed, but in a slighter degree than in the preceding years. After this, Linnæus never neglected to eat strawberries every summer: his blood seemed to be purified by this means; his countenance was more cheerful, his colour fresher, and he was ever after free from the gout, though he lived to the age of seventy years.

Extraordinary Productiveness of the Orange-trees of St. Michael's.—The oranges of St. Michael are celebrated for their fine flavour, and abundant sweet juice; when left to ripen on the trees, they are inferior to none in the world. The lemons have less juice than those of some other countries, and the demand for them is inconsiderable. The orange and lemon trees blossom in the months of February and March. At this time, the glossy green of the old leaves, the light, fresh tints of those just shooting forth, the brilliant yellow of the ripe fruit, and the delicate white and purple of the flower, are finely contrasted with each other, presenting one of the most beautiful sights imaginable. The trees generally attain the height of fifteen or twenty feet. The usual produce of a good tree, in common years, is from 6000 to 8000 oranges or lemons. Some instances of uncommon productiveness have occurred; a few years since, 26,000 oranges were obtained from one tree, and 29,000 have been gathered from another. These quantities have never been exceeded. —Dr. Webster.

Method of rendering Cloth incombustible.—M. Gay Lussac has found, that the most effectual solutions for rendering cloth incombustible, are solutions of *sulphate, phosphate, and borate of ammonia*, with borax, and also some mixtures of these salts. M. Merat Guillot, of Auxerres, has shewn, that the acidulous phosphate of lime possesses the same property. When linen, muslin, wood, or paper, are dipped in a solution of that salt, of the specific gravity of from 1.26 to 1.80, they become completely incombustible. They may be charred by an intense heat, but they will not burn.

Cyrano de Bergerac had a remarkably long nose and was very near sighted. As is common with persons who possess the latter infirmity, he had a habit of poking his nose very near any object he wished to look at. He was one day at the Tuileries standing behind Bussy de Rabutin, who was playing at cards, and having annoyed him much with this practice, Bussy at length took out his pocket handkerchief, and the next time de Bergerac's nose came over his shoulder he laid hold of it and gave it a tremendous squeeze. Cyrano was highly indignant, but Bussy appeased him by saying, "I assure you I thought it was my own nose which I was blowing."

Mr. J.—k—ll, upon whom more witticisms have been fathered than he ever uttered, is said to have given a summary of the Barons of the Ex—ch—r in a few words. "R—ds" said he, is a lawyer and a gentleman. W—d is a lawyer but no gentleman. G—m is a gentleman but no lawyer, and G—w, though a very clever man, is neither a lawyer nor a gentleman." When the Barons sate in Gray's Inn they had curtains put up at the doors, in consequence of the severity of the weather and the admission of the cold air. J—k—ll upon seeing them, said it was an unnecessary luxury; he thought the old gentlemen might sleep without curtains.

We recommend the following passage to the notice of our *Esquites* of the present day:—

Many of Lord Chesterfield's maxims would make a young man a mere man of pleasure; but an English gentleman should not be a mere man of pleasure. He has no right to such selfish indulgence. His case, his leisure, his opulence, are debts due to his country, which he must ever stand ready to discharge. He should be a man at all points; simple, frank, courteous, intelligent, accomplished, and informed; upright, intrepid, and disinterested; one that can mingle among freemen; that can cope with statesmen; that can champion his country and its rights either at home or abroad. In a country like England, where there is such free and unbounded scope for the exertion of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people, every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel himself bound to employ himself in some way towards promoting the prosperity or glory of the nation. In a country where intellect and action are trammelled and restrained, men of rank and fortune may become idlers and triflers with impunity; but an English coxcomb is inexcusable; and this, perhaps, is the reason why he is the most offensive and insupportable coxcomb in the world.

A gentleman makes, in an account of his travels on the Continent, the following remarks on an execution he witnessed, in which the culprit was beheaded by the guillotine:—"It appears," says he, "to be the best of all possible modes of inflicting the punishment of death, combining the greatest impression on the spectator, with the least possible suffering to the victim. It is so rapid, that I should doubt whether there was any suffering; but from the expression of the countenance, when the executioner held up the head, I am inclined to think that sense and consciousness may remain for a few seconds after the head is off! The eyes seemed to retain speculation for a moment or two, and there was a look in the ghastly stare with which they glared upon the crowd, which implied that the head was aware of its ignominious situation. And, indeed, however extraordinary this may appear, there is nothing improbable in the supposition, for in all injuries of the spine, whereby a

communication with the sensorium is cut off, it is the parts below the injury which are deprived of sensation, while those above retain their sensibility. And so in the case of decapitation, the nerves of the face and eyes may for a short time continue to convey impressions to the brain, in spite of the separation from the trunk."

Singular agreement between the names of celebrated Painters, and the subjects executed by them.—

A view on the sea coast	by Sir W. Beechey
Poultry Feeding	Capon.
Siege of Troy	Ten-iers.
Copy of Sir J. Reynolds's Laughing Girl	Smirke.
Riots at Covent Garden Theatre	O-pie.
Study of a Skull	Bone.
Game	Bird.
Pigs	Bacon.
Gathering Hemp	Flax-man.
View near Windsor	Eaton.
The Unmerited Correction	How-ard.
Moor Game	Heath.
Portrait of Myself	Mee.
Knife Grinder	Hone.
The Forge	Anker-smith
Burning Heretics	Pope.
View on the Coast	Hastings.
Cats Quarrelling	Claude.
Cross Road and Fingerpost	Guid-o.
Portrait of a Giant	Bigg.
Portrait of a Man of Fashion	Back.

Elephant.—There are some facts recorded of the Elephant, that one scarcely knows how to reconcile to mere instinct, if the facts be authentic. I have heard the late Sir George Staunton say, that when General Meadows reviewed four war Elephants that had been sent from Ceylon to Madras, to assist in getting the British artillery through the *gums*, a very extraordinary circumstance took place. The war Elephant, it is well known, is trained to perform the grand Salam, which is done by falling on the first joint of the fore leg, at a certain signal. The largest of the four Elephants was particularly noticed by the General, as being terribly out of condition; the keeper was ordered up to explain the cause, and was in the act of doing this to the General, when the Elephant advanced a few steps out of the line, and with one stroke of his proboscis laid his keeper dead at his feet. He then retired back again into his position, and performed the grand *salam*. This circumstance excited considerable alarm, when the wife of the keeper ran up to his dead body, and in a broken sort of exclamation, cried out that she was always afraid something of this sort would happen, as he was constantly in the habit of robbing that Elephant of his rations of rice, by taking them away from his crib after they had been served out to him, under the inspection of his superior.—*Lacon*.

The Meeting of two Friends, by the Chev. de B.—Two friends, who had not seen each other for a long time, met at the Exchange. "How are you," said one of them. "Not very well," said the other. "So much the worse; what have you been doing since I saw you last?" "I have been married." "So much the better." "Not so much the better; for I married a bad wife." "So much the worse." "Not so much the worse, for her dowry was 2000 Louis." "So much the better." "Not so much the better: for I laid out a part of that sum in sheep, which have all died of the rot." "So much the worse." "Not so much the worse; because the sale of their skins has brought me more than the price of the sheep." "So much the better." "Not so much the better; for the house in which I had deposited the sheep-skins, and the money has just been burned." "Oh, so much the worse." "Not so much the worse; for my wife was within."

The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities in the annals of the human mind. Abdalmalek, one of the *khalifs* of the race of Omniades, was surnamed, by way of sarcasm, *Rasch al Hegiarat*, that is, 'the skinner of a flint'; and to this day we call an avaricious man a *skin-fist*.

SCRAPIANA.

No. V.

From the common-place book of a Clergyman who flourished in Lancashire at the beginning of the 18th century.

Errors like fish must be eaten fresh, and now or they'll stink.

England conquered (1) by Romans, (2) Picts, (3) Saxons, (4) Danes, (5) Normans. Oft enough.

Equivocation, Jesuits sheers.

Ex oculo, loculo, poculo cognoscitur Homo.

Episcopi et Presbyteri una est ordinatio. Hilary.

Epicurus seemed to condemn God and Death, and yet no man feared more either ye one or ye other.

Tully.

Expiation-day under ye law a day of mourning, and yet ye Jubilee proclaimed on it.

Every path bath a puddle.

Empty purse pleads performance of covenants.

Every wise man cannot make a watch.

Every error makes not a false teacher.

Envy seeks the injury of another, against man's own vindication.

Errors are either (1) *Præter fundamentum*, (2) *Circa fundamentum*, vel (3) *Contra fundamentum*.

Enough is as good as a feast,—better than a surfeit.

Ebrietas est blandus Dæmon, quam qui habet seipsum non habet: est voluntaria insaniam, Seneca.

Experience seldom quits ye coast. Scotch Prov.

Every one cannot dwell at Rotheras.

Errores mortalium Epulæ demonum.

Envy the devil's eye, hypocrisy his cloven-foot.

Equitans in arandis longæ.

Ex oleæ semine, non fit nisi oleaster. Aug.

Ex nihilo, nil posse reverti.

Error is a spiritual bastard, ye Devil is ye father.

Pride ye mother.

Every man's passing bell hangs in his own steeple.

Every part of speech in this one verse;

"Vas tibi ridenti, quia mox post gaudia flebis."

Ecclesia nunquam moritur, sed Ecclesiastici tantum.

Edward, a Saxon name.

Epha contained half a bushel and a pottle.

England once ye Pope's packhorse, I hope it will never be so more: O fac Domine quæso.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry. By Allan Cunningham.

A New School Work on Roman Antiquities. By Dr. Irving.

A second volume of Table Talk. By Mr. Haslitt. Memoirs of George Heriot, Jeweller to King James the Sixth, with some account of the Hospital founded by him at Edinburgh.

Mr. James Parkinson, author of "Organic Remains of a former World," has in the press, An Introduction to the Study of Fossils, in a compilation of such information as may assist the student in obtaining the necessary knowledge respecting these substances, and their connection with the formation of the earth.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loango, as in 1790.—(Continued from our last.)

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the Letters to Mungo Park, &c.

Turtle.—There is a species of black turtle in the Congo, weighing about sixty-five pounds without the shell. It has a longer neck than the sea-turtle, with a long slender tail, and an ugly rough skin. It is thought excellent food by the natives and the French. This may be true enough, notwithstanding its disgusting appearance; but every one knows that the latter are not very nice in the choice of their viands; provided they will enter into the composition of a Fricassee or Ragout.

Crocodiles.—These are very numerous in the river; and the natives say voracious; but they do not seem to dread them; on the contrary, I have observed people bathing where crocodiles were swimming a short time before. They may be seen every hour of the day, sunning themselves upon the sand-banks. They appear, however, to be of a smaller species, and not so numerous, as at Old Callabar, where they commonly pass the shipping like large grey logs of timber, and are there so bold that they frequently seize people in the small canoes. In Old Callabar River, I once observed a crocodile swimming with a large Catfish in its mouth, to the opposite shore. It held the fish by the head; whilst the body was thrown into a perpendicular position. I watched it with the spy-glass until it had dragged the fish upon the mud-bank, and commenced its meal. A party armed with muskets was then despatched from the ship, to kill it, but on the approach of the boat, it retreated to the water with the fish in its mouth. From this I am induced to think that the crocodile cannot devour its prey in the water.

Seebisee.—Upon the low islands in the river, a small animal resembling a rat, but much larger, is found. It has two long cutting teeth before, and is covered with bristles like those of a hedge-hog. It burrows in the sandy soil. The natives, who call it Seebisee, and the French, esteem its flesh a great delicacy. Unfortunately, however, we recollect, that Frenchmen pay the same encomiums on rats and frogs. Nay, they go further, for I have frequently seen Carriens exposed to sale in the country markets of Brittany.

Bats.—There is a large species of bat, measuring thirty-four inches between the wings, when extended, and ten inches from the nose to the tail. It harbours about the Palmetto trees, and lives upon the fruit, which is about the size of a large Orange, but not eaten by the natives. I have seen some hundreds of these bats fly out from a single tree; and, when on the wing, they appear as large as Crows. They are very fierce and vicious when wounded.

Frogs.—During the night, the banks of the Congo, in the neighbourhood of Embomma, are perfectly alive with innumerable numbers of Frogs, and other noisy reptiles, which keep up an incessant croaking until morning. They are, I suppose, what is called the Bull Frog.

Boa Constrictor.—Once when lying in the river, and hearing an unusual noise overhead, I hastened upon deck. The natives, of whom a number were on board, were calling out *Bomma! Bomma!* Those on shore were running from the landing-place in the greatest terror. The cause of this alarm explained

itself. A large Snake was floating close past the vessel. It was a Boa Constrictor. I immediately manned the yawl, and went in pursuit, foolishly thinking that if I could but fix a harpoon into it, the force of the current would prevent its boarding the boat. Imagining it to be asleep, I approached slowly, to have an opportunity of striking it to the best advantage, but soon discovered that it was dead. I hooked it with the harpoon, and drew it alongside; but when on deck, the stench was so intolerable, that we were obliged to throw it overboard. It was quite flaccid; and, although the entrails were out, the diameter of the body in that state was nine inches. The extremities had been cut off, and only fourteen feet of the trunk left; but as this part tapered nothing at either end, we may reasonably conclude that the whole body was at least three times that length. Here, then, is a Snake fifty feet long, and almost a foot in diameter! Its probable dimensions need not surprise us,—there are so many well-authenticated accounts of the enormous size to which these reptiles attain! The natives spoke of this as a very small one! The skin was a quarter of an inch thick; and had beneath it a deep layer of fat. It was covered with large serrated black and dusky coloured spots across the back. The belly was white.

The Autumnal Conflagrations frequently prove destructive to the Boa Constrictor, especially when gorged with its prey; and it is only then that the natives dare attack it with any hopes of success. At other times it will make a whole village fly before it. Its name in the Loango tongue is *Bomma*, whence *Embomma*.

Birds.—*Loxia*, or *Whisker Birds*.—There are vast numbers of these in Loango. They are about the size of a bullfinch, and are marked like that bird on the wings. The feathers of the tail, which is about five times the length of the body, are beautifully arched, and have a fine gloss. The Portuguese, by whom they are called *Humpasara chamada veuva*, prize them highly for their beauty, and keep them in cages in their houses, where I have often seen them.—*Boolicoco*.—Some travellers have asserted, that Angola abounds with Peacocks, which are inclosed within high walls for the king's amusement; and that none of the natives dare kill them. These, I suspect, are the Boolicoco of Angola, a very beautiful bird; but to what species it belongs, I know not. It has neither the scream of the Peacock, nor his train. It is about the size of a pheasant,—very wild,—and numerous. The name Boolicoco, is derived from its note, *coc-coc-coc*. The back and wings are of a light green,—the breast, and the large feathers of the wing, are brown,—the bill, red and yellow; the tail is long, and covered with transverse bars of green, black, and yellow; but without moons: it has, however, the crest of the peacock.—

Pigeons. Loango can boast of a great variety of Pigeons of all colours; some are green, so that they cannot be distinguished from the leaves among which they conceal themselves. They are frequently so fat, as to burst when brought down by a shot.—*Manquansa*. This bird is about the size of a turtle-dove, and of most exquisite beauty. The bloom on its gorget, when distended like that of the pigeon, varies from a flaming purple to an intense blue, according to the light in which it is viewed. They are to be seen in large flocks, hovering near the fishing parties. It is, I believe, the Blue Roller of the Leverian collection.—*Pelican*. The Pelicans of Congo, which are the

largest of the kind that I have seen, keep together in flocks of many thousands. They are quite unpalatable, from their rank fishy taste. I have sometimes shot them, and stuffed their skins; but owing to a superabundance of oleaginous matter, and the warm weather, they could not be preserved. The wings, when stretched, measure ten feet from tip to tip.—**Parrots.** Every morning, the Parrots leave their roosting places in large flocks, in search of food, and return in the evening. A confused noise denotes their flight. They nestle in societies on the large cotton-trees, and it was no uncommon thing to see upon one tree alone, upwards of an hundred nests. These are generally scooped out of the bark, which is very thick and easily penetrated.—*Cocoi Enquela*. This is a green Parrot not larger than a sparrow,—a very pretty bird.—*Toucan*. There is a species of Toucan in the woods, about the size of a magpie, with a monstrous protuberance upon the upper mandible. I believe it is the *Ramphastos* described by naturalists.—*Flamingo*. The brilliant scarlet plumage of this bird produces a beautiful effect in a flock: the length of its legs, however, gives it rather an awkward appearance on dry ground; but these, and its long neck, are absolutely necessary for procuring its food, which it searches for amongst reeds, in marshy grounds, and in pools of water. The form of the upper bill is well calculated for assisting it in this operation. When flying, the whole bird exhibits the form of a cross, whence the Spaniards and Portuguese call it the Bird of Christ, and therefore will not suffer it to be molested in their territories. The islands and sand-banks of the river are frequented by vast flocks of Flamingos, Muscovy ducks, plovers, coots, curlews, water-hens, &c.—*Owl*. Among others, there is a small Horned Owl, about the size of a osnary,—a very singular little bird.—*Swallows*. Great numbers of these frequent Congo in September. They are much larger than those which visit Britain; but whether they migrate, or remain in some part of the country throughout the year, I could not ascertain.

There is a small blue bird about the size of a linnet, which, from its social habits, deserves to be mentioned. It nestles in whole flocks upon a dwarf bushy tree, and I have sometimes counted to the number of five hundred nests upon a single tree. One is apt at first sight to mistake them for fruit.

(To be continued.)

LOVE CHARMS!

FROM MR. WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.

—Come, do not weep, my girl,
Forget him, pretty pensive; there will
Come others, every day, as good as he.

SIR J. SKEELING.

'The approach of a wedding in a family is always an event of great importance, but particularly so in a household like this, in a retired part of the country. Master Simba, who is a pervading spirit, and, through means of the butler and housekeeper, knows every thing that goes forward, tells me that the maid-servants are continually trying their fortunes, and that the servants'-hall has of late been quite a scene of incantation.

'It is amusing to notice how the oddities of the head of a family flow down through all the branches. The squire, in the indulgence of his love of every thing that smacks of old times, has held so many grave conversations with the parson at table; about popular superstitions and traditional rites, that they have been carried from the parlour to the kitchen by

the listening domestics, and, being apparently sanctioned by such high authority, the whole house has become infected by them.

The servants are all versed in the common modes of trying luck, and the charms to ensure constancy. They read their fortunes by drawing strokes in the ashes, or by repeating a form of words, and looking in a pail of water. St. Mark's eve, I am told, was a busy time with them; being an appointed night for certain mystic ceremonies. Several of them sowed hemp-seed to be reaped by their true lovers; and they even ventured upon the solemn and fearful preparation of the dumb-cake. This must be done fasting, and in silence. The ingredients are handed down in traditional form: "An eggshell full of salt, an eggshell full of malt, and an eggshell full of barley-meal." When the cake is ready, it is put upon a pan over the fire, and the future husband will appear; turn the cake, and retire; but if a word is spoken, or a fast is broken, during this awful ceremony, there is no knowing what horrible consequences would ensue!

The experiments, in the present instance, came to no result; they that sowed the hemp-seed forgot the magic rhyme that they were to pronounce, so the true lover never appeared; and as to the dumb-cake, what between the awful stillness they had to keep, and the awfulness of the midnight hour, their hearts failed them when they had put the cake in the pan; so that, on the striking of the great house-clock in the servants' hall, they were seized with a sudden panic, and ran out of the room, to which they did not return until morning, when they found the mystic cake burnt to a cinder.

The most persevering at these spells, however, is Phoebe Wilkins, the house-keeper's niece. As she is a kind of privileged personage, and rather idle, she has more time to occupy herself with these matters. She has always had her head full of love and matrimony. She knows the dream-book by heart, and is quite an oracle among the little girls of the family, who always come to her to interpret their dreams in the mornings.

During the present gaiety of the house, however, the poor girl has worn a face full of trouble; and, to use the house-keeper's words, "has fallen into a sad hystericky way lately." It seems that she was born and brought up in the village, where her father was pariah-clerk, and she was an early playmate and sweet-heart of young Jack Tibbets. Since she has come to live at the Hall, however, her head has been a little turned. Being very pretty and naturally genteel, she has been much noticed and indulged; and being the house-keeper's niece, she has held an equivocal station between a servant and a companion. She has learnt something of fashions and notions among the young ladies, which have effected quite a metamorphosis; inasmuch that her smock at church on Sundays has given mortal offence to her former intimates in the village. This has occasioned the misrepresentations which have awakened the implacable family pride of Dame Tibbets. But what is worse, Phoebe, having a spice of coquetry in her disposition, showed it on one or two occasions to her lover, which produced a downright quarrel; and Jack, being very proud and fiery, has absolutely turned his back upon her for several successive Sundays.

The poor girl is full of sorrow and repentance, and would fain make up with her lover; but he feels his security, and stands aloof. In this he is doubtless encouraged by his mother, who is continually reminding him what he owes to his family; for this same family pride seems doomed to be the eternal bane of lovers.

As I hate to see a pretty face in trouble, I have felt quite concerned for the luckless Phoebe, ever since I heard her story. It is a sad thing to be thwarted in love at any time, but particularly so at this tender season of the year, when every living thing, even to the very butterfly, is sporting with his mate; and the green fields, and the budding groves, and the singing of the birds, and the sweet smell of the flowers, are enough to turn the head of a love-sick girl. I am told that the coolness of young Ready-money lies very heavy at poor Phoebe's

heart. Instead of singing about the house as formerly, she goes about pale and sighing, and is apt to break into tears when her companions are full of merriment.

Mrs. Hannah, the vestal gentlewoman of my Lady Lillycraft, has had long talks and walks with Phoebe, up and down the avenue, of an evening; and has endeavored to squeeze some of her own verjuice into the other's misty nature. She speaks with contempt and abhorrence of the whole sex, and advises Phoebe to despise all the men as heartily as she does. But Phoebe's loving temper is not to be crowded; she has no such thing as hatred or contempt for mankind in her whole composition. She has all the simple fondness of heart of poor, weak, loving woman; and her only thoughts at present are, how to conciliate and reclaim her wayward swain.

The spells and love-charms, which are matters of sport to the other domestics, are serious concerns with this love-stricken damsel. She is continually trying her fortune in a variety of ways. I am told that she has absolutely fasted for six Wednesdays and three Fridays successively, having understood that it was a sovereign charm to ensure being married to one's liking within the year. She carries about, also, a lock of her sweetheart's hair, and a riband he once gave her, being a mode of producing constancy in a lover. She even went so far as to try her fortune by the moon, which has always had much to do with lovers' dreams and fancies. For this purpose she went out in the night of the full moon, knelt on a stone in the meadow, and repeated the old traditional rhyme:—

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee;
I pray thee, good moon, now show to me
The youth who my future husband shall be."

When she came back to the house, she was faint and pale, and went immediately to bed. The next morning she told the porter's wife that she had seen some one else by the hedge in the meadow, which she was sure was young Tibbets; at any rate, she had dreamt of him all night; both of which, the old dame assured her, were most happy signs. It has since turned out that the person in the meadow was old Christy, the huntsman, who was walking his nightly rounds with the great stag-hound; so that Phoebe's faith in the charm is completely shaken.

A VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

"I am a rogue if I do not think I was designed for the helm of state; I am so full of nimble stratagems, that I should have ordered affairs, and carried it against the stream of a faction, with as much ease as a skipper would laver against the wind."

THE GOSSIPS.

In one of my visits to the village with Master Simon, he proposed that we should stop at the inn, which he wished to shew me, as a specimen of a real country inn, the head quarters of village gossip. I had remarked it before, in my perambulations about the place. It has a deep old-fashioned porch, leading into a large hall, which serves for tap-room and travellers'-room; having a wide fire-place, with high backed settles on each side, where the whores of the village gossip over their ale, and hold their sessions during the long winter evenings. The landlord is an easy indolent fellow, shaped a little like one of his own beer barrels, and is apt to stand gossiping at his door, with his wig on one side, and his hands in his pockets, whilst his wife and daughters attend to customers. His wife, however, is fully competent to manage the establishment; and, indeed, from long habitude, rules over all the frequenters of the tap-room as completely as if they were her dependants instead of her patrons. Not a veteran scabber but pays homage to her, having, no doubt, been often in her arrears. I have already hinted that she is on very good terms with Ready-money Jack. He was a sweetheart of her's in early life, and has always countenanced the tavern on her account. Indeed, he is quite the "cock of the walk" at the tap-room.

As we approached the inn, we heard some one talking with great volubility, and distinguishing the ominous words "taxes," "poor's rates," and "agricultural distress." It proved to be a thin loquacious fellow, who had perched the landlord up in one corner of the porch, with his hands in his pockets as usual, listening with an air of the most vacant acquiescence.

The sight seemed to have a curious effect on Master Simon, as he squeezed my arm, and altering his course, sheeted-wide of the porch, as though he had not any idea of entering. This evident evasion induced me to notice the orator more particularly. He was meagre, but active in his make, with a long, pale, bilious face; a black beard, so ill-shaven as to bloody his shirt-collar, a feverish eye, and a hat sharpened up at the sides, into a most pragmatical shape. He had a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be commenting on its contents, to the thorough conviction of mine host.

At sight of Master Simon the landlord was evidently a little flurried, and began to rub his hands, edge away from his corner, and make several profound publican bows; while the orator took no other notice of my companion than to talk rather louder than before, and with, as I thought, something of an air of defiance. Master Simon, however, as I have before said, sheered off from the porch, and passed on, pressing my arm within his, and whispering as we got by, in a tone of awe and horror,

"That's a radical! he reads Cobbett!"
I endeavored to get a more particular account of him from my companion, but he seemed unwilling even to talk about him, answering only in general terms, that he was "a cursed busy fellow," that had a confounded trick of talking, and was apt to bother one about the national debt, and such nonsense; from which I suspected that Master Simon had been rendered wary of him by some accidental encounter on the field of argument; for these radicals are continually roving about in quest of wordy warfare, and never so happy as when they can tilt a gentleman logician out of his saddle.

On subsequent inquiry my suspicions have been confirmed. I find the radical has but recently found his way into the village, where he threatens to commit fearful devastations with his doctrines. He has already made two or three complete converts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of several others; and has grievously puzzled the brains of many of the oldest villagers, who had never thought about politics, or scarce any thing else, during their whole lives.

He is lean and meagre from the constant restlessness of mind and body; worrying about with newspapers and pamphlets in his pockets, which he is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has shocked several of the staunchest villagers by talking lightly of the squire and his family, and hinting that it would be better the park should be cut up into small farms and kitchen-gardens, or feed good mutton instead of worthless deer.

He is a great thorn in the side of the squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but he has been very much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and heresies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter has taken complete command at the tap-room of the tavern, not so much because he has convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old-established offices. The apothecary, with all his philosophy, was as naught before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to be convinced and converted the other way by the next person with whom he talks. It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlady, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the king, Master Simon, and the squire. She now and then comes out upon the reformer with all the fierceness of a cat-o'-mountain, and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such "low-lived politics." What

makes the good woman the more violent, is the perfect coolness with which the radical listens to her attacks, drawing his face up into a provoking supercilious smile; and, when she has talked herself out of breath, quietly asking her for a taste of her home-brewed.

The only person that is in any way a match for this redoubtable politician is Ready-money Jack Tibbets, who maintains his stand in the tap-room, in defiance of the radical and all his works. Jack is one of the most loyal men in the country, without being able to reason about the matter. He has that admirable quality for a tough arguer, also, that he never knows when he is beat. He has half a dozen old maxims, which he advances on all occasions, and though his antagonist may overturn them never so often, yet he always brings them anew to the field. He is like the robber in Ariosto, who, though his head might be cut off half a hundred times, yet whipped it on his shoulders again in a twinkling, and returned as sound a man as ever to the charge.

Whatever does not square with Jack's simple and obvious creed, he sets down for "French politics;" for, notwithstanding the peace, he cannot be persuaded that the French are not still laying plots to ruin the nation, and to get hold of the Bank of England. The radical attempted to overwhelm him one day by a long passage from a newspaper; but Jack neither reads nor believes in newspapers. In reply, he gave him one of the stanzas which he has by heart from his favourite, and, indeed, only author, old Tusser, and which he calls his Golden Rules:—

"Leave princes' affairs undescanted on,
And 'tend to such doings as stand thee upon;
Fear God, and offend not the king nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws."

When Tibbets had pronounced this with great emphasis, he pulled out a well-filled leathern purse, took out a handful of gold and silver, paid his score at the bar with great punctuality, returned his money, piece by piece, into his purse, his purse into his pocket, which he buttoned up; and then, giving his cudgel a stout thump upon the floor, and bidding the radical "good morning, Sir!" with the tone of a man who conceives he has completely done for his antagonist, he walked with lion-like gravity out of the house. Two or three of Jack's admirers who were present, and had been afraid to take the field themselves, looked upon this as a perfect triumph, and winked at each other when the radical's back was turned. "Ay, ay!" said mine host, as soon as the radical was out of hearing, "let old Jack alone; I'll warrant he'll give him his own!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

A BOTANICAL GARDEN.

Ridicule has been ridiculously called the test of truth.
J. H. TOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Whatever may be the opinion of my opponent, I certainly have not time to enter into a regular controversy upon the subject of the proposed Botanical Garden. Nor, indeed, were my leisure more abundant, should I feel any inclination to enter the lists with a writer, who seems willing to ridicule a suggestion, against which his objections, if placed in a fair and candid point of view, would appear very trifling.

I trust that the subject will soon be taken under the protection of some one in every respect more competent than myself, to do it justice. A botanical garden has, certainly, been much spoken of, and long desired, among the higher classes of persons in Manchester.

The study of botany is not only interesting but useful: and it is, in my opinion, very desirable that, in a place like Manchester, the study should be promoted, by the doing of something, which might increase a taste for the science.

Notwithstanding the raillery of my opponent, there is, I think, no science more suitable for the fair sex than botany. It has been erroneously repre-

sented as a dirty pursuit; and I am sure it is healthy, as it is connected with exercise in the open air. To watch the growth of a floweret, or to point out its characteristic peculiarities, is surely a harmless and interesting amusement for the leisure hours of either sex; but when the attention is directed to the culinary and medicinal properties of herbs, the occupation must then be allowed to be of substantial utility.

But it is not my wish to be particularly urgent on this occasion. I have only given publicity to an idea which has often been favourably talked of in private circles. I should be glad to do any thing in my power to assist in the establishment and support of such an institution as the one proposed; but neither my habits, nor my circumstances, render me a fit person to come forward to open the subscription, and to draw forth, by my example, the subscriptions of others. I hope, however, that the proposal will soon meet with a suitable patron; and, it would give me pleasure to see my opponent, who I suspect can think rationally in his graver moments, exerting his talents in favour of the establishment which he, in an idle moment, has thought proper to oppose.

A BOTANIST.

Manchester, June 17, 1832.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A few pages entitled "The Assassin Actor" lately attracted my attention, and every line is, in my opinion, clearly identified with the characters of the individuals who are said to be the authors.—An obscure theory issuing from a brain evidently labouring under the efforts of inebriation and despairing rivalry, cannot leave a doubt as to one; whilst "shreds and patches" profusely interwoven, as unequivocally point to another. The composition is altogether scornful and contemptible—a disgrace to the writers, and affording no compliment to the taste, principle, or any other quality, save the patience of readers. In fact, no disinterested man, on dipping into the "Assassin Actor," and observing the writers' digression merely to stigmatize persons of the first respectability, can for a moment forbear expressing his unqualified indignation. Talent is ridiculed, discriminative patronage is insulted, and integrity and honourable conduct are degraded and maligned.

A practitioner of talent, ability, and established reputation is thus spoken of:—

"There's one I know, whose wisdom must be subtle,
Because in early life he threw the shuttle,
Handled his legs and arms, and work'd 'd so hard,
He got advanced to H——'s stable yard;
But Dr. H—— was kind enough ere long,
To place the lad his pretences among;
To do odd jobs, make physic up, or so—
Go errands, and do what there was to do;
Next starts as doctor, and as you may see,
He gets appointed to the Infirmary;
And now his carriage rolls," &c.

The third gentleman calumniated, is one whose practice the writer envies, and in which he longs to participate; whilst common people select according to ability and character, this writer urges a different cause for preference—

"Another too, who lords it up and down,
Could spin fine hanks as any in the town;
But when his spinning upon his purse too nice,
Turns surgeon, and man-midwife, in a trice;
And in less time than I now bend this twig,
Sets up his horse, and farms it in his gig,
Turns up his nose, with sanctity profound
At those whose learning cost them many a pound!"

"Learning," when exemplified in a sober, diligent, honourable life, is sure to lead to extensive, respectable practice; but dissipation at once disqualifies a man, (however "learned") for medical business. Who would swallow a medicine prepared, or submit to an operation to be performed, by a drunkard?

Thousands and thousands of pounds have been expended in endeavouring to drive learning and common sense into heads which never have been, nor ever will be, any other than block-heads—but, forsooth, because of those ill-spent pounds we are to give a preference to dissipated boobies, and that too in the most important services!

Talent, diligence, and honourable character will ever advance their possessors, even though they never passed a college; and, amongst the most cele-

brated names in the entire range of medical biography, will be found those of men who relinquished other avocations for that of physic; in the present instance, the well-known medical characters, so basely calumniated, have an envious—a noble distinction. To class these respectable individuals with persons who subsist by chicanery and delusion, can only be the malignant act of

"Some loons'd quacks, who may have pass'd the college,
Yet still possess NO SENSE, NO BRAINS, NO KNOWLEDGE."

The title-page admits of one just, necessary, and peculiarly appropriate addition, viz:—

By "ASSASSIN" WRITERS!!

VINDEX.

Manchester, June 18, 1832.

THE REV. J. J. TAYLOR, A. B. respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he will resume his Instructions in Classics, History, Belles Lettres, &c. on Monday, 3th of August.

No. 7, Dickinson-street.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged by the remarks of our correspondent, W. M. L.—His observations, however, on the solution of No. 20, are not, we think, quite correct.—If, as is often the case, 10.00 be used for 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ the result will evidently be as Mr. Wilson has given it.—Mr. W. M. L.—'s Solutions of No. 20, 21, and 22, did not come to hand.

Communications have been received from Castigator.—Laura.—Water.—F.—Asot.—Irishpils.—Bobby.—Z. A.—Oscar Withers.—Quin, and several others.

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The Manchester Iris;

Or, Literary and



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Advertisements.—The last column of the Iris is open to such advertisements only as are of a Literary or Scientific nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1822.

PRICE 3^d.

FOR THE IRIS.

"THE CLUB."

No. XI.—FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1822.

To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
And every gentle care-gliding art,
To raise the virtue, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity, and praise.

THOMSON.

THE Schoolmaster, who sometimes tires as well as edifies, the rest of the members, when he is expatiating upon his favourite sciences, was just finishing some very detailed observations on the phenomenon of the horizontal moon. "You now see, gentlemen," said he, "that the moon appears larger in the horizon than on the meridian; not because it is less bright in one case than in the other, as was the opinion of Gassendus;—not because we can compare it with the distance, by means of the intermediate objects, as was supposed by Descartes;—not because of its greater faintness in its decline, as was contended by the subtle Berkley; nor yet because the portion of the sky seen in one case does not seem to be an entire hemisphere, as was conjectured by Rowning, and maintained by Smith: but because, gentlemen, as I think I have proved to you, the rays of the luminary, when it is placed in the horizon, have to pass obliquely, through a large portion of our dense atmosphere. I believe I should never have been able to bring my theory to its present state, had I not been assisted in the calculations which I have instituted, by the admirable work of Agnesia."

"Hark ye," cried the widower, laughing, "our friend cannot even talk of science, without introducing these women! They always assist him, or rather confuse him, on every subject. If this Agnesia had not been a woman, I suppose her work would not have lived long enough to be cited by our President, and I am sure he would not, himself, have studied it with so much attention."

The old gentleman, did not seem altogether pleased with his friend's jocularly, which he appeared to think ill-timed. "The genius of Agnesia," said he, "has hardly ever been surpassed in any age or country; and this lady has justly acquired, by her publications on the abstract sciences, a fame which will reach the latest posterity."

"I am no great admirer of learned ladies," retorted the widower. "A female has learned quite enough, in my opinion, when she is able to read Mrs. Raval's cookery, or, at farthest, when she can copy any useful receipt which may be pointed out to her in a newspaper. Nature did not form the female intellect for study, and a woman is always a truant from more suitable occupations, when she appears in the walks of literature. While she is solving a problem in Euclid, she may be spoiling a dumpling, or while she is scanning a line in an antient classic, she may burn out the bottom of a sauce-pan."

"It is unfair," replied the President, "to rest your opposition against any thing, upon casual instances of the abuse of it. By this mode of reasoning," continued he, "every plan however excellent, every practice however good, may be opposed. This is a mode of objection which ought always to be applied with great care and candour." The worthy Chairman looked rather grave, and spoke in a measured tone, while making the preceding remarks; but resuming the subject with a countenance in which a little vaggishness, mingled with more gaiety, he added, "I am persuaded that our friend rather desired to make an acute remark, than to offer a solid argument on the subject. I am happy to say that I have in my school several young ladies who have shewn much taste for the sciences, and to whose future attainments I look forward with mingled feelings of pride, and solicitude. My experience has shewn me that the female mind, far from being in any way feeble or ill fitted for study, is happily constituted for the easy acquisition of knowledge. In quickness of perception, in that happy talent of calling up what they know, when it is wanted for a stroke of wit, or an illustration, I have gene-

rally found the mind of females to be superior to those of our own sex: In respect to females of the middle and higher ranks of life, I would not have these talents entirely spent upon the operations of the kitchen. Every woman ought to be early initiated in the whole routine of domestic duties; but when she has made herself acquainted with them, when she knows how to direct her servants, I see no necessity for her continuing to be a drudge. The female whose mind has been enlightened and invigorated by science and literature, will, it appears to me, act a superior part in any station of life. In the marriage state, for example, she will possess many advantages. She must be an interesting companion, and better able, than otherwise, to soothe and cheer the feelings of her husband, and, in respect to her offspring, she will be better able to form the infant mind at the period when so much depends upon its impressions. In reading the biography of men who have distinguished themselves by their genius and learning, we often find some respectful allusion made to the acquirements, as well as care, of their mothers.—If it be the fate of a female to pass a single life, she will find, in an acquaintance with the sciences, something that will impart a charm even to her loneliness; and, though an old maid, she will escape the characteristics of that class of females, a propensity to scandal, which is indeed, the usual attendant upon a disposition that has been harrassed by vain hopes, and soured by ultimate disappointment. The human mind must be active in either sex; and it is, certainly, desirable that it should have some valuable materials upon which it may pursue its operations. I admit that it is not necessary that all females should be deeply read in literature and science, but if they evince a taste for study, and if they are placed in circumstances in which constant labour is not required, they ought, in my opinion, to be encouraged in the propensity. It appears to me, that women are only inferior to men when their minds, which experience shews us to be capable of great attainments and powerful exertions, are paralyzed by ignorance, and linger in inactivity."

The Doctor, who had listened with much attention to the observations of the chairman, remarked, that, "whatever might be his own opinion upon the education of females, he could not subscribe to the last speaker's closing proposition. He could not recollect, in his professional reading, or in his favourite authors on metaphysics, any thing in support of the notion. He also thought it was quite repugnant to the authority of scripture, in which, from the time of Adam to the period at which the New Testament was completed, the superiority of man was clearly inculcated."

As the worthy chairman regards with much reverence, every thing connected with the holy scripture, he was much galled by the Doctor's concluding observation. Like certain prudent logicians, however, he refrained from noticing an objection which he did not find himself prepared to obviate. "Suppose, Doctor," said he, "that, upon any occasion, a great number of trials were made to attain a certain object, and, under the same circumstances, a very few;—from which set of trials might we expect the greatest success?" "From the many, of course," answered the Doctor. "Then," said the chairman, "as there is an immense multitude of authors of the male sex, and comparatively few of the female, it follows, from the principle just admitted, that it would be unreasonable to expect as great a display of talent among the latter class of authors, as among the former. But are there not," he added, "many works on literature and science, written by females, which deserve the highest praise? Have there not been female professors who have lectured, on various subjects, in different countries, especially in Italy, whose powers and knowledge eclipsed those of all their contemporaries? Had the female authors and lecturers, been as numerous as those of the opposite sex, the ladies would, if I mistake not, have proved to us that we have no claim to the superiority which we arrogate. By withholding from females a suitable education, we deprive them of the means of refusing the libel which, for the purpose of elevating ourselves, we have made upon their mental character."

"For my part," said the Secretary, who had hitherto listened to the conversation, without engaging in it, "I am of opinion that the intellectual powers of the sexes are wisely fitted for different pursuits. The mind of man appears, like his corporeal frame, best adapted for the more rugged and laborious paths of close reasoning and abstruse research; while the more delicate mind of woman, naturally elegant and graceful as her person, exerts herself, perhaps, to the greatest advantage in those departments of literature in which imagination and taste predominate."

J. T.

FINE ARTS:

WILKIE'S BLIND MAN'S BUFF,

ENGRAVED BY RAIMBACH.

There are sets of Painters and Engravers who seem to have been born for each other. Thus, to notice only those who are more familiar to our own school; Guido and Strange, Wilson and Woollet, Cipriani and Bartolozzi, and—as in the case before us—Wilkie and Raimbach. But there are two Engravers, of mighty renown, who must not be passed over. Sharp and Schiavonetti. These flew at game of every species. Either Guido, Reynolds, or West; it was of no consequence to Sharp. His *Doctors of the Church*, *Portrait of John Hunter*, and *King Lear in the Thunder Storm*, are perfect master-pieces of graphic art. Nothing can go beyond them. Schiavonetti 'should have died hereafter!' He was the sun of our school. His cartoon of *Piss*, from M. Angelo; his portraits of *Vandyke* and *Blake*, and sundry other subjects, of which the names, rather than the merits, escape our memories, entitle him to a high rank in the department of the burin.

We now turn our eyes on the magical print before us; and frankly declare, that it is the most bewitching interior which we ever beheld. As an in-door composition, we place it quite at the head of Wilkie's performances. The subject—or game itself—calling to mind the many happy hours of our younger days, snatched in the same pastime, from the drudgery of severer occupations—the mode in which the subject is told, the accessories, the tone of colour, the variety and vigor of expression, the bold manly style of the Engraver—all throw a charm about this performance, which we are quite sure will give it a ready admission into the house of the Prince and the Peasant.* The original painting is the property of his Majesty. It is one of Wilkie's warmest pictures; and calculated, in an especial manner, for the effect of the burin.

The composition is delightful. The blindfolded rustic, the hero of the piece, is nearly in the middle of the picture. He is moving slowly and cautiously forward, putting out his *feelers* (alias *hands*) as he makes his way: and of which the left is just about to touch the head of a wretch, shrinking like a snail into his shell; while above him, an elderly man presses backward, drawing in his breath, and hollowing his body, and squeezing, in the act of retreat, a couple of children, one of whom screams lustily from the pressure, and the other looks with increased earnestness at the critical progress of the blinded man. A young girl of sixteen, with a piece of black velvet run through the hair, is leaning against the chimney piece, and looking archly over her left shoulder, as if she should have no objection to be blindfolded next. Still lower down to the left, in the foreground of the piece, is a group pretty actively engaged—one female in particular, has fallen into a trap, between two men, of whom the upper, saucy

* On second thoughts, we doubt about the Peasant being able, in these restless days, to purchase this engraving; but we have no doubt, that the veriest looby, who carts his dung regularly on the Saturday market day, would chuckle with delight on viewing the PERFECT NATURE which pervades this piece.

rustic, is smothering her with kisses. Above them, is perhaps the most characteristic figure of the whole. We see a man crawling along the wall, with arms and feet, like a great black spider, measuring his distance as he crawls, and enjoying the agility and dexterity of his movements. A little girl in a corner, hiding her face with her apron, is a most happy thought—exhibiting one of those touches of human nature, in the knowledge of which Wilkie has no equal.

A young woman on the ground, with her right arm extended, links this group to that on the opposite side of the picture very artfully and successfully. The opposite, or left group exhibits a man with a feather in his hat, and two females, very beautifully intertwined with each other. Two luckless boys have tumbled over a chair: one seems to have broken his shin, and is making a hideous face; the other has escaped, and laughs aloud. The legs of these lads are done to the life. But the man immediately in the foreground, kneeling down, and extending his left arm, about to touch the blindfolded hero, is perfect of his kind. He tells the story as much as any of his comrades. His gaiters, coat, head, and hand, are delightfully characteristic. The background contains a few straggling figures, all interested in what is going on. The ceiling, wainscot, and furniture, exhibit a beautiful study of appropriate accessories; and in looking at this joyous group, one longs to doff the strait-laced garment of sober years, and to mingle where so much 'mirth and innocence' seem to prevail.

Come, see rural felicity,
Which mirth and innocence ever enjoy.

To touch a *graver* strain—Mr. Raimbach has done his part with admirable skill and success. His shadows are nevertheless occasionally a little too black, and we like not such a collection of black heads of hair, which gives the piece a somewhat spotty appearance. His countenances are clear, sharp, and expressive; but necessarily less vigorous and characteristic than the originals. The accessories, and especially the floor and right-hand wainscot, form perfect studies. On the whole, we hail this exhibition of art—as beautiful in all respects as that which appeared in the Princess Charlotte of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Golding—and as maintaining that masculine, legitimate taste, which will be the gratification of succeeding ages, as well as of our own. Let Wilkie and Raimbach but conclude as they have gone on, and they may snap their fingers (if they ever join in a Scotch reel) at the cold, hard, and metallic effects of the burin, which so much charm our neighbours immediately across the channel.—*Mus.*

THE PONS ASINORUM.

"The reputation of a man depends upon the steps he takes in his early life."—POPE.

There is a sort of middle stage in every one's life (that is, if he lives to seventy,) a sticking place,

— "like the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines."—

at which one feels by certain signs that he can, not exactly be called, that is, that all people do not agree in calling him, young, and that he cannot permit himself to be denominated

old. This point has been often varied: those who are not twenty, declaring it to be thirty-five, or at farthest forty; but no sooner have they reached the last-mentioned age, than they insist that they feel quite as young as they did at twenty-four, and agree that when indeed they are ten or twenty years older, they may begin to think of an easy chair, a Regent's room, an extra bottle of port, and the *et cetera* of a middle-aged man. My exact age is—at least I am generally understood to be—in short, I have been thirty for the last twenty years, according to the *bon mot* of Cicero, (vid. Quint. lib. vii. ch. 2.) and notwithstanding it is asserted that my ringlets have withstood the shears of time too long to be my own, and a young rogue of a nephew declares he recollects laughing twenty years ago at my yellow teeth, which are now as white as a chimney-sweeper's; yet if he saw me in my green surtout and black cravat, I am persuaded that I should be taken for something under forty. But I have griefs to unfold, "fatal to hear, and fatal in the telling," so let me not pause.

A man in my situation of life is nothing, unless he sports a toe and shakes in a *bravura*: consequently I am indifferently good in "Love's Young Dream," and "The Trumpet of Victory," and though my voice is somewhat tremulous in the higher notes, I am in the bass decidedly effective. I also dance, and am proud to say, that many young ladies have performed me to a younger partner—no wonder! every young man dance so languidly now-a-days. Well, I was considered an adept; "I didn't value your cross over two couple, figure in, right and left," as Acres says; no! I threaded the mysteries of swing corners, and capered round in a poussette, to the admiration of the whole room. Waltzing was introduced—can a man of between thirty and fifty shine in a waltz? But I had excellent excuses: "Extremely indelicate! no sister or wife of mine should waltz—it did well enough on the continent: I had waltzed at Göttingen; but it would not do in England!" This, though it displeased all the young ladies of fifteen, gave infinite pleasure to all the ladies who were double fifteen. But—quadrilles (*nomen quantas tragœdias excitat!*) were brought into England, and they spread like a typhus fever. Infants in leading-strings were taught the steps; schoolboys were connoisseurs; older young ladies and gentlemen could think of nothing but quadrille clubs and practising parties; and my ancient subjects, the spinsters of thirty, rebelled: girls of forty ambled in a side couple; babies of fifty sidled in a *trénise*. I was now come to the Rubicon; I must either sink into an old man, for whom, if he danced at all, a country dance would be got up at the end of the night; or one who must catch at a place in a rubber, or jump at a hand at twopenny loo in the parlour, when the young folks were dancing up stairs, or—I must learn quadrilles. I chose the latter, and went to M. Pas-bas.

It was not long before a "request the honour of Mr. B.'s company to a small quadrille party" was laid on my table. I tied on my starched cravat with peculiar care, and as I buckled my knee-breeches, and practised a *pas-seul*, I felt an exultation that nothing before had given me: I thought at least with Napoleon, "*La balle qui me uera, portera mon nom.*" Imagine my having paid *coashy*, announcing, and making my bow to the lady of the house. I cast a timorous glance to the

fair partners of the evening, who, as usual, sat giggling together on one side of the room: not one did I know—not one to whom I could say, that "I hoped she'd excuse me if I blundered."

Mrs. T. soon came up to me: "You don't dance quadrilles, I suppose, Mr. B." said she, "we shall get up a country dance." I assured her that I did walk through them. "Oh! I beg your pardon then," answered the lady, with something of a smile, "Come with me, Sir, and I'll introduce you." Miss S. leading me into the very middle of the ring, "allow me to present you a partner, Mr. B." I bowed, ventured some common-place compliment, which was not audible, and retired amidst the titters of the circle. Some peculiarly harsh sounds now told me that the music was going to begin. "Gentlemen, take your partners," echoed from all parts of the room; and I hastened to give my partner my arm. Time was when it was only the hand. She took it without even looking at me. "Where would you like to stand, Ma'am?" said I. "Here, Sir!" said the lady, placing herself at the top of the first quadrille. "If you please," cried I, with some hesitation, "not being quite—as yet—a proficient, providing you had no objection, I would rather stand"—"Sir," replied the fair one, in a thrilling tone, "I never stand at the side." During these words, the first part of the tune, according to custom, and without my attending to it, was played over, and at the first bar of the second, out I stepped; my partner frowned, "Not you, yet Sir." I obeyed, although I was sure I was right, and she was turned by the opposite gentleman. I declared "I never danced it so." "*Avancez!*" cried the side couples. I stuck in my place. "The devil! its lady's chain," said I. "No, no, *ballancez* to the corner lady—*tour de mains!* You're wrong, Sir! *Avancez!* Turn! *Ballancez!*" I did neither, and the figure had now finished. I turned to the lady, who did not look very kind: "Why, Madam!" I exclaimed, "I never danced a quadrille in this way. At Monsieur-Pas-bas's"—the lady stared. "Perhaps," said she, "you may not know, Sir, that we are dancing 'the Lancers.'" "The what, Madam?" cried I, in a voice of terror: "The Lancers." I then recollected that I had only learnt the first set; and the compassionate reader may have a faint idea of my situation. I was standing in the first set, with the first dancer in the room; all eyes were upon me, and I was to dance from figures of which I had never heard before! All the people of my own standing seemed peculiarly to enjoy the joke. Lodoiska was now played—it thrilled through my brain; my partner dragged me forward; a thousand voices shouted out and endeavoured to put me right, and only caused me to stray the more. "Ballancez—eight bars—now turn your partner—fall into two lines—*avancez.*" In vain. I went wrong myself and put every body else wrong; I cut twice in the air when I should have remained in my place; I stood there like a mountain when I should have advanced—every thing seemed to swim before me—I could bear it no longer—I made my way to the door, ran down stairs, flew home in spite of rain and mud, and am resolved never again to attempt a quadrille.

— et, salta in contraria facto
Colla iugo exoptant, abrupta torques relinquant.

W. B.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 19, by Jack at a Pinch.

Let $2x$ = length of the cask; a = 36, the diagonal, and b = 7854; then $2x - a$ = the difference between the head and bung diameter, and (by 47

$$\text{Euc. 1)} \sqrt{a^2 - x^2} - \frac{2x - a}{2} = \text{the head diameter;}$$

$$\text{also } \sqrt{a^2 - x^2} + \frac{2x - a}{2} = \text{the bung diameter.}$$

Now, by mensuration, the cubical content of the two frustums, or casks, is

$$\left(\frac{2xa^2 - 2x^3 + \frac{8x^3 - 8ax^2 + 2a^2x^2}{12}} \right) \times b,$$

which, by the question, is a maximum; and by determining constant quantities, $13xa^2 - 8x^3 - 4ax^2$ is also a maximum. This, in fluxions, will be $13ax - 24x^2 - 8ax = 0$; hence, $24x^2 + 8ax = 13a^2$. This last equation reduced gives

$$x = \frac{12}{\sqrt{36}} + \frac{13a^2}{24} - \frac{a}{6} = 31.106. \text{ Consequently,}$$

the length of the cask is 42.362; the bung diameter 32.286; the head diameter 26.966 inches; and the contents 100.37 ale gallons.

Solution of No. 24, by Chemicus.

First, in order to correct the inequalities of the interior and exterior level of the mercury, as the volumes are inversely as the pressures, $29 : 29 - 6 :: 7.5 : 5.275$ = the volume of the gas at 29 inches pressure. Again, $30 : 29 :: 5.275 : 5.75$ = the volume of the gas at 30 inches pressure of mercury. Now it has been proved by Dalton and Gay Lussac, that gasses expand equally by equal increments of heat, that their expansion is uniform, and amounts for every degree of increased temperature to $\frac{1}{273}$ of their volume at 32° Fahrenheit under the pressure of the atmosphere. We have, therefore, to find what will be the volume of gas, after increasing its temperature 25° , i. e. from 35° to 60° . Let $m = 1 + \frac{1}{273} = 1.0020833$, and x = the volume of gas required. Then, $x = 5.75m^{25}$, (a formula which is evidently similar to the formula of the amount in compound interest.) Hence, by Log, we find $x = 6.0571443$, the volume of the gas at temperature 60° and pressure 30 inches.

Solution of No. 26, by Mr. John Hill.

Let $2x$ = diameter of the cone's base; h = side of the cone; $p = 3.1416$, and $2d$ = diameter of the circle. Then, phx = superficies of the cone, and pd^2 = area of the circle. Per question, $phx = pd^2$ or $hx = d^2$. Therefore, $x : d :: d : h$ the ratio required.

Solutions were received from Mr. T. Willan and Amicus.

Question No. 30, by J. Wilson.

It is required to determine the equation of the intersection of two planes.

Question No. 31, by Mr. W. M. Lauprie.

If in any plain triangle, lines be drawn from each angle through any point within the triangle, till they cut the opposite sides; the sum of the rectangles of the alternate segments of these sides will be equal. Required a demonstration.

Question No. 32, by Mr. John Key.

A, B, C, D dined together, and the bill amounted to 20 shillings:—A agreed to pay $\frac{1}{4}$, B $\frac{1}{4}$, C $\frac{1}{4}$, and D $\frac{1}{4}$, what was each man's share?

Mr. Malpasian's Solution of No. 19 is altogether erroneous. Among the many Correspondents who have attempted a solution of this Question, Jack at a Pinch only has succeeded.

POETRY.

PALMYRA.

*A Prize Poem, recited at the Theatre, Oxford,
19th June, 1822.*

O'er the hush'd plain where sullen horror broods,
And darkest frown the Syrian solitudes;
Where morn's soft steps no balmy fragrance leave,
And parch'd and dewless is the couch of eve,
Thy form, pale City of the waste, appears
Like some faint vision of departed years.
In mazy cluster still, a giant train,
Thy sculptur'd fabrics whiten on the plain;
Still stretch thy column'd vistas far away
The shadow'd dimness of their long array.

But where the stirring crowd, the voice of strife,
The glow of action, and the thrill of life?
Hear! the loud crash of yon huge fragment's fall,
The pealing answer of each desert hall,
The night-bird shrieking from her secret cell,
And hollow winds the tale of ruin tell.

See fondly ling'ring Mithra's parting rays
Gild the proud tow'rs once vocal with his praise,
But the cold altars clasping weeds entwined,
And Moslems worship at the godless shrine.

Yet here slow pausing Memory loves to pour
Her magic influence o'er this pensive hour;
And oft has yon recesses deep prolong
The echo'd sweetness of the Arab's song,
Recalls that scene when wisdom's sceptred Child
First broke the stillness of the lonely wild.

From air, from ocean, from earth's utmost clime
The summon'd Genii heard the mutter'd rhyme,
The tasking spell their airy hands obey'd,
And Tadmor glitter'd in the palmy shade.

Lo! to her feet the tide of ages brings
The wealth of nations, and the pomp of kings,
And far her warrior queen from Parthia's plain
To the dark Æthiop spreads her ample reign.
Vain boast; e'en she who Immæ's field along
Wak'd fiercer frenzy in the patriot throng,
And sternlyauteous, like the meteor's light,
Shot through the tempest of Emess's fight—
While trembling captives round the victor wait,
Hang on his eye, and catch the word of fate—
Zenobia's self must quail beneath his nod,
A kneeling suppliant to the mimic God.

But one there stood amid that abject throng
In truth triumphant and in virtue strong;
Beam'd on his brow the soul which undismay'd
Smil'd at the rod, and scorn'd the unlifted blade.
O'er thee, Palmyra, darkest seem'd to low'r
The boding terrors of that fatal hour;
Far from thy glades indignant freedom fled,
And hope too wither'd as Longinus bled.

Wadham College.

AMPROSE BARBER.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

*On the Majesty of God, on seeing the Great Northern
Lights.*

Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills
The field, the forest with the shades of night;
The gloomy clouds are gathering round the hills,
Veiling the last ray of the lingering light.
The abyss of heaven appears—the stars are kindling
round;

Who, who can count those stars, who that abyss can
sound?

Just as a sand 'whelmed in the infinite sea,
A ray the frozen iceberg sends to heaven;
A feather in the fierce flames majesty:
A mote, by midnight's maddened whirlwind driven,
Am I, midst this parade: an atom, less than nought,
Lost and o'erpower'd by the gigantic thought.

And we are told by wisdom's knowing ones,
That there are multitudes of worlds like this;
That yon unnumber'd lamps are glowing suns,
And each a link amidst creation is;—
There dwells the Godhead too—there shines his
wisdom's essence—

His everlasting strength—his all supporting presence.

Where are thy secret laws, O nature, where?
Thy north-lights dazzle in the wintry zone:
How dost thou light from ice thy shores there?
There has thy sun some sacred, secret throne?
See in yon frozen seas what glories have their birth;
Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate the earth.

Come then, philosopher! whose privileged eye
Reads nature's hidden pages and decrees:—
Come now, and tell us whence, and where, and why,
Earth's joy regions glow with lights like these,
That fill our souls with awe:—profound enquirer, say,
For thou dost count the stars and trace the planets' way!

What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air?
What wakes the flames that light the firmament?
The lightnings flash:—there is no thunder there—
And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are blent:
The winter night now gleams with brighter, lovelier
ray

Than ever yet adorn'd the golden summer's day.

Is there some vast, some hidden magazine,
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies?
Some phosphorus fabric, which the mountains screen,
Whose clouds of light above these mountains rise?
Where the winds rattle loud around the foaming sea,
And lift the waves to heaven in thundering revelry?

Thou knowest not! 'tis doubt, 'tis darkness all!
Even here on earth our thoughts benighted stray,
And all is mystery through this worldly ball—
Who then can reach or read yon milky way?
Creation's heights and depths are all unknown—
untrod—

Who then shall say how vast, how great creation's
God?

LOMONOSOV.

CHILDREN'S OFFERING ON A PARENT'S
BIRTH-DAY.

Not the first tribute of our lyre,
Not the first fruits of infant spring,
But flames from love's long kindled fire,
And oft-repeated prayers we bring
To crown thy natal day.

'Tis not to-day that first we tell
(When was affections spirit mute?)
How long our hearts have loved—how well—
Nor tune our soft and votive flute,
Nor light the altar's ray.

That altar is our household shrine—
Its flame—the bosom's kindly heat:
Its offering, sympathy divine;
Its incense, as the May-dew sweet!
Accept thy children's lay.

BOBROV.

VARIETIES.

QUERY.—Why is the mine of diamonds called the
curse of Scotland. CAROLINE.

Learning.—No man is wiser for his learning: it
may administer matter to work in, or objects to work
upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—
Selden.

Tractors.—The Tractors are no new mode of
quackery,—witness this extract from one of the rogues
of the days of old:

How famous is that martial ring, which carried
in some fit place, or rubbed on some parts, will allay
and cure the pains of the head and teeth, the cramp,
quartan ague, falling sickness, vertigo, apoplexy,
plague, and other diseases! insomuch that the great
Captain of Hetruria commanded the inventor thereof
(a brother of St. Augustine's order) to sell none to
any but himself for some years. If this same were
formed of some long horse shoe nail, pulled out of a
horse's hoof on purpose, in the hour Mars reigns, it
would be ready to contract itself to fit the least, and
amplify itself for the greatest finger as you would.

Parsnip Wine.—Wine made from parsnips ap-
proaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and the
Canaries, than any other wine. It is made with
little expence or trouble, and only requires to be
kept a few years to make it as agreeable to the
palate as it is wholesome to the body.—Phillips's
History of Vegetables.

Puns.—Puns do not deserve the reproaches heaped
upon them; they enliven society; and we have
heard hundreds of them in companies where no
pocket was ever picked. Bad or good, here is
one. In a party, chiefly of medical gentlemen,
discussing the power of animals to communicate
hydrophobia, it was asserted by a learned Doctor,
that the infection had been communicated in one in-
stance by a duck. Many inferences were made
from this fact, till an extra-professional visitor ob-
served, that the strongest lesson he could draw from
it was; to "beware of Quacks."

A Correspondent informs us, that half an ounce of
wood of quassia, boiled slowly in about a pint of water
till reduced one half, and then a small quantity of
sugar added, will destroy flies; and is perfectly
harmless when taken inadvertently by children.

Jews.—Talk what you will of the Jews, that they
are cursed, they thrive wherever they come: they
are able to oblige the Prince of their country by
lending him money; none of them beg; they keep
together; and for their being hated, my life for
yours, Christians hate one another as much.—
Selden.

A pseudo-mathematician in the North went to a
worthy, pains-taking Schoolmaster; one anxious to
oblige as well as to inform all who consulted him.
"Sir," said the present applicant, "I want to learn
how to calculate Eclipses, and have come to you to
be instructed in the right way." The honest Teacher
replied, "There is a clever book called Ferguson's
Astronomy; I will lend it to you, to read attentively,
and if there is any thing on the subject of eclipses
which you cannot understand, return to me and I will
explain the matter to you." Our Disciple followed
the advice—he studied Ferguson, and he studied
so profitably, that when he came back to his Mentor,
he thus addressed him:—"Eh! Sir, you is an ex-
cellent book ye lent me: I am now such a hand at
the calculations, that I can foretel eclipses to half a
minute! But I want to go farther into the Mathe-
matics, and ye maun tell me next where I can learn
to calculate thunder and lightning." The poor
schoolmaster was gravelled, and all the thanks he
got for his first service was the being abused as
ignorant, because he could not render the second.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Translated by J. F. Davis, Esq. F. R. S.

The man of first-rate excellence is virtuous inde-
pendently of instruction: he of the middling class is
so after instruction: the lowest order of men are
vicious, in spite of instruction.

Modesty is attended with profit: arrogance brings
no destruction.

In learning, age and youth go for nothing: the best
informed takes the precedence.

If there be a want of concord among members of
the same family, other men will take advantage of it
to injure them.

Worldly fame and pleasure are destructive to the
virtue of the mind; anxious thoughts and apprehen-
sions are injurious to the health of the body.

The man of worth is really great, without being
proud; the mean man is proud, without being really
great.

Do not anxiously expect what is not yet come; do
not vainly regret what is already past.

In making a candle, we seek for light; in studying
a book, we seek for reason: light, to illuminate a dark
chamber; reason to enlighten man's heart.

By learning, the sons of the common people become
public ministers; without learning, the sons of public

ministers become mingled with the mass of the people.

When the man of a naturally good propensity has much wealth; it injures his advancement in wisdom: when the worthless man has much wealth, it increases his faults.

Do not consider any vice as trivial, and therefore practise it: do not consider any virtue as unimportant, and therefore neglect it.

He who tells me of my faults is my instructor: he who tells me of my virtues, does me harm.

In our actions, we should accord with the will of heaven: in our words, we should consult the feelings of men.

It is not easy to stop the fire, when the water is at a distance: friends at hand, are better than relations afar off.

Unassailed poverty is always happy, while impure wealth brings with it many sorrows.

The fame of men's good actions seldom goes beyond their own doors; but their evil deeds are carried to a thousand miles distance.

Though the life of man be short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much pains and anxiety as if he were to live a thousand.

The three greatest misfortunes in life are, in youth to bury one's father,—at the middle age to lose one's wife,—and, being old, to have no son.

A virtuous woman is a source of honour to her husband: a vicious one causes him disgrace.

Those who cause divisions, in order to injure other people, are in fact preparing pitfalls for their own ruin.

It is better to believe that a man does possess good qualities, than to assert that he does not.

The original tendency of man's heart is to do right: and if a due caution be observed, it will not of itself go wrong.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BATHING.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—If you think the following observations on an article, which appeared last week, in a cotemporary paper, worthy of a place in the *Iris*, you may insert them. The article is that headed "Bathing." The Editor's motive is praiseworthy, but as to the means recommended by Dr. Hawes, I think some of them very objectionable. In the first place, I imagined tobacco smoke had long since exploded. It was always to me inconceivable why it should ever have been thought of for such a purpose. When so used, in cases of strangulated hernia, etc. it mostly throws the patient into a state analogous to death. One of the most celebrated medical writers of the present day, in speaking of its use in that complaint, makes use of the following words:—"It exerts a peculiar depressing influence on the whole system, reducing the pulse, and causing nausea and sickness, cold sweats and fainting, and, sometimes death." Can a thing which has such a depressing effect on the powers of life, restore those powers when suspended?

Dr. Hawes forbids the use of salt, but recommends spirits. Now when spirits is applied to the skin, it greatly diminishes the heat by its speedy evaporation. On this account it is judiciously used in burns and scalds, where the skin is not eroded. It does not act as a stimulant till it has been applied a considerable time. Let a person rub a little spirits of wine, or brandy, on his hand, and suffer it to evaporate, and he will find it occasions great cold. Ether produces this effect in a greater degree. On many accounts, spirits cannot have a good effect, applied either hot or cold, to the, apparently, drowned.

The Doctor recommends the body to be laid, "in cold weather, near the fire." This is injudicious, as the apparently drowned mostly fall into the hands of the ignorant, who will take it as meaning, restore the heat of the body as quickly as possible, no mat-

ter by what means. I recollect an instance, where the unfortunate being was placed so near a large fire, as made it doubtful whether they intended to restore him to life, or to roast him. At my suggestion they removed him farther back, but with great reluctance. He had not been in the water two minutes, yet he died, and well he might.

"A heated warming-pan, covered, lightly moved over the back and spine," he also recommends. The heat from burning coal is perhaps the worst of all others; a bladder, or bottle full of hot water would be much better, and is perhaps as easily attainable. The best of all is animal heat, and it cannot be communicated to young children better, than by placing them in bed betwixt two adults. To older persons it may be communicated by three or four of the attendants warming their hands at the fire, or in hot water, and then applying them to the body. Who does not recollect the fond maternal method of warming the feet of infants?

When the friction of hot hands is not sufficient, the body should be rubbed with bladders full of warm water, or the warm bath had recourse to. Electricity, or galvanism, if properly employed, is doubtless the most efficacious of all other means.

Pendleton, June 22, 1822.

A. FRIEND.

BOTANICAL GARDEN.

"Cash down."—JOB TERMS.

'Think rationally!'—I judge I can indeed. Such times as these are enough to take any man off his grinning, and give him his 'graver moments,' with a vengeance. Bad debts are no joke. Falling stock—machinery wearing out—expenses increasing—yarn coming down: orders to be executed in a hurry and returns made at leisure, would make the sweetest jest in the world turn as sour as cards on the stomach. And here am I, in addition to all other calamities, up to the neck and ears in squib-writing for newspapers: I think all the imps in Christendom must have settled on my fingers, when I first took up a pen about this Botanical Garden.

I've no objections to a Botanical Garden; not I; if the town like it; let it have one to be sure. Only this I can tell you, I'll never encourage it, nor set a foot in it myself, except it be to look at a Cotton tree.

But it seems very odd to me, that all this noise about a Botanical Garden should have started up in a fortnight, and every body be stark staring mad for a thing that they never thought of a month ago: but what is still odder, and indeed is a sort of oddity I don't very well understand, 'A BOTANIST' is the only person that has ever found out how 'much' this garden is 'spoken of,' and how 'long' it has been 'desired.' If the 'higher classes' are so very anxious as this BOTANIST represents them, one would think they might manage it somehow. Surely some of them have 'habits' good enough to go about a collecting in—and are in 'circumstances' to subscribe something themselves.

For my own part, however, for the credit of the town, I'd advise them to drop it in the beginning. I'm sure they can never raise money enough in Manchester to go through with it handsomely: and to have it done shabbily, or not to accomplish it when set about, must make them feel so miserably small.

Once upon a time we were to have had some Statues erected, and nobody knows what was to be done, in order to commemorate Victories and Peace:—and when we had bragged of them all over England for six months, and described how they were to be, to a nicety, it was found out that they would cost money, and that we had not a fit place to put them in.

I see MASTER BOTANIST has stuck a motto to his letter: I don't put up for a scholar, but, as I suppose it's the fashion, I have set down a motto for mine, which will be generally understood, and which I would have the Botanical *Jobber* attend to.

June 27, 1822.

COP-TWIST.

HUNTING A DUKE.

The late Duke of Bridgewater commonly resided at his house in Worley, in order to be near and superintend his canals and navigation concerns. He was accustomed to rise early, to take a dish of chocolate in haste, generally standing, and then go out to his workmen, with whom he staid till nearly dinner-time. About a quarter before five, he came to dress, and exactly at five his dinner was upon the table. His usual companion at the table was Mr. Gilbert, his steward, and his regular potation was a bottle of wine. At nine, he was accustomed to call for his coffee; after which, for a short time, he retired into another apartment, giving time for the table to be cleared, the windows opened, and the cloth laid for supper. This meal was brought up at ten o'clock; the Duke finished another bottle after it, and then retired to bed.

Mr. Gilbert was almost his only guest, except a particular friend might be staying with him upon special invitation. Lord Thurlow was one of these occasional visitors, as well as Mr. Rigby, who sometimes stayed with him for weeks together. The Duke was a very shy man, and much disliked general society; and was either denied to morning visitors, or contrived to slip out of the way when any one called upon him. The clergyman of his parish, Mr. Kenyon, who had some particular business with him respecting the tithes of the parish, had often tried to gain admittance to him; but in vain;—his Grace was very busy, or he was told he was not at home. Determined, however, to have an interview with him, Mr. K. called at a very early hour in the morning, thinking he should by this plan be certain of finding the Duke at home; but still he was disappointed, the servant giving the customary answer, that his Grace was gone out. Mr. Kenyon, fully assured that this was not the case, loitered about the house, that he might catch its noble owner when he quitted it. In a short time he perceived his Grace slip out of a back door. Mr. K. did not shew himself, lest the Duke seeing him, might slip in again, but kept his eye upon him till he saw him cross the field, and take his way to his navigation. He then walked hastily after the object of his pursuit; but not being able to conceal himself, was soon discovered by the Duke, who perceiving he must be overtaken, instantly took to his heels. Mr. K. did the same. They both ran stoutly for some time, till the Duke seeing he had the worst of the course, turned aside, and jumped into a saw-pit. He was followed in a trice into this place of refuge by his pursuer, who immediately exclaimed, "Now, my Lord Duke, I have you." His Grace burst into a fit of laughter, and all the business of the tythe was quickly and amicably settled.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Author of 'Waverley,' and the author of 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. are both again in the press with new works. The former with a romance the scene of which we understand is laid in England, and which is to bear the title of 'The Peril of the Peak.' The forthcoming novel of 'The Great Unknown's' powerful rival, both in genius and despatch, is to be called 'The Lairds of Grippy.'

The *Life and Times of Daniel De Foe*, with a copious account of his writings, and anecdotes of several of his contemporaries, by Walter Wilson, Esq.

Mr. Aspin is preparing the third volume of his *Analysis of Universal History* for the press.

WEEKLY DIARY.

JULY.

This word is derived from the Latin *Julius*, the surname of C. Caesar, the dictator, who was born in it. Mark Anthony first gave to this month the name of July, which was before called *Quintilis*, as being the fifth month in the year, in the old Roman calendar established by Romulus. July was called by the Saxons, *heu-monat*, or *hey-monat*, because therein they usually mowed, and made their hay-harvest.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

TUESDAY 2.—*Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*

This festival was first instituted by Pope Urban VI, in commemoration of that remarkable journey which the mother of our Lord took into the mountains of Judaea, in order to visit the mother of St. John the Baptist. It was afterwards confirmed, not only by a decree of Pope Boniface IX, but by the council of Basil, in 1441.

WEDNESDAY 3.—*Dog-Days Begin.*

There are a certain number of days before and after the heliacal rising of *Canicula*, or the dog-star, in the morning. The dog-days in our modern Almanacks occupy the time from July 3d to August 11th; the name being applied now, as it was formerly, to the hottest time of the year.

THURSDAY 4.—*Translation of St. Martin.*

This day was appointed to commemorate the removal or translation of St. Martin's body from one tomb to another much more noble and magnificent; an honour conferred upon the deceased saint by Perpetuus, one of his successors in the see of Tours.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loango, as in 1790.—(Continued from our last.)

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the Letters to Mungo Park, &c.

Grass-Cloth.—The substance of which this is manufactured, is prepared from the inner bark of a broad-leaved plant of the bamboo species. During the intervals of leisure in the hunting and fishing seasons, great quantities of it are collected from the marshy grounds; and at the rendezvous of each party, every idle person is immediately set to work to prepare it for use before the sap exhales. When completely disengaged from the external bark, it is hung up in handfuls to dry:—part of it is afterwards stained with various substances, which produce very vivid and lasting colours. It is then worked up into cloths and different pieces of dress.

There is a small kind, chiefly used by the princes,—covered with raised work of great regularity, and surrounded with a fringed border. These are all made from the fibres before they are spun. The spinning is performed by the simple operation of twisting the fibres upon the thigh, with the hand. In this state, it is wrought into shawls and caps, and other pieces of dress.

The caps are knit with a single needle in a very ingenious manner,—commencing at the crown. They present the appearance of alternate zones of raised and inverted work, assuming different patterns. Their value varies from one to two guineas.

The shawls are generally of a circular form, with an opening in the middle to admit the head. They likewise are knit, and have a variety of open work upon them. Two small semicircular segments are left opposite to each other upon the circumference of the shawl: from each of these, a large tuft of untwisted fibres is suspended by a number of threads, wrought into the shawl along the margin of the segment, like radii of the circle of which it is a part. These tufts serve both for ornament and fly-flaps.

If the material, from which these articles are made, were manufactured in the same manner as flax, it might become very valuable; for it could be reduced to great fineness, the fibres being remarkably strong, and capable of very minute division.

Money.—When manufactured, grass-cloth becomes the representative of wealth: each piece is about 20 inches long and 15 broad, and worth threepence. With these, purchases of slaves, ivory, corn, pepper, &c. are made; and a person going to market, takes a roll of them under his arm. A certain number sewed together, make a piece of a proportionally higher value, which at the same time serves for clothing.

Trees.—Travellers say, that Congo and Loango abound in great varieties of beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers; but during the season in which I have always happened to be there, they were not conspicuous; a few scarlet flowering trees, at a distance in the forests, being all that were observable from the river. It is well known, however, that pieces of valuable cabinet timber, have at times been picked up among the fire wood, and sold in Liverpool at one guinea a foot. Bar-wood, or red Saunders, grows to a very large tree. It furnishes a valuable dye, and constitutes the chief article of trade at Mayumba, where ships of 400 or 500 tons burden come for it. The Ebony-tree abounds in Loango, and furnishes sceptres for the princes of the country. There is a species of cane, which, if cut at the proper season, would make good walking-sticks.

Cotton Tree.—This tree grows to an enormous size. I measured two at Malemba, each 18 fathoms in circumference. The bark, which is an inch thick, yields a milky juice when wounded. The wood is so pervious, that it admits of wooden pegs being driven into it, whereby the natives are enabled to mount the tree in search of the birds which build among its branches. It is called by Europeans, the Palaver-tree, from the consultations that are held under it.

Elastic Gum, or Indian Rubber.—The tree which produces this substance is very abundant here. The gum, when first drawn from the tree, resembles cream, both in colour and consistency; and it is probably in this state that the South Americans run it upon bottle-shaped moulds. Upon exposure to the air, it quickly coagulates. The natives form it into foot-balls, which have an astonishing spring and elasticity, and are admirably adapted for that purpose.

Calabash.—This is the shell of a species of gourd, used for holding wine and other liquors. It is sometimes beautifully ornamented with indented figures.

Fruits.—Very few of the West India fruits are to be found either in Angoya or Clumfooka. A solitary Lime-tree at Oyster Haven, is the only one I have observed; but, according to the reports of the Bushmen, pine-apples, oranges, and sugar-cane, grow luxuriantly in

the interior. They have, however, fruits peculiar to the climate, which are very refreshing to seamen after long voyages. There is one called Phootte that grows in bunches like grapes, of a pleasant acid taste; also a black plum, larger than a damson, of an agreeable musky flavour.

Vegetables.—The chief articles of vegetable food in Congo and Loango, are plantains, Indian corn, cassava, peas, potatoes, yams, and a species of nut which is roasted for eating. These are all very abundant, and, as before-mentioned, are principally cultivated and gathered by the women. The plantain and cassava are of very rapid growth, and extremely productive. Their peas, called by the French the Angola pea, grow upon a tall shrub not unlike the laburnum, six or seven feet high, and though rather a more sated food than the common pea, are very agreeable and well-tasted. They have also a pleasant odoriferous pepper, with which, along with Cayenne, they season their meats. Cotton, Cayenne pepper, and Palma Christi (the shrub from which castor-oil is extracted,) grow spontaneously, and may be collected in any quantity.

Minerals.—Of these I can say nothing, having been at no pains to collect specimens; but if we may judge from the pompous names of Mountains of the Sun, and Mountains of Crystal, given by travellers to some of the high ranges of land, a great variety of these might be obtained. At Malemba, the natives brought me a cubical piece of blue shining ore: it was heavy, and not unlike lead-ore; but on examining it a month afterwards, I found that the action of the air had reduced it to a grey powder, which makes me suppose it was manganese. Some of the rocks in the Congo have a greenish cast, resembling pyrites.

(To be continued.)

THE ROOKERY.

(From Mr. Washington Irving's *New World*.)

In a grove of tall oaks and beeches, that crown a terrace-walk, just on the skirts of the garden, is an ancient rookery; which is one of the most important provinces in the squire's rural domains. The old gentleman sets great store by his rooks, and will not suffer one of them to be killed; in consequence of which they have increased amazingly; the tree-tops are loaded with their nests; they have encroached upon the great avenue, and have even established, in times long past, a colony among the elms and pines of the church-yard, which like other distant colonies, has already thrown off allegiance to the mother country.

The rooks are looked upon by the squire as a very ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state; as their building so loftily, keeping about churches and cathedrals, and in the venerable groves of old castles and manor-houses, sufficiently manifests. The good opinion thus expressed by the squire put me upon observing more narrowly these very respectable birds; for I confess, to my shame, I had been apt to confound them with their cousins-german the crows, to whom, at the first glance, they bear so great a resemblance. Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are, among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and Portuguese are

among nations, the least loving, in consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity. The rooks are old-established housekeepers, high-minded gentlefolk, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home; "their hands are against every body, and every body's against them," and they are gibbeted in every corn-field. Master Simon assures me that a female rook, that should so far forget herself as to consort with a crow, would inevitably be disinherited, and indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel acquaintance.

The squire is very watchful over the interests and concerns of his sable neighbours. As to Master Simon, he even pretends to know many of them by sight, and to have given names to them; he points out several, which he says are old heads of families, and compares them to worthy old citizens, beforehand in the world, that wear cocked-hats, and silver buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding the protecting benevolence of the squire, and their being residents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge no allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or intimacy. Their airy tenements are built almost out of the reach of gun-shot; and, notwithstanding their vicinity to the Hall, they maintain a most reserved and distrustful shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which brings all birds in a manner to a level, and tames the pride of the loftiest highflier; which is the season of building their nests. This takes place early in the spring, when the forest-trees first begin to show their buds; the long, withy ends of the branches to turn green; when the wild strawberry, and other herbage of the sheltered woodlands, put forth their tender and tinted leaves; and the daisy and the primrose peep from under the hedges. At this time there is a general bustle among the feathered tribes; an incessant fluttering about, and a cheerful chirping; indicative, like the germination of the vegetable world, of the reviving life and fecundity of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual stateliness, and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of keeping up in the high regions of the air, swinging on the breezy tree-tops, and looking down with sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon earth, they are fain to throw off for a time the dignity of the gentleman, to come down to the ground, and put on the pains-taking and industrious character of a labourer. They now lose their natural shyness, become fearless and familiar, and may be seen playing about in all directions, with an air of great assiduity, in search of building materials. Every now and then your path will be crossed by one of these busy old gentlemen, worrying about with awkward gait, as if troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes, casting about many a prying look, turning down first one eye, then the other, in earnest consideration, upon every straw he meets with, until, espying some mighty twig, large enough to make a rafter for his airy-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity, and hurry away with it to the tree-top; fearing, apparently, lest you should dispute with him the invaluable prize.

Like other castle-builders, these airy architects seem rather fanciful in the materials with which they build, and to like those most which come from a distance. Thus, though there are abundance of dry twigs on the surrounding

trees, yet they never think of making use of them, but go foraging in distant lands, and come sailing home, one by one, from the ends of the earth, each bearing in his bill some precious piece of timber.

Nor must I avoid mentioning, what, I grieve to say, rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient gentlefolk, that, during the architectural season, they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rookery is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contests, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting rafter that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils, and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him, by the officers of the police, for some pilfering misdemeanor; or, perhaps, that it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house.

I have been amused with another of their movements during the building season. The steward has suffered a considerable number of sheep to graze on a lawn near the house, somewhat to the annoyance of the squire, who thinks this an innovation on the dignity of a park, which ought to be devoted to deer only. Be this as it may, there is a green knoll, not far from the drawing-room window, where the ewes and lambs are accustomed to assemble towards evening, for the benefit of the setting sun. No sooner were they gathered here, at the time when these politic birds were building, than a stately old rook, who Master Simon assured me was the chief magistrate of this community, would settle down upon the head of one of the ewes, who, seeming conscious of this condescension, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed in motionless reverence of her august burthen; the rest of the rookery would then come wheeling down in imitation of their leader, until every ewe had two or three of them cawing, and fluttering, and battling upon her back. Whether they requited the submission of the sheep, by levying a contribution upon their fleece for the benefit of the rookery, I am not certain; though I presume they followed the usual custom of protecting powers.

The latter part of May is the time of great tribulation among rookeries, when the young are just able to leave the nests, and balance themselves on the neighbouring branches. Now comes on the season of "rook shooting;" a terrible slaughter of the innocents. The squire, of course, prohibits all invasion of the kind on his territories; but I am told that a lamentable havoc takes place in the colony about the old church. Upon this devoted commonwealth the village charges "with all its chivalry." Every idle wight that is lucky enough to possess an old gun or blunderbuss, together with all the archery of Slingsby's school, take the field on the occasion. In vain

does the little person interfere, or remonstrate, in angry tones, from his study window that looks into the church-yard; there is a continual popping from morning till night. Being so great marksmen, their shots are not often effective; but every now and then a great shout from the besieging army of bumpkins makes known the downfall of some unlucky, squab rook, which comes to the ground with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling.

Nor is the rookery entirely free from other troubles and disasters. In so aristocratical and lofty-minded a community, which boasts so much ancient blood and hereditary pride, it is natural to suppose that questions of etiquette will sometimes arise, and affairs of honour ensue. In fact, this is very often the case; bitter quarrels break out between individuals, which produce sad soufflés on the tree-tops, and I have more than once seen a regular duel take place between two doughty heroes of the rookery. Their field of battle is generally the air; and their contest is managed in the most scientific and elegant manner; wheeling round and round each other, and towering higher and higher to get the vantage ground, until they sometimes disappear in the clouds before the combat is determined.

They have also fierce combats now and then with an invading hawk, and will drive him off from their territories by a *posse comitatus*. They are also extremely tenacious of their domains, and will suffer no other bird to inhabit the grove or its vicinity. There was a very ancient and respectable old bachelor owl that had long had his lodgings in a corner of the grove, but has been fairly ejected by the rooks; and has retired disgusted, with the world, to a neighbouring wood, where he leads the life of a hermit, and makes nightly complaints of his ill treatment.

The hootings of this unhappy gentleman may generally be heard in the stiff evenings; when the rooks are all at rest; and I have often listened to them of a moonlight night, with a kind of mysterious gratification. This grey-bearded misanthrop of course is highly respected by the squire; but the servants have superstitious notions about him; and it would be difficult to get the dairy-maid to venture after dark near to the wood which he inhabits.

Besides the private quarrels of the rooks, there are other misfortunes to which they are liable, and which often brings distress into the most respectable families of the rookery. Having the true baronial spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue forth from their castles on a foray, and to lay the plebeian fields of the neighbouring country under contribution; in the course of which chivalrous expeditions they now and then get a shot from the rusty artillery of some refractory farmer. Occasionally, too, while they are quietly taking the air beyond the park boundaries, they have the incantation to come within the reach of the truant bowmen of Slingsby's school, and receive a flight shot from some unlucky urchin's arrow. In such case the wounded adventurer will sometimes have just strength enough to bring himself home, and, giving up the ghost at the rookery, will hang dangling "all abroad" on a bough, like a thief on a gibbet; an awful warning to his friends, and an object of great commiseration to the squire.

But, maugre all these untoward incidents, the rooks have, upon the whole, a happy holiday life of it. When their young are reared, and fairly launched upon their native element

the air, the cares of the old folks seem over, and they resume all their aristocratical dignity and idleness. I have envied them the enjoyment which they appear to have in their ethereal heights, sporting with clamorous exultation about their lofty bowers; sometimes hovering over them, sometimes partially alighting upon the topmost branches, and there balancing with out-stretched wings, and swinging in the breeze. Sometimes they seem to take a fashionable drive to the church, and amuse themselves by circling in airy rings about its spire; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their strong hold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the garrison gives notice of their return; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off like a sable cloud, and then, nearer and nearer, until they all come soaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air, over the hall and garden, wheeling closer and closer, until they gradually settle down upon the grove, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusky groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was quarrelling for a pillow, or a little more of the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely sink to repose, and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hootings from his bachelor's hall, in the wood.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I shall be obliged to any of your intelligent readers, for a brief explanation of the *polarisation of light*, which is, at present, a subject of great interest in the scientific world. I have no doubt that the communication would be readily inserted in the columns of the Iris.

June 25, 1822.

QUERIST.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A correspondent, subscribing himself "Lapla," having, a short time since, stated, that the earth becomes warmer as we descend into it, for a contradiction and refutation of this assertion, I refer him to an Essay, respecting a north-west passage, published in the Edinburgh Review for June, 1818.

Manchester, June 24, 1822.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Querist," asks for an explanation of the two images that appear to be reflected from a glass bottle, when the bottle is held in a position to receive, at a certain inclination, the rays of the sun: or, in other words, he asks, if the Comet of the *Cannon-Street* Astronomers, be any thing more than a mere optical delusion.

If there really is at this time a Comet in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, visible by means of the reflection from a glass bottle, it appears to me, that the same Comet would be visible, also, through the shaded glasses of a telescope, or indeed, through any shaded glass. This is not, however, the case, for I find that through such glasses this Comet can not be seen; and I, therefore, conclude, that the two reflected images are, indeed, nothing more than a double reflection of the sun's image.

How then, it may be asked, does this double reflection take place?

It is well known that light, in passing from a rarer into a denser transparent medium, and the converse, is refracted at the surfaces of the media.

I would say then, of the two reflected images in question, that the one is a reflection of the sun's image from the exterior surface of the bottle; and that the other is a reflection of the same from the interior surface; and, hence I would infer, that your *Cannon-Street* Astronomers may be gratified by a view of their Comet, whenever, in the sunshine, they may please to take their bottle and look for it!

As I have endeavoured to answer the enquiries of your correspondent, may I now, Sir, be allowed to turn, for a moment, Querist myself, and propose, for the consideration of your readers, the subjoined Philosophical Query? It is a question that probably may not be thought unworthy the notice of your correspondents, "A Friend," and "O," from whom we have recently had some very interesting letters on a similar subject.

I am, Sir, &c.

Manchester, June 26, 1822. COMETARIUM.

Second Philosophical Query.

In the passage of light out of glass into air, there is a reflection as strong, as in its passage out of air into glass:—What reason can be assigned for this fact?

RAZOR STROPS.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—A method of making good Razor Strops has long been a desideratum. The following receipt for preparing a composition to cover strops of this kind, was, I believe, first published in a recent number of Tilloch's Magazine. I have, at different times, made a quantity of the compound for myself and my friends, and we all agree in opinion, that it is as good at least, as any preparation of the kind we have ever met with. It very much resembles the article with which the expensive patent strops, now so very generally used, are covered; and the patent strops are, certainly, not superior in any respect, to those which are prepared with the substance in question.

"Take equal parts of sulphate of iron (green copperas) and common salt. Rub them well together, and heat the mixture to redness in a crucible. When the vapours have ceased to rise, let the mass cool, and wash it to remove the salt, and when diffused in water, collect the brilliant micaceous scales which first subside. These, when spread upon leather, soften the edge of a razor, and cause it to cut perfectly." The crucible will require to remain about ten minutes in the hottest part of an ordinary fire, so that the mixture may continue for a short time, in a red heat, before the operation is completed. When the crucible, after its removal from the fire, has cooled, the mixture will strongly adhere to it; part of the compound may be broken off by a spatula, and the remainder may be removed by several washings of clean water. The best way of putting the preparation upon a strop is, by moistening it with oil, which will cause it to adhere.

The thanks of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, have been voted to George Reveley, Esq. for suggesting the use of soap, instead of oil, in setting outting instruments upon a hone.

June 24, 1822.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

D. J.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—"A Friend" having thought proper to resume the consideration of Ocular Spectra, I beg leave to make a few remarks upon those parts of his Essay, which have reference to the Query, proposed by me, a short time since.

The four first sections of his communication need no comment:—and, respecting the fifth, I have only to remark, that his inference appears to me unauthorized by his experiments. From the sixth and seventh sections I have formed the following sketch of his hypothesis:—

He supposes the colours, Red, Yellow, and Blue, to differ in their natures ab origine, and essentially

form each other: he supposes the retina to consist of three sets of fibres, differing in their natures from each other, likewise: he supposes each of these sets of fibres to be liable to be put in motion by its corresponding kind of colour, and by that kind only; or by certain spontaneous spasms, of which he supposes the retina capable: he supposes, that when any one of these sets of fibres has been fatigued by exposure to excessive stimulus, it is relieved, either by a gradual cessation of action, which produces, what he terms, a direct spectrum; or by the spasms of the other sets, by which he conceives change of colour to be effected. According to this hypothesis, therefore, whenever all the fibres have been fatigued equally and simultaneously, a direct spectrum must inevitably follow:—but this is not the case.

I this day gazed upon the sun at noon;—I closed my eyes;—the phasis was for a moment red, and for a few seconds yellow; it then became green, ultimately subsiding into a bright blue, which has haunted me during the whole afternoon. In this experiment, as the whole retina was in the first instance excited and fatigued, it evidently could be relieved only by a gradual cessation of the action of its fibres;—a process, which, according to "A Friend's" theory, could produce a direct spectrum only.

As I am not desirous of provoking further discussion of the subject, having stated my reasons for refusing assent to "A Friend's" theory, I forbear to remark upon many parts of his letter, which appear to me objectionable. I had hoped, that some one of your readers would have thought it worth while to have entered upon an enquiry into the nature of colour; disappointed in this expectation, I take my final leave of the subject of Ocular Spectra.

Saturday Evening, June 22, 1822.

O.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—Hearing that a new market is about to be erected at Bank-Top, it would give me pleasure to be informed upon what plan it is proposed to be built; whether it is to be in any, or every respect like the Liverpool new (covered) market, which is a commodious and elegant erection, 189 yards in length, 45 yards in breadth, containing 116 iron pillars, 68 shops, 160 stands, and 114 gun-bights; or, whether it is to be on the same plan as the Shadwell market.

A TOWNSMAN.

Manchester, June 26, 1822.

P. S.—If you can likewise inform me at what period the "Market-street Improvement Act" comes in force, and whether the *straight line*, instead of the *line of beauty*, would not make a difference of about forty thousand pounds to the lay-payers of Manchester?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. C. writes rather nervously, but on a subject which we wish to avoid.—We shall be glad to hear from him in another way.

The Portrait which we have received from Mottram we must decline inserting. We think it is a mere daub, notwithstanding the Painter's finishing touches. We shall never, knowingly, make our publication a vehicle for personal abuse.

The enquiries of "A Mercantile Man," will be best answered by applying at the Stamp-office.

We should have been very glad, could we have obliged *Cassius Watkins* by inserting his stanzas, but we positively do not understand sublimities as

"Throwst o'er the earth thy food embraces."

"Plunge, the crush'd soul in endless pain."

Perhaps he will take the trouble to revise them.

Communications have been received from A. Constant Reader.—Laura.—S.***N.—S. B.—J. H.—and Leon.

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FOR THE IRIS.

THE NORMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Anselm.—Look there Lorenzo—
Who is that mailed stranger? Heavens! he stops
Under Aurelia's lattice—see he flings
A ladder from his mantle to the bars—
Low.—He mounts—now Anselm for revenge.—
OLD PLAY.

IT was a beautiful moonlight night. The clouds which, during the day, had obscured the sky, vanished as evening approached, and scarcely a speck broke in upon the uniformity of the wide blue expanse. The beams of the moon fell upon a landscape of the most lovely scenery. Far as the eye could stretch, it was greeted with an uninterrupted succession of plains, smiling with fertile green, sloping dales, and shady recesses, where nature had lavished her wildest luxuriance. The luminous beauty of the sky was reflected on the calm breast of a lake that slept in majestic serenity, and on the borders of which, lofty trees cast their dark shadows, through whose branches the wind sighed in soft but melancholy murmurings. By the side of the lake rose a lofty rock, whose barren sides were scantily speckled with shrubs and lichens, and its towering summit was crowned with a small but strong fortress. The style of architecture seemed to denote it of Saxon origin. It was a square building, with small narrow windows, and from its battlements, black with age, the wreathing ivy hung in natural festoons. The wall which surrounded it, was built at the very brink of the precipice; while at its base, a deep moat, communicating with the lake, gave additional security to the inhabitants of the castle. It formed the most prominent object on which the eye could rest for relief from the monotonous, though beautiful uniformity of the surrounding prospect. Strongly fortified by nature and art, it was, except by one private passage, impregnable. At the head of this passage, a small tower was erected, to guard which, in times of peace, one sentinel only was placed. The whole force of the place consisted only of Sir Hugh de Montfort, its possessor, a warder, whose feeble limbs and scanty gray locks, seemed contemporaneous with the building of which he was an inhabitant, and four stout men at arms, though even these few might have defended a spot situated as Rochby Castle was, against the open force of a hundred times the number of assailants. But danger was unexpected, and no echo replied to the footsteps of the

sentinel, who preferred snugly slumbering in his watch tower, to pacing about in the cold, though delightful scenes, which might be so well seen from his post on such a night as this, and which would have tempted any one, not endued with his insensibility to such charms, to ramble forth, and enjoy that delicious feeling of freedom and expansion of soul, which the fresh breeze imparts in such a place, and at such a time.

Notwithstanding the shelter which it was obvious the trees and shrubs growing on the margin of the lake, extending even to the entrance of the moat, might give to besiegers, so little was any attack anticipated, that they had been suffered to flourish in unchecked vigour. It was among these that a rustling sound might be heard, and the voices of men suppressed, as through fear of discovery. Now and then too, the glittering of a steel helmet, as the moon shone on its polished surface, gleamed through the bushes. This, however, might seem the reflection on the water, and was not likely to attract much notice, even if there had been any one to observe such appearances. No one, however, was sufficiently curious, or fond of the romantic, to be watching at that hour any thing that might take place in the neighbourhood of the castle.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, at which time the events of which we speak took place, this kingdom, in common with the continental states, was subject to the feudal law, a system which, whatever excellencies it might possess, seems to have thrown too much power into the hands of the nobles, who, secure in their fortified habitations, were enabled to delay, and not unfrequently to frustrate, the proceedings of justice. Under the reign of Henry the Second, a wise and prudent prince, these evils, though in some degree repressed, prevailed with a force that rendered the possession of the weaker part insecure, and there was too much to justify the expression, "might makes right."

"Is it not past the time?" whispered one of the men to his companions. "He was to be here by the time the moon had risen above the rock yonder, and that she has long done."

"It is past the time most surely," Giles Foston," answered one of the persons addressed.

"Wait ye patiently," said another, "our master, Reginald Fitzurse, is not one to hang back when a pretty girl, or the stroke of the battle-axe is concerned."

"He is like to meet with both to night," added Giles, "they are equally welcome to him, and he would encounter the one with as much readiness as the other."

"Peace," said the former speaker, "what noise is that?"

They listened, and the slow and measured strokes of oars were distinctly heard, as they were dashed into the breast of the lake. "He comes now, however," said Foston.

"Be cautious," whispered another, "it may be an enemy."

"What enemies have we to fear," said a third; "who knows our business here?"

"No one—but any one who finds us here, may think proper to enquire our business."

"We have a short answer for him," rejoined the first; "a word and a blow will silence his tongue."

"Be quiet," said Giles, "the boat draws near—ye may see the rower."

"And a proper rower he is by'r lady, he clears space at every stroke."

The boat, which had for some time proceeded cautiously along the farther side of the lake, for the purpose, seemingly, of being concealed by the shrubs on the brink, had now arrived at the narrowest part. Here the rower was to cross, and he dashed across with such swiftness, that he almost seemed a spirit skimming over the water, circled in a cloud of drops which followed every stroke of his powerful arm.

"Is the sword unsheathed?" said the new comer, as he sprang from his light vessel on the ground. This was the watchword.

"Is the battle-axe sharp?" was the reply.

"Have ye observed any thing while ye have lain here?" "No, my lord, we have been undisturbed. The brave men of yon castle I guess, prefer sleeping to watching, for their sentinel has never stirred a foot."

"All is well then," replied Fitzurse, "and the sooner we commence operations the better. Are all here?"

"They are."

"What force do we muster then?—let me see, here are five of us." Bracebridge and I will first mount the passage. You, Giles and Sertoun, will follow and secure us against the people of the castle, while we assail the lady Eva's chamber. Geoffrey will guard the boat. But despatch must be the word—away!"

With a bound, successively, they cleared, one after another, the moat which, owing to the rocky foundation, and other impediments, was narrower at the place where the passage was cut, than at the other parts, though yet sufficiently wide to present an obstacle to any one passing. They rushed up the steps cut in the rock, clinging to the weeds and grass that grew on its surface—now clambering over some projecting rock—and now venturing a desperate spring, and catching at some prominent stone or faded shrub, for the road was

by no means without danger; and the few straggling steps approached to nothing like a regular flight. As Fitzurse had just attained the summit of the precipice, his foot slipped, and catching hold of a loose stone, it rolled a few feet, and springing down the side of the rock with a considerable noise, fell with a loud plunge into the water of the moat. This was immediately followed by the challenge of the sentinel, who, alarmed at the noise, rushed forward with his short pike, and encountered Fitzurse and his follower, almost at the edge of the precipice. Fitzurse sprang by him, and throwing himself over the wall, rushed on, leaving Bracebridge engaged in stout warfare with the sentinel; and it was a strife of no common peril. The latter had aimed a blow with his pike at his opponent, who, with one blow of his sword, severed the head from the handle. Springing forwards, he caught Bracebridge in his arms, and grappling him closely, prevented him from making use of his sword. They were in this situation, when the other two followers of Fitzurse having ascended the rock, hastened to them to assist their comrade, when the man of the castle, dragging his antagonist to the brink of the precipice, sprang with him into the moat. They sunk and rose again, and grappled together in the water, which would have speedily put an end to the lives of both combatants, had not the man in the boat hastened to the assistance of his fellow, and joining with him in attacking his adversary, the latter soon sunk and was seen no more.

Fitzurse was now perceived by his followers entering a window of the castle, to which, by the help of a ladder of ropes, he had ascended. By this time the whole castle was alarmed, and the male part of its inhabitants as completely armed as the confusion of the moment would permit.

Old Sir Hugh snatched up the broad sword that had long slumbered in its sheath, and, calling out lustily to his men at arms, rushed to the chamber of his daughter Eva. A long protracted scream, and cries for assistance now resounded from that part of the castle into which Fitzurse had disappeared, and thither they had arrived. The door was closed upon them, but this soon gave way to their united efforts, and they beheld a sight which caused the old fiery blood of Sir Hugh to boil with resentment. The moon was shining so clear and bright, that every thing was as apparent as if it had taken place at noon day. There stood (the iron gleaming in and reflecting the beams of the moon) the armed figure of Reginald Fitzurse, supporting the inanimate form of the beautiful Eva—at his feet lay also the senseless body of the lady Mary, whom terror and astonishment, at the thoughts of losing her beloved sister, had completely overcome. Sir Hugh groaned in the bitterness of his spirit, as he saw his daughters in this pitiable situation, and had he not feared that he might wound the lady Eva in his attack upon the Knight, he would not have hesitated a moment. Reginald's turbulent and daring spirit seemed to delight in the situation in which he found himself placed, and he laughed a laugh of fierce defiance at Sir Hugh and his followers. The form of Bracebridge now appeared at the window, and, quicker than thought, springing towards him, the Knight delivered his lovely burden into that attendant's arms. During this Sir Hugh was not unoccupied; he drew back his daughter Mary, and, placing her behind, determined upon an

ample and full revenge against the daring intruder. But they had not to deal with a common foe, and that they soon found out to their cost. Sir Reginald, with one stroke of his unerring and trenchant sword, cleft in twain the scull of the foremost assailant, who fell back into the arms of his astonished and terrified companions. They all now rushed forward, but Sir Reginald, placing his back against the wall under the window, kept whirling round his sword for a moment in a circular direction, and then watching his opportunity, struck the right-hand man a blow, of such prodigious force, high up on the side, that the strength of it almost smote him asunder.

Sir Hugh now pressed closer on him, but the Knight, having some regard for his aged hairs, pushed him backwards with his left hand, which the surviving attendant observing, attempted to sever in two; and Sir Hugh recovering, they both again attacked him, and the combat raged as hotly as ever. The Knight now became enraged, and rushing forcibly upon them, smote down, with one blow of his gauntleted hand, the attendant, and ran Sir Hugh through the body; then casting a grim glance through the bars of his helmet, at the work of devastation around him, he leaped lightly up, and passed through the window.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loango, as in 1790.—(Continued from our last.)

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the Letters to Mungo Park, &c.

Scenery.—The whole of the coast between Mayumba in 3° 30', and Benguela Nova in 12° 30' south latitude, affords the most delightful prospect from the sea that can be imagined. Perpendicular red cliffs in many places skirt the shore, while the back ground consists of mountains, here, receding far inland, there, approaching the sea. Several of these mountains are crowned with lofty semicircular precipices, set, as it were, in fringes of trees and shrubs; one of these to the southward of Benguela, from its resemblance to a hat, has been called Hat hill by voyagers. In other parts, they are studded with pinnacles of single rock, like monuments of Roman or Egyptian grandeur. On the summit of a high hill seen from Embomma, there is a rock of this description, called by the natives, Soanna. Another hill to leeward of Ambrize, has a rock of prodigious length and bulk lying across its summit. The intermediate space between the ridge of mountains and the sea, is beautifully diversified with rising grounds, and ornamented with clumps of lofty trees. The effect of the whole is magnificent, and has no doubt led the Portuguese to apply the names of many of their most romantic and picturesque scenes in Portugal, such as the Cascais, &c. to certain views of this fairy landscape. Immense lawns and pasture-grounds compose the greatest part of the fore ground.

Long Grass.—To all appearance, when seen from a distance, the grass would not afford concealment to a rabbit, but in reality, it is so long as to hide an elephant, being in many places 12 feet long. Even on the hills, where the soil is shallow, it rises five or six feet in

height. The footpaths formed by the natives, wind through it in the most intricate and perplexing manner, and cannot be traversed but with considerable danger, owing to the concealment and opportunity afforded to all the hostile tribes of these regions. To guard against attacks when travelling under night, the natives carry blazing torches made of plantain leaves, besmeared with an odoriferous resin. From this resin, a druggist in Liverpool extracted an essential oil which he sold for nutmeg-oil!

Conflagrations.—The great risk and inconvenience of travelling through the long grass being much felt, the natives never fail to burn it in September or October when completely dry and withered. A voyage to the coast at this season, were it only to behold the waving lines of fire, would be amply repaid. I had the good fortune to witness a scene of this kind at Embomma, where the hills rise more abruptly from the plain than they do upon the sea coast. Being in the night time, it produced an effect, not only sublime, but terrific. When the flames reached the hills, two miles from the ship, they cast so great a light, that it was possible to read on board. The fire raged in a continuous blaze fully six miles in length, producing a noise somewhat like distant thunder; and from the Alpine nature of the ground, assuming a variety of singular shapes and extraordinary forms.

I cannot but think, that the little hamlets and villages must frequently suffer on these occasions, unless that the inhabitants take special care to have a sufficient space clear of grass around their dwellings; and even then, the combustible materials of which they are built, leave them at the mercy of every falling spark. It may be remarked here, how liable they must always be, on that account, to accidents from fire.

For a week or ten days after the conflagration has passed over the face of the country, nothing can be conceived more dismal and waste; but the luxuriant verdure which rapidly advances in the beginning of November when the moist weather sets in, quickly effaces every vestige of fire, and makes ample amends for the few days in which blackness and desolation kept joint possession of the earth. To these annual conflagrations, and to the effects of the ashes on the soil, must be ascribed the civilized and cultivated appearance of the country. This is the harvest of the carrion-crow, the kite, and the vulture, which keep hovering in the rear of the flames, pouncing down upon snakes, lizards, crabs, &c. destroyed by fire; and, as already mentioned, the Boa Constrictor itself, which fears no other enemy, frequently falls a victim to the fury of this irresistible foe, and becomes the prey of these rapacious birds.

(To be continued.)

THE VEIL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARIA STUART has been canonized, and placed among the Martyrs by the Jesuits. Of course there are relics of her's. Her prayer-book was long shown in France; and Whitaker, her apologist, published in an English journal a sonnet which she was said to have composed, and to have written with her own hand in this book. A celebrated German actress, Mrs. Hendel-Schutz, who has excited admiration by her attitudes, and also performed Schiller's

VARIETIES.

CHRISTIAN PRISONER.

Maria with great applause in several cities of Germany, affirmed that a cross which she wore on her neck was the very same that once belonged to the unfortunate Queen. Relics of this description have never yet been subjected to the proof of their authenticity. But if there is any thing which may be reasonably believed to have been once the property of the Queen, it is the veil with which she covered her head on the scaffold, after the executioner, whether from awkwardness or confusion is uncertain, had wounded the unfortunate victim in the shoulder by a false blow. This Veil still exists, and is in the possession of Sir J. C. Hippisley, who claims to be descended from the Stuarts by the mother's side. He had an engraving made from it by Matteo Diottavi, in Rome, 1818, and gives copies to his friends. We have obtained a sight of one of them, and give the following as the result of our examination.

The Veil is embroidered with gold spangles by (as is said) the Queen's own hand, in regular rows crossing each other, so as to form small squares, and edged with a gold border, to which another border has been subsequently joined, in which the following words are embroidered in letters of gold:—

"Velum Serenissime Mariæ, Sootius et Gallie Regine Martyris, quo indebitum dum ab Heretica et mortem iniustissimam condemnata fuit. Anno Sal. MDLXXXVI. a nobilissima matre Anglica diu conservatum et tandem, donationis ergo Deo, et Societati Jesu concessum."

On the plate there is an inscription, with a double certificate of its authenticity, which states, that this Veil, a family treasure of the expelled house of Stuart, was finally in possession of the last branch of that family, the Cardinal of York, who preserved it for many years in his private chapel, among the most precious relics, and at his death bequeathed it to Sir J. Hippisley, together with a valuable Plutarch, and a Codex with painted (illuminated) letters, and a gold coin struck in Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary; and it was specially consecrated by Pope Pius VII. in his palace on the Quirinal, April 29, 1818. Sir John Hippisley, during a former residence at Rome, had been very intimate with the Cardinal of York, and was instrumental in obtaining for him, when he with the other cardinals emigrated to Venice in 1798, a pension of £4000 a year from the Prince of Wales, now King George IV. but for which, the fugitive cardinal, all whose revenues were seized by the French, would have been exposed to the greatest distress. The cardinal desired to requite this service by the bequest of what he considered so valuable. According to a note on the plate, the Veil is eighty-nine English inches long and forty-three broad, so that it seems to have been rather a kind of shawl or scarf than a veil. If we remember rightly, Melville in his Memoirs, which Schiller had read, speaks of a handkerchief belonging to the Queen, which she gave away before her death, and Schiller found upon this anecdote the well-known words of the farewell scene, addressed to Margaret Curli.

Nimm dieses Tuch! Ich habe mit eigener Hand
Für Dich gestickt in meines Kammers Stunden,
Und mein heißes Thränen eingewoben.
Mit diesem Tuch wirst Du die Augen mir verbinden."

"Accept this handkerchief! with my own hand
For thee I've worked it in my hours of sadness,
And interwoven with my weeping tears:
With this thou'lt bind my eyes."

In the most flourishing period of the reign of Louis XIV. two negro youths, the sons of a prisoner, being brought to the court of France, the king appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the Christian religion, and gave to each of them a commission in his guards. The elder, who was remarkable for his candour and ingenuity, made great improvement, more particularly in the doctrines of religion. A brutal fellow, upon some dispute, insulted him with a blow. The gallant youth never so much as offered to resent it. A person who was his friend, took an opportunity to talk with him that evening, alone, upon his behaviour, which he told him was too tame, especially in a soldier. "Is there then," said the young African, "one revelation for soldiers, and another for merchants and gownmen? The good father to whom I owe all my knowledge, has earnestly inculcated forgiveness of injuries done me, assuring me that a Christian was by no means to retaliate abuses of any kind." "The good father," replied his friend, "may fit you for a monastery by his lessons, but never for the army and rules of a court. In a word," continued he, "if you do not call the colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamy of cowardice, and have your commission taken from you." "I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour, which you have always shown, I will wipe off so foul a stain, though I must own I gloried in it before." Immediately upon this, he desired his friend to go from him, and appoint the aggressor to meet him early in the morning. Accordingly they met and fought, and the brave youth disarmed his adversary, and forced him to ask his pardon publicly. This done, the next day he threw up his commission, and desired the king's leave to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend with tears in his eyes, saying, "He did not imagine the Christians had been such unaccountable people, and that he could not comprehend how their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their practice. In my country, we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

New Parliamentary Practice.—The Bavarian Chambers have terminated their session with a dinner; an example which, if any thing had been predicated concerning it, we would have expected to be set by the Parliament of Great Britain. The entertainment at Munich was enlivened with songs, and the patriotic legislators renounced Champagne and Burgundy to drink their native Rhenish wines. "Happily (says a French Journalist, mentioning the circumstance,) we have cause to hope that the national spirit of the English will not carry them to such a length in favour of porter."

Harvey Aston.—The late Harvey Aston was associated much with the royal family; and when he was going to India, where he lost his life, the king enjoined him most affectionately never more to fight a duel. In the fatal meeting with Colonel Allen, Mr. Aston was shot through the body and back bone, but with the greatest firmness continued standing, his arm extended, and pistol presented, for about a couple of minutes. Sensible that he had received his death wound, he exclaimed, "It never shall be said, that the last act of my life was an act of revenge!" and gradually lowering his arm to his side, he sank down for ever.

Parliamentary Etiquette.—In France, under the old regime, there was an honourable distinction paid to the *Tiers Etat*, or Commons, by the other two orders, very different from what takes place in Britain. When a Royal Session occurred, the Commons were received by the nobles and clergy standing and uncovered. In our parliament, when the King meets the Lords and Commons, the Commons are not permitted to sit down, but must stand below the bar. The French assume to themselves the credit of being the politest nation in the world, and this anecdote alone may suffice to vindicate their title to the distinction.

Attainder.—When the gallant Count de Montgomery was condemned to death by Catharine de Medici, his children were also deprived of the title of nobles. When Montgomery heard this part of the sentence read, he exclaimed, "If my children have not the virtue of nobles to retrieve this loss, I consent to their degradation."

INTERVIEWS WITH A SHADE.

No. I.

As I stood musing over the foundations of our intended Town Hall, I fell into a train of ideas too melancholy to be interesting to your readers—the obsequy which a short period of time had made in our once most esteemed neighbourhood. The promenade of the retired and elegant—of the waste patricians and benevolent donors, whose chief enjoyment in the calm decline of life, lay in projecting schemes to alleviate distress, and mitigate the sufferings of the unfortunate, led me on. The mansion had fled, to which I had often looked up with respect for its venerable inhabitant; what followed in my mind may be left to the imagination of your readers. On leaving the ground, where I had stood long enough to excite the imputation of singularity, I was accosted by a gentleman in black, whose features were not quite familiar to me, but there was a semblance and character in them, that were strongly written upon my mind, and in such a manner, that they could never be effaced from the soul that is capable of friendship. The eyes had lost their vivacity, and an immovable seriousness pervaded the once brightly features of Volatile. "I am but a shadow," said he. "I was harmless in my life, and above all men you have nothing to fear from me now." A gentleman of dignified appearance was walking up the street; "do you know him asked V——" not allowing me to enquire why he had "burst the ornaments" of his humble grave, and left his "narrow cell" to revisit this scene of vicissitude. I answered, "no." "I do," said V——, "he is an eminent tradesman"—I observed that he did not move as he passed—he replied, "that his most intimate friends when on earth could not recognize him, now that he had undergone a change that could not exist in the traces of mortality. Were it otherwise," continued he, "there is an invincible reserve about that gentleman, which makes him accessible only to a few; and those exchanges of civility so necessary and indispensable to society, are sometimes noticed in a manner not congenial to the respect offered by an inferior in fortune, and the proud of heart cannot repeat the ceremony.—However, his integrity is of that high character, that commands the respect of all orders of men." I observed, "that his excessive reserve might arise from the consciousness of no virtuous and lofty a reputation." V—— assented in part—I enquired if he were "still in trade"—he replied, "yes, and had considerable property in this neighbourhood, and was much esteemed by his servants"—"such a man," said I, "must be very happy"—"as much so," rejoined V——, "as humanity can admit of, he is familiar with few, but his friends are many; when such men," continued he, "are appointed to offices of trust, and to conduct public business, envy is silent, and foul suspicion shrinks into its darkest recesses. Nevertheless, in a free country, democracy is never satisfied—we were now interrupted by some carts that were passing at the bottom of King-street, which occasioned a little inconvenience to a portly lady and her two daughters.—"Volatile," I exclaimed, "where is thy gallantry now? a fairer opportunity never offered even to Raleigh himself"—but he was motionless, and with the best grace I could, I picked up her parcel, which was in danger of being crushed by the wheel.—"That was tolerably done," said V——, after I had restored it, and received the blushing compliments of the ladies—"I must now leave you," said he, "but shall be with you again ere long."—My eye followed the unassuming form up Ridgefield, where it disappeared, as if entering one of the offices there.

A. A.

WANDERINGS IN JUNE.

The season now is all delight,
Sweet smile the passing hours,
And Summer's pleasures, at their height,
Are sweet as are her flowers;
The purple morning waken'd soon,
The mid-day's gleaming din,
Grey evening with her silver moon,—
Are sweet to mingle in.

While waking doves betake to flight
From off each roosting bough,
While Nature's locks are wet with night,—
How sweet to wander now!
Fast fade the vapours cool and grey;
The red sun waxes strong,
And streaks on labour's early way
His shadows lank and long.

Serenely sweet the Morning comes
O'er the horizon's sweep,
And calmly breaks the waking hums
Of Nature's nightly sleep.
What rapture swells with every sound
Of Morning's maiden hours!
What healthful feelings breathe around!
What freshness opens the flowers!

Each tree and flower, in every hue
And varied green, are spread,
As fair and frail as drops the dew
From off each blooming head!
Like to that beauty which beguiles
The eyes of wondering men,
Led blushing to perfection's smiles,
And left to wither then.

How strange a scene has come to pass
Since Summer 'gan its reign,
Spring flowers are buried in the grass,
To sleep till Spring again:
Her dew-drops Evening still receives
To gild the morning hours;
But dew-drops fall on open'd leaves
And moisten stranger flowers.

The artless daisies' smiling face
My wanderings find no more;
The king-cups that supplied their place,
Their golden race is o'er;
And clover heads, with ruddy bloom,
That blossom where they fell,
Ere Autumn's fading mornings come
Shall meet their grave as well.

Life's every beauty fades away,
And short its worldly race;
Change leads us round its varied day,
And strangers take our place:
On Summers past, how many eyes
Have waken'd into bliss,
That Death's eclipsing hand denies
To view the charms of this!

The open flower, the loaded bough,
The fields of spindling grain,
Were blooming then the same as now,
And so will bloom again:
When with the past my being dies,
Still summer suns shall shine,
And other eyes shall see them rise
When death has darken'd mine.

Reflection, with thy mortal shrouds
When thou dost interfere,
Though all is gay, what gloomy clouds
Thy musings shadow here!
To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!

The misty clouds of purple hue
Are fading from the eye;
And ruddy streaks, which morning drew,
Have left a dappled sky;
The sun has call'd the bees abroad,
Wet with the early hour,
By toiling for the honey'd load
Ere dews forsake the flower.

O'er yonder hill, a dusty rout
Wakes solitude from sleep;
Shepherds have watted pens about,
To shear their bleating sheep:
Less pleasing is the public way,
Traced with awakes'd toil;
And sweet are woods shut out from day,
Where sunbeams never smile.

The woodbines, fresh with morning hours,
Are what I love to see;
The ivy spreading darksome bowers,
Is where I love to be;
Left there, as when a boy, to lie
And talk to flower and tree,
And fancy, in my ecstasy,
Their silence answers me.

While pride desires tumultuous joys,
And shuns what nature wears;
Give me the choice which they despise,
And I'll not sigh for theirs:—
The shady wilds, the summer dreams,
Enjoying there at will,
The whispering voice of woods and streams
That breathe of Eden still.

How sweet the fanning breeze is felt,
Breathed through the dancing boughs!
How sweet the rural noises melt
From distant sheep and cows!
The lovely green of wood and hill,
The hummings in the air,
Serenely in my breast install
The rapture reigning there.

To me how sweet the whispering winds,
The woods again how sweet,—
To find the peace which freedom finds,
And from the world retreat;
To stretch beneath a spreading tree,
That far its shadow shoots,
While by its side the water free
Curls through the twisted roots.

Such silence oft be mine to meet
In leisure's musing hours;
Oft be a fountain's brink my seat—
My partners—birds and flowers:
No tumult here creates alarm,
No pains our follies find;
Peace visits us in every calm,
Health breathes in every wind.

Now cool, the wood my wanderings shrouds,
'Neath arbours Nature weaves,
Shut up from viewing fields and clouds,
And buried deep in leaves;
The sounds without amuse me still,
Mixt with the sounds within,—
The scythe with sharpening tinkles shrill,
The cuckoo's soothing din.

The eye, no longer left to range,
Is pent in narrowest bound,
Yet Nature's works unnamed and strange,
My every step surround;
Things small as dust, of every dye,
That scarce the sight perceives,
Come clad with wings fly droning by,
Some climb the grass and leaves.

And flowers these darksome woodlands rear,
Whose shades they yearly claim,
That Nature's wondrous mystery wear
And bloom without a name:
What different shapes in leaves are seen
That o'er my head embower,
Clad in as many shades of green
As colours in the flower!

My path now gleams with fairer light,
The side approaches near,
A heath now bolts upon the sight,
And rabbit-tracts appear:
I love the heath, though 'mid the brakes
Fear shudders, trampling through,
Oft check'd at things the fancies make
Quick nestling from the view.

Yet where the ground is nibbled bare
By rabbits and by sheep,
I often fearless loiter there,
And think myself to sleep;
Dear are the scenes which Nature loves,
Where she untamed retires,
Far from the stretch of planted groves,
Which polish'd taste admires.

Here oft, though grass and moss are seen
Tann'd brown for want of showers,
Still keeps the ling its darksome green,
Thick set with little flowers;
And here, thick mingling o'er the heath,
The furze delights to dwell,
Whose blossoms steal the summer's breath,
And shed a sultry-smell.

Here threat'ning ploughs have tried in vain
To till the sandy soil;
Yon slope, already sown with grain,
Shows Nature mocks the toil;
The wild weeds oboak the straggling ears,
And motley gardens spread;
The blue-cap there in bloom appears,
And poppies, lively red.

And now my footsteps sidle round
The gently sloping hill,
And fainter now o'er marshy ground;
Yet Nature charms me still:
Here moss, and grass, and flowers appear
Of different forms and hues;
And insects too inhabit here
Which still my wonder views.

Here horsetail, round the water's edge,
In bushy tufts is spread,
With rush, and cutting leaves of sedge
That children learn to dread,
Whose leaves like razors mingling there
Oft make the youngster turn,
Leaving his rushes in despair,
A wounded hand to mourn.

What wonders strike my idle gaze,
As near the pond I stand!
What life its stagnant depth displays,
As varied as the land:
All forms and sizes swimming there,
Some, sheath'd in silvery den,
Oft siling up as if for air,
And nimbling down agen.

Now rising ground attempts again
To change the restless view,
The pathways leading down the lane
My pleasures still renew.
The osier's slender shade is by,
And bushes thickly spread;
Again the ground is firm and dry,
Nor trembles 'neath the tread.

On this side, ash or oak embowers;
There, hawthorns humbler grow,
With goatsbeard wreath'd, and woodbine flower's
That shade a brook below,
Which feebly purls its rippling moans
With summer draining dry;
And struttles, as I step the stones,
Can scarcely struggle by.

Now soon shall end these musing dreams
In solitude's retreat;
The eye that dwelt on woods and streams
The village soon shall meet:
Nigh on the sight the steeple towers;
The clock, with mellow hum,
Counts out the days declining hours,
And calls my ramblings home.

I love to visit Spring's young blooms
When wet with April showers;
Nor feel less joy, when summer comes,
To trace her darker bowers;
I love to meet the Autumn winds
Till they have mourn'd their last;
Nor less delight my journey finds
In Winter's howling blast.

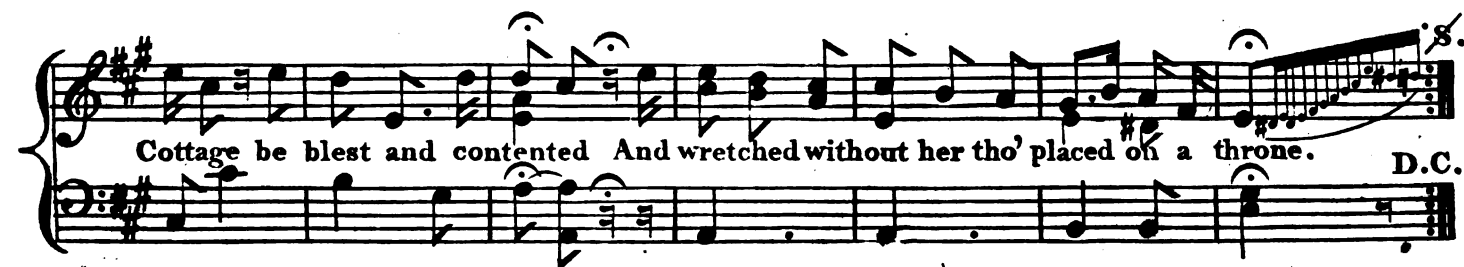
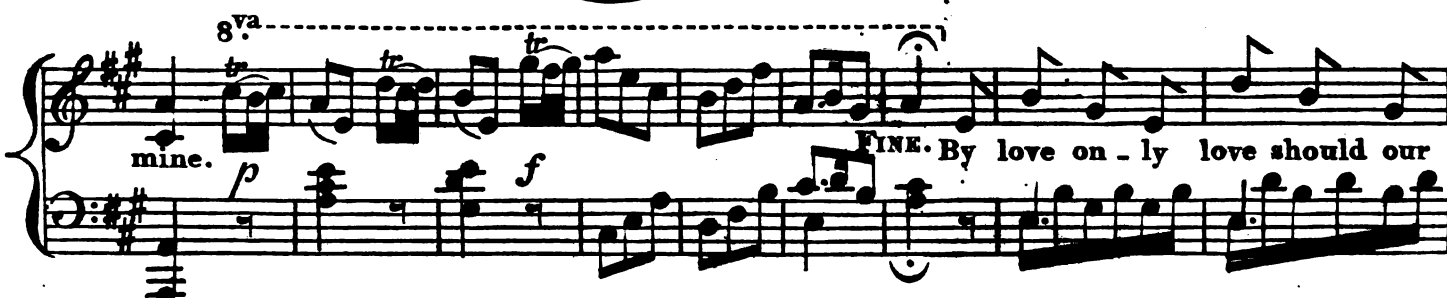
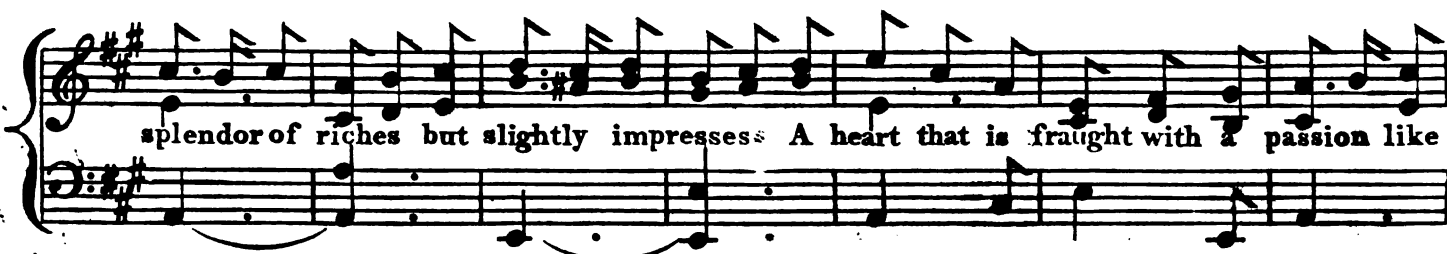
JOHN CLARE.

O SPEAK NOT TO ME.

AIR by S. SMITH.

Arranged for the Piano Forte by J. BARDSLEY.

Andante
Affettuoso.



Composed expressly for the MANCHESTER IRIS.

Engraved by J. Townsend.

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VOLATILE'S PORT-FOLIO.

CHAPTER I.

I have two reasons why I will not tell you how I came by this Port-folio.

First—because you would not believe me, and
Secondly—there is no occasion for you to know.
Pray Sir, will you tell me who you are?

NO, Miss!

Then you are a provoking fellow :—how do I know that the Port-folio's genuine :—I dare say it's not :—I've no proof that it is :—I can't tell whether I should like it.

To be sure, you should.

But perhaps it's not Volatile's :—it may be all a take-in : you are anonymous, and all about it is mystery.

True, Miss!

As I said this, I pressed gently together the palms of my extended hands ; slowly elevated myself to the tip-toe—and quietly dropping my eye-lids in the most beautiful correspondence with the rest of my expression—I stood—such a sweet picture of confounded innocence.—True, Miss, said I, calmly recovering my former position, and opening wide my large black eyes—the rays of light darting suddenly upon her's,—shot into her heart the fullest conviction of my sincerity—

Did I say my eyes were large and black?

Humph !—it was more than I intended.

I could see that she was convinced—but a woman will never acknowledge herself satisfied while any thing like a secret remains.

Trust me, chary one,—said I, pressing my hand against my coat, just over the place where my heart might be supposed to reside—a large quantity of wadding which the tailor had crammed into the lapels, intercepted the pulsation—

[What a load of this sort Macbeth must have carried—it is one among innumerable proofs how fashions come round again—when he cried out to the Apothecary

“Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart.”

It is not so bad now a days.

Perhaps Macbeth wore the dove-breast as a disguise.]

—and with a solemn inclination of my head—which bent my well starched cloth right across the middle and totally discomposed its propriety—as much as to say

Upon my honour, my dear, I would not deceive you.

Which in fact was exactly what I meant.—

You tell me so ; said she, quizzingly, turning up the corner of her eye at the inconvenience I had sustained, and with a smile of the most unutterable merriment at the attempt I was making to restore it—by compression of the extreme points of the line of incurvity, so as to bring back the centre within the power of the elastic action—but in vain.

You tell me so ;—

My pretty fellow!

The compliment was in the eye, and the smile—but it was ironical, and I did not acknowledge it.

Judge for yourself, replied I, here is a piece from it.

CHAPTER II.

The play, Madam, is 'HAMLET.'

Is it a tragedy-play, Sir?

It is a tragedy, Madam!

Only to think, Riar, it's a tragedy-play, and my pocket ankercher's as dirty :—Joe, my love, go run home, the man'll perhaps let you out again, and fetch me a clean white ankercher ; ask Susan to find it you ; they're in one of the top-drawers in the little set, in the right hand side corner ; tell her to mind and not disturb the lace-cap, and them there flowers that lies at the top : make haste.

The young gentleman, who was despatched with these specific directions, seemed not exactly to relish the commission he was employed in—he looked round at me, conscious that I had overheard what had passed, and with a titter of most refined contempt for his mother's vulgarity, proceeded to expostulate on her command.

O! that'll do very well ; nobody'll see it, or if they do what matter—here I'll lend you mine—it's quite clean.

Your's is a silk un ; it won't do at all.

What do you want it for? eh!

What does one want a white pocket ankercher for at a tragedy-play! why, what for but to hold up to one's eyes like every body else, to be sure.

Joseph looked round again, and winked. Come go, there's a good lad.

Not I ; said the obedient son, venturing a peremptory refusal.

But I insists on your going, said the mother : how dars you dispute what I says ; go this instant.

A muttering wrangle now took place between authority and resistance, which was terminated by the drawing up of the curtain, and a proposal on the part of the son, that his mother and sister should have for the evening a common convenience in the handkerchief of the latter.

O, ay! Riar, I never thought of that—we can use your's in kales : and when I've the ankercher you shall have the spy-glass ; that shall be it :—and then we shall both be genteel.

Good lorjus! what's that? said the matron, as the ghost stalked over the scene, 'Sir, what's that?'

The ghost, madam.

What is the play-house awnted? said she.

Very often, madam.

I never heard of it before, and I've been here many a time.

It only happens on particular occasions, said I, and very likely you were never present at one before.

'I hope it won't come again,' groaned she.

The ghost however, contrary to the hopes of the lady, shortly reappeared on the stage, and it was with some difficulty that I succeeded in convincing her that she need not apprehend any injury from the spectre, as, though it had often appeared on the stage, it had never been known to commit any mischief, and was, indeed, perfectly harmless.

But how frightened all those people is : argued she, and one of 'em's drawn his sword too ; I wish it was gone again.

Who's that gentleman in black—will you lend me your bill, Sir, a minute.

That is Hamlet, said I, pointing to his name as I handed her the bill.

Hamlet! dear o' me, how sorrowful he looks ; what's the matter with him, Sir.

Aye my! mother, said the daughter, I see how it is now : Joe! you know that about Hamlet and the Ghost in Speaker, now see if it does not come in the play somehow.

Pook! said Joseph, with a consequential twist of the chin in his black neck-handkerchief and diddlers, any body could tell that.

Oh dear! that's very pythethick, said the old lady, at the recital of the first soliloquy : Riar, do lend me the ankercher : no, never mind, I don't see any body else with one. O! yes, there's a lady there, give it me :

She took the handkerchief from her daughter, and, inspiring a sob, which nearly drained the theatre of air, was beginning to apply it, with a variety of graceful contortions, to her eyes, when, casting another look at the object of her imitation, she exclaimed

'O, no! she's only blowing her nose ;' and passed the handkerchief again to Maria.

Now, Riar, I'll have a peep through the spy-glass ; do shew me, child, how it is to use it ; I'm always obliged to put my finger over my eye when I look through it, for I can't wink o' one eye well.

O! you need not wink, mptber, at all : keep both eyes open.

Ay! but then, somehow, I always look out at that eye that is not at the spy-glass, and so it's a no use.

Aye, hark, they're telling that mournful gentleman, Hamlet, about the ghost : let's listen.

After paying the strictest attention to the scene for some time, she turned round to me, and opening a paper on her lap, held it forth with a civil invitation to 'take a mint-drop :' which I as civilly declined.

You'll find 'em very nice, Sir, for warming the inside, said she, do have one or two—you cannot think how good they are for keeping off the belly-ache as often comes at these here sort of places. Try one, Sir, do.

I could not resist so much polite importunity.

Take two or three more, Sir, you need not be afraid of robbing us, we've more than we shall suck to-night.—Here, Joe : said she, taking three, fast together, from the paper, and offering them to her son—who looked rather suspiciously at the coherent mass.—I've not had 'em in my mouth, it's only with getting warm on my knees that they stick together i thissay.

O! Lord, here's the ghost again ; see how that gentleman's hair stands up : is't he afraid, Sir.

He appears so, madam, but without any real occasion.

I should not like to be so near a ghost, should you, Sir.

'Not much, madam ;' and again the old lady's attention was earnestly directed to the play : the daughter had scarcely ever withdrawn her eyes from the stage ; and seemed wonderfully engrossed in observing its action through the glass. The young gentleman was reclining with the point of his left elbow on the higher bench of the box, and with the right-hand turning about an ash-plant, the head of which he held in his mouth.

Good luck, Sir, Hamlet's gone mad : what'll be done think you ; can they cure him : dear o' me, how wild the poor gentleman talks : Hearken, Riar, that's what I was telling you yesterday, no longer since, not to walk in the sun ; I said it would spoil your skin, and so you hear. Oh dear! it's quite pitiful to see that poor gentleman, how mad he is—I can hardly tell any thing that he's talking about.

Why ar'n't these the players ; I thought they was all the time—what is these, Sir, that we've been looking at, they seemed like as players.

The players are coming now, madam.

What them, why, how shabby ; they are just like those we saw at th' Minur wonst, arn't they Riar? Did you ever go to the Minur Theatre, Sir ; Riar and me went to see Madam Sackwi ; what a awful thing that was of her being killed ; only it was an oax—but I said I'd never go no more, they were such a poor set of players, and there was so many low lived people went.

My polished neighbour once more turned to the performance, and telling Riar that she would have 'a kale with the spy-glass,' took it from the daughter's reluctant fingers, and began to manœuvre it herself.

Hamlet now entered with the celebrated soliloquy commencing 'To be, or not to be'—and the young lady, relieved from the assiduous exercise of the glass, began to exhibit her powers of recitation and memory by repeating it along with the performer, in a very audible whisper.

O, it's a sublime piece, said she, when she had finished ; I once got it off by heart for a task to say off at the breaking up—that pangs of despised love, is very tender : don't you think so,—said she, speaking to her mother, but looking sidelong at me.

The girl was about sixteen, and seemed to have just sufficient knowledge of propriety to tell her that she ought not to address a strange gentleman without an introduction : and yet it was evident that she wanted to fall into conversation. I was not in the humour to encourage her by entering into the discussion, or I have no doubt that I should have found her critically conversant with all the pieces in the Speaker, and wonderfully alive to their beauties.

O dear! here's the berring, said the old lady, who had for a long while ceased her remarks, excepting an occasional exclamation when any thing particularly excited her attention : such as the murder of Polonius—Ophelia's madness, and the Grave-digging. Here's the berring, do Riar, give me the ankercher ; I suppose, Sir, it's the end now isn't it—it's a hand-somish coffin : oh dear! that mad fellow's jumping into the hole : he'll break it :—a pause, Aye! there's that funny chap, Browne ;—how queer he acts awils, does'n't he, Sir :—another pause.

Aye, that is nice ; what are they going to do now, Sir :—those swords is'n't sharp, is they, Sir :—Bless me ; what's matter with that lady! it's like a stroke :—Oh! dear that mad Hamlet's killed the King-player ;—aye dear, they're all dying :—but it's only sham, Sir, is it ;—I hope none of um's been hurt. I'm always fearful of swords :—are you going, Sir :—well, I wish you good bye !—

June, 1819.

Ed. P.

WEEKLY DIARY.

JULY.

REMARKABLE DATES.

MONDAY, 7.—*Thomas à Becket.*

This haughty prelate was born in London, in the year 1119, and was the son of Gilbert, a merchant, and Matilda, a Saracen lady, who is said to have fallen in love with him when he was a prisoner to her father in Jerusalem. Thomas received the first part of his education at Merton Abbey in Surrey, whence he went to Oxford, and afterwards studied at Paris. In 1159, he made a campaign with King Henry to Toulouse, having in his own pay 1200 horses besides a retinue of 700 knights or gentlemen.

His bridle was of silver, his saddle of velvet, his stirrups, spurs, and bosses, double gilt. His expenses far surpassing the expenses of an Earl. He fed with the fattest, was clad with the softest, and kept company with the pleasantest.

And the king made him [Becket] his chancellor, in which office he passed the pomp and pride of Thomas [Wolsey] Cardinal, as far as the ones shrine passeth the others tomb in glory and riches. And after that he was a man of war, and captain of 5 or 6000 men in full harness, as bright as St. George, and his spear in his hand; and encountered whosoever came against him, and overthrew the jolliest rutter that was in all the host of France. And out of the field, hot from blood-shedding, was he made bishop of Canterbury, and did put off his helm, and put on his mitre; put off his harness, and on with his robes; and laid down his spear, and took his cross, ere his hands were cold; and so came, with a lusty courage of a man of war, to fight another while against his prince for the Pope; when his prince's cause were with the law of God, and the Pope's clean contrary. (*Old Tracts cited by Dibdin, in his 'Bibliomania,' p. 234, note.*)

REVIEW.

Halidon Hill; a Dramatic Sketch. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Constable, Edinburgh; Hurst and Co. London. 1822.

Halidon Hill is a dramatic sketch, very properly so called, for it is nothing more; written in two acts, and designed, as we are informed, to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry.

The scene opens with the arrival of Adam de Vipont, a Knight Templar, under the guidance of the Prior of Maison-Dieu, (after an absence of 12 years in the wars of Palestine,) before Halidon Hill, which is occupied by the Regent Douglas. Sir Alan Swinton, a knight of gigantic stature and great prowess, relates to Vipont the reduced number of his followers, and the loss of his four sons in a feud with the Gordons, the vengeance taken for their deaths, and the increased power of the present youthful head of the Gordons. The army of England, under King Edward, is desecrated, and the Scottish leaders, being summoned to meet the Regent, disagree about the array of battle. In the midst of their quarrel, intelligence arrives that the English army is within a mile of their position. Even then their madness continues, and they brawl about the lead of the van. Advised by Swinton, they retire to debate in

the Regent's Tent; but the knight is himself excluded, on account of the small number of his followers. Young Gordon, not knowing him, resolves to remain with him. On learning his name from Vipont, he is with difficulty restrained from rushing, sword in hand, on the man by whom his father fell. Maxwell issues from the Regent's tent, announcing that all is confusion and uproar within; and Gordon learns that Swinton is the only man in the host, who can put the Scottish army on an equality with the enemy. The Regent and Chiefs now come forth, and Douglas finds a remedy for their contention about the command of the van, in the senseless expedient of waiting the attack of the enemy, as the army stands on the hill, utterly exposed to the English arrow-shot. The madness of this resolve is shown by Swinton, who asks permission to lead a body of horse to attack the English bowmen, and implores the chiefs to lay aside their feuds in this hour of need. Douglas denies his request, and calls for the youths who expect knighthood from his sword. When Gordon is named, he refuses to be knighted by any but Sir Alan Swinton. The Lords Lennox and Maxwell, commend the consideration of Swinton's counsel; but the Regent tauntingly replies, that he may attack the English bowmen, with his 'fair threescore horsemen.' Gordon, however, declares his resolution to join him with all his followers. Gordon and Swinton are entirely reconciled, and in Hob-Hattely, a notorious cattle reaver, Swinton finds a guide to a flank attack on the English.

In Act II. while the English chiefs are impatiently waiting the sounding of the charge, the Abbot of Walthamstow enters, to demand certain tithes withheld from his house by Lord Chandos; and, on the entrance of the King, informs him that Chandos had termed his grace a rat-catcher. Chandos, in return, tells the King that the Abbot had declared it was sinful in the King's chaplain to have caught up a secular weapon, and so to have secured the life and liberty of Edward, when he was in great peril from Swinton in a night attack; and that the chaplain's soul is therefore in purgatory. The King questions the Abbot sharply, who is glad to compound with Chandos for his tithes, so he will take off the King. Chandos immediately sees, in front of the army, that which induces Edward to command the attack to be made instantly. Great havoc is made by the English bowmen, when Swinton and Gordon are desecrated rushing forward from a thicket under the hill, and the King rushes out crying,

to the rescue

Lords, to the rescue! ha, St. George, St. Edward. Swinton and Gordon are victorious over the English vanguard; and Gordon relates his love, and the accomplishments of the lady of whom he is enamoured. Vipont enters, and they learn that no aid is sent to them from the main arm. Swinton would fain provide for the safety of Gordon by sending him to the Regent; but he refuses to go, and they once more charge the enemy. They fall, desperately wounded—the English pass over them, and they see the flight of their countrymen.—Swinton dies—Edward enters, attended by the British leaders, and Baliol the pretender to the Scottish crown.—Gordon rushing on them with Vipont, is made prisoner, and immediately after sinks down and dies.

There is something grand in the devoted spirit in which Gordon follows Swinton, surrendering his hereditary hatred to the eniga-

cies of his country. But the incident, as related, seems altogether beyond our nature. It were indeed a sublime spectacle, to behold a young man performing the last pious offices, and closing, with a friendly hand, the dying eyes of him by whom his father fell: but that man is not the individual to whom he would in any situation, much less in the midst of carnage, discourse of the power possessed by his mistress to move the feelings by her skill in music.

The clamor made by the Abbot for his tithes, in the front of two armies on the very point of engaging, is altogether improbable. And this incident is the more objectionable, not only as it involves none of those sublime sentiments which accompany the other, as proper to the sacrifice of deadly hatred; but as it borders on the ridiculous.

THE RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'MAGIC LANTERN.'

Walking up St. James's Street a few days ago, I was attracted by some very beautiful specimens of bijouterie, displayed for sale in the window of a shop; and seeing a very curious antique ring, set in diamonds, labelled for a sum that I fancied beneath its value, I was tempted to purchase it. Examining my bargain while sitting in my easy chair after dinner, I dropped asleep, as is my usual custom; and the ring being the last subject of my thoughts, gave rise to the following dream. I thought that, while in the act of contemplating my new purchase, it thus addressed me—and, however unnatural and improbable it may seem, that an inanimate object should be gifted with the power of speech, yet, with the usual incoherence of a dream, all appeared to me perfectly correct.

'Do not undervalue me because this day I came into your possession for a comparatively trifling sum. Though you see me now with my lustre dimmed by age, and want of care, time was, that I were a different aspect. In my fate you will see the lot of all sublimary grandeur, and I shall therefore relate to you my eventful history.'

'I was purchased in Rome, where I was examined and admired by many virtuosos: but a young Englishman, on his travels, no sooner saw me than he wished to possess me. Doubtful, however, of his own skill as a connoisseur, he determined on consulting a person considered a perfect judge in such matters; and with all the unscrupulous openness of his countrymen, told my owner so. No sooner had he left the house, than my master hastened to the virtuosos that the Englishman had named as the arbiters of my destiny; and having originally demanded double my value, he now offered a handsome discount to the antiquary, if he could, by his commendations, ensure my sale to the young amateur. These two precious Romans soon came to a perfect understanding; in a day or two the bargain was made, and I was consigned to the care of my new master. Though I cherished the cupidity of my late owner, and wished to leave him, still it was not without a pang that I bade adieu to the lovely canons and intaglios that had been to long my neighbours in the same drawer; and the precious antique gems that had been so often in close contact with me, never appeared to possess so many charms as in the moment that I was torn from them for ever. My vanity, however, consoled me for the separation; for it had been cruelly wounded by having overheard my crafty countryman say, that he had two fakes, one on a beryl, and another on a cardonyx, both far superior to me, who am, as you perceive, an antique, and that he heartily wished me off his hands, as no one but an Englishman would buy me.'

'My new master having looked at me with a carelessness that bespoke him as little interested as skilled in antiques, consigned me to his writing-box: where I lay, side by side with many other articles of vertu, and surrounded by all the pages of amour with

which he had been favoured since he left college. Here I lay in inglorious obscurity for some time; for, though my prison was frequently opened, to draw from it a fresh supply of money, I remained unnoticed. At length, by finding my cage moved about, I guessed that a change in my destiny was taking place, and I soon discovered, by the rumbling motion and rude jolts which I experienced, that I was leaving my native city, the once proud and imperial capital of the world. I shall pass over the grief which this parting caused me; nor shall I dwell on the disagreements that took place between my fellow-travellers and myself on the journey; our careless master had bestowed so little attention in packing us, that we frequently experienced some of the unpleasant rubs of life. The glass that covered a portrait fell a victim to one of the quarrels, and some beautiful Roman shells were shattered into fragments.

We proceeded to Florence, and thence to Paris, where we took up our abode; and we had not been long there, when I observed that my prison was never opened that my master did not exhibit certain symptoms of chagrin and impatience which boded something disagreeable. One day he seized my cage with a violence that threatened its annihilation, and flattered me with the hope of liberty: but the lock soon obeyed his hand; and from the frequent exclamations I heard him utter, of 'cursed fool!' 'stupid dupe!' 'stingy father!' I guessed that something unusual had occurred and I found he was writing to solicit from his father fresh supplies. His application failed of success, but brought him a recall. We soon bade adieu to Paris, and set out for England,—that country, of whose wealth I had heard so much, and whose sons have been considered as the natural prey of the artful and designing.

"The first gleam of light that visited me in England shone through the dusty panes of a window in the Custom House at Dover; where my prison was unceremoniously opened, and my companions and myself exposed to the view of a crowd of spectators, amidst a heap of clothes-bags, dressing-gowns, *portefolles*, portmanteaus, china, artificial flowers, &c. &c. &c. Never shall I forget the scene that presented itself to me. The looks of inexorable rigidity of the Custom House officers,—the pale faces of the owners of the various properties, which told a piteous tale of sufferings past, and from which they had not yet recovered,—the soiled dresses, mis-shaped hats and bonnets, and uncombed ringlets falling over languid cheeks,—showed the ladies in no very favourable point of view; while the unshorn chins and rumpled neckcloths of the gentlemen, betrayed that they had not escaped the disasters of the briny element. Each individual stood close to his or her property; and all personal suffering appeared to be forgotten in the anxiety which they felt to recover their possessions from the ruthless fangs of the Custom House officers. One lady was declaring that a piece of fine Mechlin lace, found in her hand-box, was English manufacture; and another was insisting that a piece of French silk, which was discovered peeping through her pocket-hole, was merely the lining of her dress. Innumerable female voices, all speaking together, were heard around; making confusion doubly confused; while the gentlemen, who appeared less able to argue with the revenue officers; contented themselves with undervaluing their properties, that the duties might be proportionally reduced. I made one reflection on the scene around me, which was, that the female sex are all addicted to dealing in contraband goods or smuggling, as it was there called; for out of above fifty ladies present, there was not one who did not endeavour to defraud the revenue.

"After witnessing several animated contests and countless seizures, it at length came to my turn to be examined; and I felt my dignity not a little offended by being taken up between the soiled finger and thumb of one of the inspectors, who, after viewing me for a moment, pronounced me English, which my master having with rather a doubtful smile tacitly admitted, I was restored to my old abode, and, with my companions, again huddled up in our narrow cell.

"The scene I had witnessed conveyed no favourable impression of England; and I could not help ejaculating to myself, is this, then, that famed land of freedom of which I have so often heard; and whose laws and protection of private property are so frequently held up to admiration? How prone are mankind to misrepresent and exaggerate; and how ill-governed must this same England be, and how defective its laws, when the goods for which an individual has paid his money, and which, of course, have become his property, are taken from him without even the civility of an excuse, and this by the very officers employed to carry their boasted laws into effect! I made many more wise reflections on laws and governments, but of which, as they do not concern my history, I shall spare you the recital; let it suffice to say, that no where had I heard law and justice so violently denounced as in an English Custom House: and there it was I first learned that they are not synonymous terms.

"The motion of the vehicle, as we rolled along from Dover towards London, was so different from that to which I had hitherto been accustomed, that I concluded the roads in England to be much better, or that some peculiar excellence appertained to English horses or postillions.

"My travelling companions and I agreed much better; and, during my journey from Dover to the metropolis, we maintained our equilibrium with perfect decorum, and had not a single rupture.

"We arrived in the British capital on a fine evening in May; and I was the next morning released from the narrow precincts of my prison, and consigned, with some other articles of virtue, to the fair sister of my master. She admired me extremely; but returned me to her brother, with the observation, that he had better reserve me for the finger of a fair female friend of hers, to whom he was to be present at dinner; but to all his inquiries as to the name of this fair-unknown, she declined giving any information.

"I was placed on the dressing-table of my master, and could not help observing that, when attiring himself for dinner this day, he bestowed more than his usual care in arranging his neckcloth, and giving his hair that careless waving flow so much admired by travelled beaux. I had hitherto fancied that the male sex were superior to the minor considerations of personal decorations; but I now discovered that no blooming nymph of seventeen, at her first presentation, could have taken more pains in displaying her charms to the best advantage, than did my master on the present occasion. I felt considerable interest to know the result of his interview with the fair unknown, but had no means of gratifying my curiosity. I remarked, however, that from this eventful day, he appeared more than usually anxious to adorn his person to the best advantage; and, at the end of a few weeks, I observed him draw a small turquoise ring from his finger, which he kissed with a rapture that excited my astonishment, mingled with indignation, that an ornament so inferior to myself could be so valued, while I was left whole weeks unnoticed on his dressing-table, or only casually touched by the housemaid when arranging the room. At length I was one day taken up, and conveyed by my master to a celebrated jeweller, to whose care he consigned me, with particular injunctions to have me reset, encircled with diamonds, and made to the size of a very small gold ring which he left as a pattern. He gave innumerable directions, expressive of his anxiety to have me completed; all of which convinced me that I was designed for the finger of some fair lady, and the unknown immediately occurred to my memory. The jeweller, whose only object was to incur as much expense to his employer as possible, encircled me with a row of brilliants, so large as nearly to hide my diminished head; and having now all the appearance of a modern antique, I was restored to my master, and the next day was placed by him on one of the most snowy taper fingers in the world, as a guard to a plain gold ring that he had put on the same finger at St. George's church half an hour before, as I discovered by the conversation that followed the action.

"My mistress seemed excessively pleased with me, and frequently raised her hand to arrange her

hair or dress, and as frequently expressed her admiration of me, which not a little excited my vanity; but my self-complacency was much abated by discovering that she admired the diamonds that surrounded me more than myself, and my respect for her was much decreased by ascertaining, from her observations, that she was totally unskilled in antiques.

"For about a year I retained the post of honour with my new mistress; but towards the close of that period, I discovered a visible alteration in her; of which, as it affected her treatment of me, I took particular notice. The first symptom I observed was a want of cordiality between her and my erstwhile master. Occasional differences took place between them, conducted on both sides with much warmth; and I noticed that a male visitor, who was very assiduous in his attention, seemed to have taken a great fancy either to my mistress's hand or myself, for he frequently pressed both between his, and as frequently raised them to his lips, though gently reprimanded for it by the lady. At length, one day he removed me from the fair finger I had so long encircled; and then drawing off the plain gold ring that I had so faithfully guarded, replaced it by one of nearly a similar kind, and then restored me to my former station, having consigned my old companion to his pocket.

"I felt, or fancied that I felt, my mistress's hand agitated by a tremulous emotion, and a drop that, save from its warmth, I should have taken for crystal, at that moment fell on me, and was hastily brushed away by the lips of the gentleman. I felt indignant at being robbed of this liquid pearl, which, to my prophetic soul, appeared like the last memorial of departing purity, nor could I be reconciled to the new companion who had usurped the place of my old one, to which habit and its unobtrusive qualities had endeared me. The next day my Mistress took advantage of the absence of her husband to elope with her lover, and though pressed by him to remove me for a ring of great beauty and value that he had provided as a substitute, she expressed such a desire still to retain me, that, though with a visible degree of chagrin, he consented to permit me to occupy my old station, and placed his gift on a finger of the right hand.

"I soon observed many symptoms of unhappiness in my mistress; I was frequently bedewed with the tears that trickled down her pale cheek, as the hand to which I belonged supported it; and the same hand was often pressed to her burning forehead, as if to still the throbbing pulse that agonised her there. By degrees the once snowy hand lost its fairness, and assumed a sickly yellow hue; the once finely rounded taper finger which I had so closely encircled, shrank from my embrace. Yet still my unhappy mistress seemed to wish to retain me, and, by twisting several silken threads round me, she again secured me; but, alas! in a few days I felt an unusual coldness steal over the attenuated finger, which was succeeded by a rigidity that gave it the feel and semblance of marble."

At this moment my servant, entering the room, awoke me, and interrupted a dream, the impression of which was so vivid, as to leave the traces of tears on my cheek.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE DROWNED.

(Published by the Humane Society of London.)

1.—As soon as the patient is taken out of the water, the wet clothes, if the person is not naked at the time of the accident, should be taken off with all convenient expedition on the spot, (unless some convenient house be very near) and a great coat or two, or some blankets, if convenient, should be wrapped round the body.

2.—The patient is to be thus carefully conveyed in the arms of three or four men, or on a bier, to the nearest public or other house, where a good fire, if in the winter season, and a warm bed can be made ready for its reception. As the body is conveying to this place, a great attention is to be paid to the position of the head; it must be kept supported in

a natural and easy posture, not suffered to hang down.

3.—In cold or moist weather, the patient is to be laid on a mattress or bed before the fire, but not too near, or in a moderately heated room; in warm or sultry weather, on a bed only. The body is then to be wrapped as expeditiously as possible with a blanket, and thoroughly dried with warm coarse cloths or flannels.

4.—In summer or sultry weather too much air cannot be admitted. For this reason it will be necessary to set open the windows and doors, as cool refreshing air is of the greatest importance in the process of resuscitation.

5.—Not more than six persons are to be present to apply the proper means; a greater number will be useless, and may retard or totally prevent, the restoration of life, by rendering the air of the apartment unwholesome. It will be necessary, therefore, to request the absence of those who attend merely from curiosity.

6.—It will be proper for one of the assistants, with a pair of bellows of the common size, applying the pipe a little way up one nostril, to blow with some force, in order to introduce air into the lungs; at the same time the other nostril and the mouth are to be closed by another assistant, whilst a third person gently presses the chest with his hands, after the lungs are observed to be inflated. By pursuing this process, the noxious and stagnant vapours will be expelled, and natural breathing initiated. If the pipe of the bellows be too large, the air may be blown in at the mouth, the nostrils at the same time being closed, so that it may not escape that way: but the lungs are more easily filled, and natural breathing better initiated, by blowing up the nostril.

7.—Let the body be gently rubbed with common salt, or with flannels, sprinkled with spirits, as rum or Geneva. A warming-pan heated (the body being surrounded with flannel) may be lightly moved up and down the back. Fomentations of hot brandy are to be applied to the pit of the stomach, loins, &c. and often renewed. Bottles filled with hot water, heated tiles covered with flannel, or hot bricks, may be efficaciously applied to the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, and other parts of the body. The temples may be rubbed with spirits of hartshorn, and the nostrils now and then tickled with a feather; and snuff, or eau-de-luce, should be occasionally applied.

8.—Tobacco fumes should be thrown up the fundament: if a fumigator be not at hand, the common pipe may answer the purpose. The operation should be frequently performed, as it is of importance; for the good effects of this process have been experienced in a variety of instances of suspended animation. But should the application of tobacco smoke in this way not be immediately convenient, or other impediments arise, clysters of this herb, or acrid infusions with salt, &c. may be thrown up with advantage.

9.—When these means have been applied a considerable time without success, and any brew-house or warm bath can be readily obtained, the body should be carefully conveyed to such place, and remain in the bath, or surrounded with warm grains, for three or four hours.

If a child has been drowned, its body should be wiped perfectly dry, and immediately placed in bed between two healthy persons. The salutary effects of the natural vital warmth, conveyed in this manner, have been proved in a variety of successful cases.

10.—While the various methods of treatment are employed, the body is to be well shaken every ten minutes, in order to render the process of animation more certainly successful; and children, in particular, are to be much agitated, by taking hold of their legs and arms, frequently and for a continuance of time.

11.—If there be any signs of returning life, such as sighing, gasping, or convulsive motions, a spoonful of any warm liquid may be administered; and if the act of swallowing is returned, then a cordial of warm brandy or wine may be given in small quantities, and frequently repeated.

The methods which have been fully described, are to be employed with vigour for three hours or

upwards, although no favourable circumstances should arise, for it is a vulgar and dangerous opinion to suppose that persons are irrecoverable, because life does not soon make its appearance; an opinion that has consigned to the grave an immense number of the seemingly dead; who might have been restored to life by resolution and perseverance.

Bleeding is never to be employed in such cases, unless by the direction of a medical assistant.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

MORNING DRESS.

The morning dress is composed of colonnade stripe muslin, worked round the bottom to correspond with the stripe, and trimmed with four narrow worked flounces, the upper one finished with a double row of cord. The body fastens behind, plain and high, but a little open towards the throat; trimmed with the same delicate work that decorates the cape, in which there are two rows, separated by a puffing of plain book-muslin, through which a lilac ribbon is drawn. The cape is square at the shoulder, where it finishes; but the upper row of trimming is continued to the bottom of the waist, adding to the gracefulness of the form. The cap is elegantly simple, of the cottage form, and composed of beautiful India worked muslin and Mechlin lace, tastefully decorated with fancy lilac ribbon. Shoes, lilac kid.

EVENING DRESS.

Round dress of delicately striped net, over a white satin slip; the bottom of the dress extended by a double rouleau of rich white satin; above which are elegant festoons, arranged transversely, of puffed *crêpe lisse*, confined diagonally by three narrow rouleaus of white satin, and finished at the top with small clusters of the blue convolvulus. The corsage displays the chastest taste, cut round, and edged with a quilting of the finest tulle; the stomacher is formed of four rows of six minute folds of white satin, net appearing between each row. Head-dress, turban of cerulean blue and white *crêpe lisse*, and two white ostrich feathers. The hair parted in front, and elegant ringlets on each side. White satin shoes, long white kid gloves. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl and corallian.

English Ambassador.—An ambassador from England, on being presented to one of the Kings of Spain, was told to do some particular homage, which, as being rather inconsistent with the instructions of his master, and too humiliating for the character he had the honour to bear, he begged leave to decline. Highly piqued at this imaginary insult, and desirous of putting the ambassador out of countenance for it, the king cried aloud to the courtiers around him, "What! has my good brother of England no other men in his court, that he has sent me a fool to represent him?" "O yes, may it please your majesty," replied the ambassador; "my master has many men about him, far wiser than me; but he makes it an invariable rule, to suit every ambassador to the king at whose court he is about to preside."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Nearly ready, Werner; or, the Inheritance, a Drama, in five acts. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. The fifth edition of Miss Neale's Sacred History, in familiar dialogues, is in the Press.

The Poetical Works of Barry Cornwall, now first collected.

A new Edition of The Florist's Manual, or Hints for the Construction of a Gay Flower Garden. By the Authoress of "Botanical Dialogues," and "Sketches of Vegetable Life."

A foreign journal states, that Count Las Casas is going to publish the MS. which was taken from him at St. Helena, and which the English ministry has restored to him. Such a work will doubtless contain a multitude of new facts relative to the captivity of Napoleon Buonaparte.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE REV. J. J. TAYLOR, A. B. respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he will resume his Instructions in Classics, History, Belles Lettres, &c. on Monday, 5th of August.

No. 7, Dickinson-street.

This day is published, in octavo, price 6s.

HALIDON HILL; a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

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As above may be had, the *NOVELS* and *TALES* of the Author of Waverley; comprising *Waverley*, *Guy Rannering*, the *Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, and *Tales of My Landlord*, 1st. 2nd. and 3rd. Series, 12 vols. 8vo. Price £7 4s. in boards.

We this week (in addition to our usual quantity of matter) present our Subscribers with a page of Music, composed expressly for the Iris, and arranged for the Piano Forte by Mr. Bardley, of this town.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received "Metallator's" letter, but must decline inserting it.—He seems to have forgotten that there are some things too contemptible for notice.—We are not going to "run a-muck, and tilt at all we meet."

We have inserted A. A.'s communication.—His letters we shall always be happy to receive, if he continues, according to his own voluntary assurance, to abstain from reflections on particular individuals.

We concur with P. S. in thinking the price of beer ought to be reduced.—P. S. does not, however, suggest any expedient to effect the reduction.—If the frequenters of taverns were to abstain, for a short time, from going to those places, we think they would experience other benefits besides the diminution of price.

"M's" song has been received.—We think the authoress capable of something better, and we hope to hear from her again.—We shall always treat the communications of our fair correspondents with respectful attention.

"A Foreigner," complains rather too harshly of the female dress now in fashion.—We entertain an utter aversion to long waists as well as our correspondent; but we are happy to find, that at present, all ladies of sense and respectability preserve a medium.

In answer to R. P.'s question, we have no hesitation to declare that we approve of the proposal to establish a Botanical Garden, and shall be happy to assist in any way to promote an object so desirable.

The letter signed "Theatre," has been received.—We should be glad to hear from him on any other subject.

Our Rochdale Correspondent, Philarithmus, Peter Paterson, and Newtonians, are informed that we cannot receive letters, unless free of expence.

Scraps, No. 6.—"Civil," on Female Education.—"A Friend," in reply to "O."—Another Querist.—The Letter from Oldham.—Mathematics.—and several other Articles, are unavoidably deferred until next week.

Castigator.—Another Botanist.—Sud.—Non Ego.—T. T.—Caper.—Kearwell, and Nugent, came to hand.

Letter-Box in the Door

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The Manchester Iris;

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Advertisements.—The last column of the Iris is open to such advertisements only as are of a Literary or Scientific nature, comprising Education, Institutions, Sales of Libraries, &c.

No. 24.—VOL. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1822.

PRICE 3½d.

FOR THE IRIS.

"THE CLUB."

No. XII.—FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1822.

The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene;
With flowers adorn'd and ever-living green.
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day;
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play:
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
And groves, and caves, and grottoes, strike the eyes.
Art show'd her utmost power, but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held.

TASSO.

ALTHOUGH we have been favoured with letters from several correspondents, we have not hitherto thought proper to publish any of their communications. Our reserve in this particular, has arisen, generally speaking, from a very sincere regard for the reputation of the writers. We did not wish to expose the bad taste of those who found fault with our lucubrations; and we were, at least, equally tender with respect to the bad writing of some who admired them. We have, to be sure, received from those who profess to be our friends, several letters of advice, to which neither of these objections could be made. But what is it to the world, (by which term we mean, of course, the readers of the Iris) that one *Friend* exhorts us to study Cobbett on cash payments; that another recommends to us a treatise on heaven and hell, by the honourable Emanuel Swedenborg; that a third desired us to be very severe upon the dandies; that a fourth calls for some remarks on the ladies' stays; and that a fifth bids us mind our business, and leave essay writing to those who have no better employment?

We shall doubtless be readily pardoned, even by the writers themselves, for not presenting these letters, at full length, to the public. But there is one, which was read by the Secretary this evening, which, being the first we have received from a lady, and upon a subject of general interest, we have determined to print without alteration or abridgment.

MR. MEDIUM,

SIR,—I and my friends are constant readers of the Iris; which appears on the breakfast table as the Spectator did on that of our great grandmothers. We find Messrs. Smiths' nicely printed paper a great help to conversation, and we feel indebted to our ingenious townsmen who write in it. Your Club is a

great favourite with us. Indeed we are almost certain that one or two of us were formerly pupils of the President: but we don't mention it to any body, lest we should be thought vain. We — but I declare I am forgetting what I have to write about. Pray, Sir, what is this Botanical Garden that is so much the subject of conversation at present? We want to know what you gentlemen of the Club think of it, that we may have something to say when it is mentioned. Do, pray, Mr. Medium, get the President, or the Doctor, or somebody, to tell us all about it in the next paper, and you will very much oblige,

Sir, your humble servant,

HARRIET HYACINTH.

Oxford-Road, June 27, 1822.

"Upon my word," said the President, taking the letter from the Secretary, and looking at it attentively, Miss Hyacinth writes a very pretty hand, and spells very correctly. I shall be happy to comply with her request; and indeed, I have thought for some time, that the subject on which she writes, was deserving of our attention. I am no botanist, but I have, notwithstanding, found so much pleasure in visiting the Liverpool garden, when I have been spending the vacation in that neighbourhood, that I cannot help thinking a similar establishment in Manchester, would be a public benefit. Even to those who do not understand botany, such a place would present the opportunity of an agreeable walk, and would at once excite and gratify a rational curiosity; at the same time that it would be free from the objectionable society, which is too often found at what are called tea-gardens. As to the expense of such an institution, I understand that it would be by no means great; and as the annual subscription would, of course, be moderate, almost any person who had a taste for the study of plants, would be enabled to pursue it with great advantage."

"I am certainly," said the Doctor, who now took up the subject, "a friend to the projected institution, both from its connection with my profession, and from the pleasure which I have found in botanical studies. Botanical gardens, in which plants are methodically arranged, are of the greatest utility, in communicating a knowledge of the Linnean system. They bring before the eye of the student the plants which are referred to, as illustrations of that system, by its author. They render palpable, if I may so speak, the advantages of classification, and unfold all the intricacies of the science in the most agreeable manner. They enable us to compare the different species of the same genus, which are natives of climes, the most distant from each other.

They comprise, in a comparatively small space, the productions of all parts of the world; and the wondering spectator passes, in a few minutes, from considering the minute beauties of plants, which are natives of the Andes, or of Himalayah, to contemplate the superb vegetables, which rise to a majestic height, beneath the fervid beams of a tropical sun."

"In truth Doctor," said the tradesman, rather abruptly, "you seem to me to attach too much importance to this project. I should like the thing well enough, as an agreeable place of resort in fine weather; but, as to the study of botany, I have now and then looked into books on the subject, but finding only a heap of harsh and uncouth terms, I was soon tired, and shall not be easily induced to resume my acquaintance with a science, in my opinion, so little agreeable."

"If," replied the Doctor, "you had persevered a little longer in the study of botany, you would have discovered in those very terms which appeared so uncouth, a thousand proofs of the profound genius of Linneus. It is principally for the nice adaptation of his terms to the objects which he describes, that I admire the illustrious author of the sexual system. It is common to recommend the study of the learned languages, or of mathematics, as a mental discipline, but for my part, though I certainly do not wish to undervalue either one or the other, I must yet give it as my opinion, that, for awakening the attention, and strengthening the powers of the mind, nothing can be more effectual than the study of systematic botany."

"You have mentioned the system of Linneus," said the tradesman, "as the sexual system, pray have not some objections been made to it on this ground? I do not mean to the correctness of the theory, but to the immoral tendency of the language."

"It is true," answered the Doctor, "that some persons, either perverting or mistaking the language of Linneus, have made such objections. In my opinion their remarks are unfounded and unjust. Nothing but innocence and purity can naturally be associated with this study; and I perfectly agree with Dr. Smith, that the man who attempts to stain its purity, by the introduction of any idea of a contrary tendency, can be likened only to the fiend entering into the paradise of God, and polluting by his presence the native abode of innocence and bliss."

"Admitting, Doctor," said the Antiquarian, "that for the reasons you have assigned, the study of botany may be recommended to medical men, or to students and men of science generally; yet you must remember that such persons make a very small proportion of our

population. I should like a botanical garden very well, especially if there were added to it a collection of antiquities; but what motives can you offer to those who read only for amusement, to induce them to pursue the science, or to patronize the institution?"

"The study of botany may be recommended," replied the Doctor, "as a fertile source of cheap and innocent pleasure. As a pursuit which unites, in a very uncommon degree, bodily exercise with ardour of mind; and which is, on that account, peculiarly adapted as a relaxation from either business or severe study. I can add my testimony to that of Dr. Aikin, and can say with him, that, when I was a young man, the study of English botany caused several summers to glide away with me in more pure and active delight, than almost any other single object ever afforded me. It rendered every ride and walk interesting, and converted the plodding rounds of business into excursions of pleasure. It is, continued he, a diminution of the pleasure which is derived from some branches of natural science, that they require a familiarity with loathsome objects, and the performance of disagreeable, unhealthy, cruel, or dangerous, experiments. Botany, on the contrary, presents only the most pleasing objects, and its experiments are safe, innocent, and agreeable. It is indeed the study of beautiful forms, rich colours, and finished workmanship. The flowers we examine, while they charm the sight by their elegance and varied hues, or shed their fragrance around us, give, at the same time, a natural and pure delight to the mind. What Akenside has said of the philosophic student of nature, may, with great propriety, be applied to the botanist."

For him, the Spring

Distills its dew, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfold; for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk.

M. M.

KATE OF GLENSHEE.

A FRAGMENT.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood,
But more deformed than dreams can represent
The midnight hag.

BOWLES.

*** I had followed, for upwards of a mile, the course of the burn which I have before described as flowing beneath the walls of D—. It is a sweet meandering stream. Here it rushes swiftly over a narrow rocky channel, between ruddy scours and purple banks of heath, and there it winds gently round some fertile haugh, which belted with its natural zone of alders or willows, beats the finest efforts of a Bridgeman or a Repton. The vale had gradually grown deeper and narrower. Lofty rocks arose on each side, over which appeared pendent branches of the mountain ash, the birch, or the yew; and, from their crannies, sprang clusters of wild roses, and woodbines, and bushes of hazel, or black-thorn. The gay flowers of the fox-glove, the mountain daisy, and the harebell, sought to throw an air of cheerfulness over a scene that otherwise was sombre in its aspect: the light of the sun but dimly shone upon the torrent, which was deeply tinged with that dark brown hue more or less perceptible in all

the mountain streams of the north, acquired from the peat-mosses whence they originate.

A narrow ledge of land, between the water and the rock, had gradually grown less; and for the last 100 yards of my route my progress had been chiefly made by springing from one stone to another, or by supporting myself by friendly branches that hung within my reach.

On turning a projecting point of the rock, one of the cliffs receded for about thirty yards, forming a semicircular plot of that diameter; and in this singular retreat I perceived a cottage. A more dreary or recluse situation could not well be imagined. On every side the cliffs rose almost perpendicularly, and the only openings were those through which the burn flowed, and which from its winding course were barely perceptible.

I was prompted to enter the mansion so singularly placed. The silence and desolation of the scene would have induced me to suppose it uninhabited, had not the smoke issuing from its chimney declared the contrary. Two windows, originally less than two feet square, but now reduced by old rags and pieces of board to less than half that size, served but to render darkness visible over the greater part of the room: one of them, however, evidently intended by its architect to light the chimney-nook, threw a broad glare of light over the sole inmate of the apartment, who, seated on a log of wood, was busily occupied in replenishing a peat fire, which it is well known requires pretty constant attention. The person thus employed was a female far advanced in the vale of years, and by no means of pleasing aspect. Her skin appeared of a hue somewhat resembling smoked parchment, and her features were harsh and masculine. The fire brightly gleaming over her grotesque form, which was partly concealed in the shade, would have afforded a fine study for a Teniers or a Rembrandt.

As I greeted her with some common-place salutation, she turned round and afforded me a full view of a face that I had previously seen but in profile. It was an old woman's with the eyes of youth: they had lost none of their fire, and afforded a striking contrast with the grey locks and shrivelled countenance by which they were surrounded. "Tis seldom the foot of a stranger passeth my lintel—be thy errand good or evil?" These words, spoken in a hoarse raven-like voice, added to the want of an ostensible cause for my intrusion, prevented my immediate reply to her. Taking advantage of my silence, she continued—"Lang, lang is it syne the gentles come to visit me: mony a wintry blast hath blawn past me; and mony a fair lass's corpse is rotted in the kirkyard—I had thought to have spent my last breath without seeing the een of a stranger again—and ye ha' come to molest me." Far from it, replied I, "I only came to beg to shelter under your roof, whilst a cloud which threatens a shower blows past, and—" "Aweel, aweel, Sir, you're welcome, but a poor place ha' I to offer to you.—But who be you?" A stranger on a visit at D—, replied I.—"I ken not the place—oh! aye, ye'll be meaning the Manor House—that was the name it got when I was young; but they give a' things fresh names now!—mine was Catherine Hetherton, but now it is Crazy Kate, or, may be, the ould doited witch, or the daft body o' Glenshee; weel, weel, there's a waird without change, and I'll soon be there I deem."

I had always been ready to join with those who laughed at their more credulous and superstitious neighbours, that credited the tales of witches, bogles, and other 'habitants of air'; and did not suppose it possible that a feeling such as I experienced during my conversation with this miserable old woman, could have pervaded me. But

He jests at scars that never felt a wound,

and let the most sceptical be left alone, in a gloomy situation, with some unfortunate neighbour supposed to be 'no canny,' and I dare predict they will feel sensations of a peculiar nature. There is in human beings a love of the marvellous and a natural inclination towards superstition, that, however we may affect to despise it in our cooler moments, will at such times predominate; nor is it surprising that this should be the case. Independent of the tales of the nursery, and the school, that insidiously work into our minds, and leave effects during after-life, any thing uncommon, or any effect to which we are at a loss in assigning a cause, is apt to raise thoughts and doubts of a superstitious nature;—and I candidly confess that I, at the time alluded to, experienced, I will not say fear, but certainly an indescribable sensation somewhat allied to it.

Anxious to lead my hostess into rational conversation, that I might satisfy the cravings of curiosity which I felt as to the history of this singular being, I observed, in reply to her last speech, 'You may yet live many years; you seem strong and hale, my good woman.' I shall never forget the tone in which she repeated the word *good*. It rapidly conveyed across my brain the ideas that she felt a mixture of remorse for its inapplicability, and yet a species of contempt for those to whom it would be more generally applied. 'Aye,' continued she, 'guid is a bonny word—it is no often I get it, but I was guid ance; guid!' muttered she in her teeth. Then beckoning me to approach her, and throwing a strange air of deep earnestness into her voice and manner, she said in a half whisper, 'No, no—ye maun not give me that name—ye maun call the laird guid who harries his tenants o' their last bit o' plenishing—ye maun call the labourer guid who earneth not his hire—or the steward who cheateth his lord—or the bairn that breaketh a parent's heart—but me!—no, no, *guid* is not the word for sould Kate.'—'What crime have you been guilty of, that you thus blame yourself?'—'Just no crime at all—it is no punishable offence I assure ye—no—what if I did murder him; he gave me guid cause—it was by slow poison.'—'How!' interrupted I, 'you could not commit such a deed?'—'No,' said she, mechanically, 'it is impossible, but I might murder him for all that: I have a heart, for all so withered as I look, and I ance loved and was loved, and I ance was a gay and bonny young maiden—now could ye thiak that, Sir?' asked she in an altered tone, and an air of such childish simplicity, that I unconsciously answered in the negative. 'But it is varry true—oh! Sir,' said she, laying her hand on her heart, 'my spring was far too bonny, and now I ha' owre bitter a winter—I'm could, could here.'—'How long have you lived in this lonely place?' asked I.—'Ever syne I did the deed; I have debarred me from people, and kith and kin, and I fled my ain land for lang—and I lived in a brighter country, and had all a body could wish for—but what does it signify when

the heart's ill at ease?—but I had all at my bidding.—Did ye ever mind how afore a storm comes on all is oft calm and peaceful and heavenly, just as youth is—and then did ye ever mark the blast coming and laying all low and waste before it, just like ould age? That was mine ain case—only I thought the calm would last for ever!

'You did not murder him?' inquired I, still anxious to obtain some connected account from her.—'Who talks of murder? aye, that is an awful word—heigh, sirs! murder—but hark ye—'

The sound of the storm with its red wing flies by,
And the beauties of nature decay all before it;
But the heart of the murderer, more perilous far,
Like a hell-fiend will prey on the corpse and devour it!

Heard ye that shriek on the gale? 'tis the call
Of the spirit of murder as onward it fleeth—
Heard ye that voice, that cry of despair?

'Tis the murderer who vainly for happiness crieth!
Ah! me, it is a bonny sound,
Like the shriek of a soul in torment bound—
'Tis a sound that ringeth for aye in my brain—
Heard ye it calling us loudly again?

Oh! this is troth is a world of woe;
Though oft-times at morning with life it may glow,
How oft ere the nightfall 'tis tinged with gloom
As dark and as drear as the murderer's tomb!
I've seen a gay flower in the morning bright blooming,
And I've sipped its rich scents all the valley perfuming.

I came on the morrow—the flower was no more,
And its scent that delighted and cheered me was
Aye! aye! I loved him—ye say true, [o'er—
But love is like a drop o' dew,
If once remov'd, who can replace it?
But though I dash'd it far away,
Its memory will be with me aye,
And ne'er alas! can I efface it!

'Did ye ever hear that sang afore? it is ane
I made myself, and the words often come un-
hidden before me, like some evil thought we
cannot get rid of.—But I have ane far merrier
—it is all about love and youth—list!—'

Oh! love is like the budding rose,
So fair an sweet to gaze;
And youth is like a summer morn,
When flowers are wet wi' dew.
The lark on high may warble gay,
But lovers are as light;
The morning sun may glitter forth,
But youth is far more bright!
I saw a lass lie up the glen,
Love glittered in her eye,
And on her cheek its blushing glow
Like rose-leaves there did lie,—

'Now is not that a bonny sang? I aye sing
that when I wish to think o' what I ance was,
but this is the ane I sing after it—for its owre
true!—now, mind—'

Oh! love is like the rose that hides
Beneath its leaves the thorn;
And soon the stormy clouds of life
Destroy youth's flowery morn.
How sweetly sounds in lovers' ears
The tongues of those they love!
Ah! sorrow soon may still the notes;
As winter doth the grove.
I saw a lass come down the glen,
Tears fell fast frae her eyes;
Her cheek was like the lily pale,
Her bosom teem'd wi' sighs;
And thus she said, oh! gie I were
Beneath the green grass laid;
Fausa love has broke my trusting heart,
And me a wretch has made.

'Isn't I a fine singer?' exclaimed the hag,
with a look of mad exultation in her eyes.
'Oh! sangs are wonderful things! they take
sic a hold of the memory—I think they sink

deeper into the heart than every-day words.—
But,' raising her voice, and extending her
skinny arm on high, 'whersore do I talk wi'
you? I, who had made a vow never again to
speak wi' man!—fause deceitful man! Away!
why do ye blast my sight? Look—there is
blood on my hand—what, stir ye not?—But,
ye mean no ill—and I will not hurt ye. Why
look ye so sad? Ah! do ye grieve for me?
well, that can amost make me weep, and I
love to weep. Methinks every tear carries a
load of grief frae my breast along with it. It
is seldom I can weep; but when I do, it makes
me so easy and happy for lang after it, that I,
even I, can smile—and that ye would wonder
at, considering what I've gane through.'

I found it was in vain to hope for any con-
nected history of her life, which had undoubt-
edly been more marked than that of most
persons; and therefore, stepping to the door,
told her that as the day had cleared up, I would
depart:—but first, struck by her miserable
appearance, and apparent destitution of the
common necessities of life, asked if I could
be of any service to her, or could procure her
any thing to alleviate her sorrows.—She an-
swered with great impatience, 'Away, sir,
would ye mock me? thinkst thou man can
do any thing for me? ah! no—my help maun
come frae another source! but farewell! and
if ye be not afeard, may Crazy Kate's blessing
gang wi' ye!'

I left her dreary abode, resolved to make
inquiries as to her former history; and reflect-
ing on the diversified constitution of the human
intellect—how, in some cases we see it calmly
keeping on in the even tenor of its way, par-
taking of an habitual apathy; and how in
others, wrought to a deep intensity of feeling,
it is stretched beyond its power of tension, and
the thread of rationality is snapt in twain.
Whether the unfortunate individual I had been
visiting, had been from birth of an unsound
mind, or had been driven by grief, or remorse,
to the piteous state in which I saw her, I was
unable to determine—though most probably
the latter was the case. Under either suppo-
sition, her state afforded a powerful warning
to the observing mind; one amongst many in-
stances of the unfathomable depths of the ways
of Providence, and of the imbecile nature of
man.

The face of nature was bright and beauteous
as ever, and appeared possibly more lovely on
account of its contrast to the gloomy cell I
had left. The chaffinches were twittering in
the hedges, and a thousand insects, of every
form and size, were sporting away their brief
existence. I surveyed the varied scene, and
thought on the wonderful dispensations of the
Creator of this splendid globe. My reflec-
tions reverted to the scene from which I had
departed—to man and the perversity of his
nature, too often marring the benefits with
which he is surrounded, or turning them into
so many curses—to his crimes, his passions,
and his follies. I trust the time was not
wasted that I spent with Kate of Glenshee.—
EDIE OCHILTREE.

THE MERRY KNIGHT.

When Henry Marshall, Knt. and Alderman of
London, received the honour of knighthood from
George II., he fell flat on the floor. The king was
surprised; but on the knight's rising up, he faceti-
ously said, "Your majesty has conferred as much
honour upon me, that I was not able to stand under
it." His majesty ever after called him his merry
knight.

MATHEMATICS.

Solution of No. 27, by O. S.

The first equation by transposition becomes $xy + x - \sqrt{xy}(y^2 - 1) = 2y^2 + 2y$. This divided by $y + 1$ becomes $x - \sqrt{xy}(y - 1) = 2y$; or $x - xy = \sqrt{xy}(y - 1)$. Now, from the second equation, we have $\frac{1}{2}x^2y^2 - 18xy = \sqrt{xy} - 12$, which, by re-
duction, and addition of $4xy + 49$ to each side, is $x^2y^2 - 14xy + 49 = 4xy + 4\sqrt{xy} + 1$, and by
extracting the root is $xy - 7 = 2\sqrt{xy} + 1$; or $xy - 2\sqrt{xy} = 8$ and $xy - 2\sqrt{xy} + 1 = 9$. $\therefore \sqrt{xy} - 1 = \pm 3$. $\therefore \sqrt{xy} = 4$ or -2 ; and $xy = 16$ or -4 .
 $\therefore x = \frac{16}{y}$ or $\frac{4}{y}$.

Now, by substitution in the first equation reduced,
we have $\frac{16}{y} - 2y = 4y - 4$, or $16 - 2y^2 = 4y^2 - 4y$
and $3y^2 - 2y = 8$; hence $y - \frac{1}{3} = \pm \frac{5}{3}$. $\therefore y = 2$
or $-\frac{4}{3}$; also from substituting value of x and \sqrt{xy}
in the first equation, $\frac{4}{y} - 2y = -2y + 2$. $\therefore 4 = 2y$, and $y = 2$; hence $x = 8$ or 2 ; and $y = 2$ or $-\frac{4}{3}$.

Jack at a Pinch favoured us with a correct solution;
Mercurius with an incorrect one.

Solution of No. 29, by Mr. J. Hill.

Let x = the number of trees in one side of the
square; then $xa + 382$ = the number of trees; also
 $(x + 6)^2 - 38 =$ the number of trees. Hence $x^2 + 382 = (x + 6)^2 - 38$; and by reduction $x = 92$.
The number of trees are therefore 1406.

Mr. W. M. Lawrie, Malpasian, Jno. M. J. Mr.
Robt. Andrew, and F. sent solutions.

Question No. 33, by Mr. W. M. Lawrie.

In what point of the ecliptic, between Aries and
Cancer, does the sun's longitude exceed his right
ascension by the greatest difference possible?

Question No. 34, by Mr. John Hill.

I owe my friend a shilling, and have nothing about
me but pounds, and he has nothing but five shilling
pieces; how am I to acquit myself of this debt?

Question No. 35, by Nonpublicos.

A gentleman bought an Estate in houses for £1500,
which being let, brought him in £120 per ann. clear
of all expenses and deductions. At the end of ten
years most of the houses being out of repair, and he
not choosing to be at the expense of fitting them up,
sold the whole estate again for £800. What rate of
interest had he for his money?

Question No. 36, by Mr. J. Wilson.

A Dealer has a certain number of Oranges. To
induce an old customer to purchase, the dealer sends
him a present of the cube root of one third of the
whole cargo. This customer then makes a purchase
of one third of what there were at first. A lady
then sent an order for a certain number which would
have been a quarter of the remainder, had none been
given away. The dealer now finds that he has 218
oranges left: how many had he at first?

We have not yet received any correct Solution
to Question No. 28. Malpasian's question is not ori-
ginal.

POETRY.

THE FATE OF MARIA.

The sun from his soft swelling palace of blue
Look'd down on the waves of the ocean:
O'er the breast of the billow the razor-bill flew,
All hush'd was its stormy commotion.

The halcyon rock'd on his wave-cradled bed,
And slept on the surge as a pillow;
The gulls flapp'd their wings o'er the mariner's head,
As his bark plough'd the foam of the billow.

Like the goddess of beauty, array'd in her charms,
When from Oda in triumph descending,
Maria, unmindful of future alarms,
O'er the breaker that rippled was bending.

She saw in the wave, as it roll'd on the shore,
Her charms, with triumphant emotion,
And little she thought 'mid the billow's loud roar
How soon she should sleep in the ocean.

Her maids stood around her, and scarce at her feet
Ascended the soft kissing billow;
Ah! little they thought that an angel so sweet
Should repose on a watery pillow.

While secretly they dipp'd in the scarce heaving wave
That softly around them was swelling,
The sea-nymphs were decking her coralline grave
And her parting bell slowly was knelling.

A breaker arose like the wave of the storm,
It foam'd with a wild heaving motion,
And dash'd o'er the strand—overwhelm'd her fair form,
And buried her deep in the ocean.

A faint shriek was heard, and 'twas silent again;
She has gone,—she has vanish'd for ever:
Long—long shall they seek for her corpse in the main,
But when shall they find it—Ah! never.

On sea-woods and corallines softly reclin'd,
Maria is calmly reposing;
Round her wave-polish'd bones the sea-mosses shall wind,
Till time o'er the ocean is closing.

And long shall the sea-boy, while wrapp'd in his dream,
At midnight awake from his pillow,
And wondering view in the moon's silver beam
Her fair spirit glide o'er the billow.

GLYCERIA.

July, 1822.

POUR PRENDRE CONGE.

In vain for three seasons each art has been tried,
I still am unwed, and unwed must abide;
In vain have my mother and I, every night,
Tried to gudgeon the men—but the Bats will not bite;
Sad, sad is my fate, every scheme has miscarried,
I was twenty last Christmas, and still am unmarried!
In vain to our dinners were dozens invited,
And scores with our parties at night were delighted—
Oh! was it for this that I sung till my throat
Grew so hoarse not an ear could distin. with a note,
(Though of course every hearer pronounc'd it divine,
That the words were so charming, the music so fine;)
Oh! was it for that I danced each quadrille,
With a fairy-like grace and a Paris-taught skill;
That I lost all my roses by keeping late hours,
Till now I must call some from Ackerman's bower's?
Oh! horrid; three months dear Sir Thomas I thought
In my snares, a rich treasure, at last had been caught;
Every morning his tisbury whisked me along,
In the evening he sought me all others among;
My partner when dancing, companion when still,
The page at my beck, and the slave of my will.
To carry my fan, oh! how happy was he!
How delighted he seem'd when he sweeten'd my tea!
When I sung, with what ardour, enraptur'd, he
Listen'd; [ten'd!
When I smil'd, what delight in his eyes ever glis-
Oh! Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, may grief be my lot
For the whole of next winter, if thou art forgot!

Mamma, too, dear creature! how kindly she plann'd
Fresh schemes to entice to propose for my hand!
To-day 'twas a dinner—her dishes were eat up;
To-morrow a rout, the best she could get up
The dinner was eat, and the rout it was over,
But, alas! not an offer was made by my lover!
Every ball in the country was graced by our faces,
Corporation, election, assizes, and races;
What money we spent at the play-house, where often
I fancied fair Juliet my lover might soften!
And that action might help to promote declaration—
All on earth is, I vow, thought but grief and vexation!
After all our endeavours, and plots, and advances,
Routs, dinners, wines, dishes, songs, music, and dances,
One morn, on returning from calls, as expected
His card on the table I found; but connected
Three grief-speaking letters, two Ps and a C,
Rear'd their forms as in mockery of love and of me!

TO MY HUSBAND.

When thou dost ask if this sequester'd vale
Bonds all my wishes now; and if the Sun,
Where'er he goes to tell his wondrous tale,
A happier being ever shines upon;
I can but answer thee with smiles and tears:—
With tears while memory those is picturing, whom
My doubtful fate now dooms to anxious fears,
And many a sigh, perchance, and hour of gloom:
With smiles, as I those dear, love-beaming eyes,
Delighted meet, for then love reigns supreme;
And though I think of all my broken ties,
Broken for thy dear sake, I fondly deem
My bliss was cheaply purchas'd, and to me
Fame, kindred, friends, my love, seem well re-
signed for thee. OPIE.

SONG.

If thou could'st know what 'tis to weep,
To weep unpitied and alone,
The live-long night, while others sleep
Silent our mournful watch to keep,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

If thou could'st know what 'tis to smile,
To smile, while scorn'd by every one,
To hide by many an artful wile,
A heart that knows more grief than guile,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

And, oh! if thou could'st think how drear,
When friends are chang'd and health is gone,
The world would to thine eyes appear,
If thou like me to none were dear,
Thou would'st not do what I have done.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

VARIETIES.

An ingenious Method of turning a Misfortune to Profit.—Not many years ago, a man was hanged at a country town in Ireland for highway robbery; but his friends having taken the body to a house, fancied that they discovered some signs of life, and immediately applied to a surgeon, who, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in restoring the man to his senses. Finding himself much annoyed by the multitude of visitors, and the questions which they asked respecting his short excursion to the other world, the man declared that he would not gratify their curiosity until each person should have paid the sum of two-pence. With this demand they readily complied, and he very seriously informed them, that at the moment when he was recalled to this world by the surgeon's assistance, he had just arrived at the gates of heaven, where he saw St. Peter sitting with the keys in his hand. This anecdote was related by the surgeon as a matter of fact, to a gentleman now residing in London.

Fine Arts.—The lovers of the Fine Arts, and the admirers of the writings of Mr. Washington Irving, will be pleased to learn, that the works of this gentleman are now receiving illustration from the pencil of his very clever countryman, Mr. Leslie.

North America.—The following advertisement appears in a Savannah Journal:—"Fair Notice.—All persons are hereby not only warned, but absolutely forbid to give me credit, on any pretence whatsoever, as from this day forward I shall not pay any debts contracted by myself.—JOHN HEWIT."

Irish Knights.—Mr. Harwood, the Irish barrister, passing through Drogheda during the lord lieutenantcy of the Duke of Dorset, called upon the Mayor, who was his friend, and by trade a grocer. "How fare's my old friend?" asked the councillor. "Och, upon my honour, never worse." "Why, what's the matter?" "How shall I sell my cheese and butter, now the Duke of Dorset has made me a knight?" "Poh, poh!" rejoined Harwood; "hold your tongue you old fool.—By —, you may think yourself well off he did not make you a duke."

Hindoes.—It is remarkable to what excellent uses the toes are applied in India. In England, it is hard to say whether they are of any use whatsoever. A man could certainly walk and ride without them; and these are the principal purposes to which the feet are applied in Europe. But here the toes are second hand fingers; they are called the 'feet fingers' in Bengalee. In his own house, a Hindoo, makes use of them to fasten the clog to his feet, by means of a button, which slips between the two middle toes. The Taylor, if he does not thread his needle, certainly twists his thread with them: the cook holds his knife with his toes while he cuts fish, vegetables, &c.; the joiner, the weaver, &c. could not do without them, and almost every native has twenty different uses for the toes. It is true, I have heard of a maimed sailor in England writing with his toes, which is more than what I have seen done in this country; but yet, this is only another proof of what might be done, even with the toes, if necessity should arise, to make us set our toes, as well as our wits to work. WARD.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

In the last number of Dr. Brewster's Philosophical Journal, there is a valuable paper on counter poisons, by John Murray, Esq. He seems to have established the fact, that ammonia is a complete antidote to hydrocyanic acid, and acetic acid (vinegar) an effectual counter-poison to opium.

M. Proust has found mercury (quicksilver) in every kind of muriatic acid (spirits of salts), that he has examined. He finds it also in rock salt. He has proposed a method of ascertaining whether it is contained in sea water, where its presence has for some time been suspected.

Professor Leslie has recently been making some very interesting experiments on the conveyance of sound in hydrogen gas. He finds that if half the atmospheric air contained in a receiver be withdrawn, and replaced by hydrogen gas, the sound, which before was loud, will now be scarcely audible.

Rule to find the strength of Prussic Acid.—BY DR. URE.—To 100 grains, or any other convenient quantity of the acid, contained in a small phial, add in succession, small quantities of the peroxide of mercury in fine powder, till it ceases to be dissolved on agitation. The weight of the red precipitate taken up being divided by 4, gives a quotient representing the quantity of real prussic acid present. By weighing out beforehand, on a piece of paper, or a watch glass, 40 or 50 grains of the peroxide, the residual weight of it shews at once the quantity expended.

Hot Springs.—Three leagues from Valencia are the hot springs of La Trinchera, which form a rival to the two feet deep and eighteen feet wide in the driest seasons. Their temperature is 90.3 centigrade. Those of Urigine, the hottest known, are at 100°. Eggs were boiled in the Trinchera springs in four minutes. But what is truly singular is, that at the distance of forty feet from these are other springs entirely cold.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*

Steam Frigate.—In America, steam is applied even to the navigation of ships of war. A steam frigate now lies in the bay of New York, three hundred feet in length, two hundred in breadth, and thirteen feet thick at its sides, which are composed of oak planks and cork alternately; it carries 44 guns, four of which are 100 pounders, the others are from 43 to 60. Besides which in order to prevent boarding, it can discharge upon its assailants a hundred gallons of boiling water every minute. By the same mechanism, likewise, 300 sabres are moved outside its port holes with the utmost perfect regularity; and, four times every minute, as many long spears are darted out with the most incredible force, and pulled back every time for a fresh emission.

SCRAPIANA.

No. VI.

From the common-place book of a Clergyman who flourished in Lancashire at the beginning of the 18th century.

Faith pin'd of another man's sleeve has this inconvenience attending it, y^t we know not whether he may run away with it.

Fear is a perturbation of y^e mind, arising from y^e apprehension of approaching danger.

Fair and sluttish, black and proud.

Long and lazy, little and lewd.

Free of her hips, free of her hippa.

Ye Fox preaches! look to your geese,

Fire ye most perfect of elements, and yet endowed with y^e most vehement motion.

Fides quid? quod non vides.

Spes? Futura res.

Charitas? magna raritas.

Finest of our raiment y^e silk-worms grave, before it can be our garments.

Falls of God's children tend to God's glory, non per se sed per accidens.

Faith makes some martyrs, hope makes 'em triumpphant.

Four farthings and a thimble, make a tailor's pocket single.

Fair in the cradle, foul in the saddle.

Fair face needs no band: fair woman needs no land

Flap with a foxes tail—to cheat and cozen.

Flat as a flounder.

Fitt as five pence.

Follow one like St. Anthony's pigge—more than we desire.

From Hell, Hull and Halifax, good Lord deliver us. Fides panica, little hold.

Five hundred 1000 chosen men slain, 2 Chron. 13, 17, a greater number than modern ages can boast of, in any battle that we know of.

Fetters of sin' fried off by repentance.

Fear y^e ague of y^e soul.

Flagitium et flagellum sunt sicut aures et filium.

A farmer said that two saints in heaven vex'd him more than all y^e devil's in hell, Virgin Mary, and St. Michael y^e Archangel; being his rent-dayes.

Flowers surpass us in beauty, Brutes in strength.

Fortunam reverenter habet.

INTERVIEWS WITH A SHADE.

No. II.

I dined the next day at an ordinary, and was attempting, after dinner, to read the accounts from Ireland, relative to the distress that unfortunately prevails in that part of the united kingdom; but the good-humour of the company, made it impossible that I could be serious, without it being imagined that I treated them with indifference and contempt. I laid down the 'Courier,' and joined in the prevailing mirth, and general roar, when excited by the wit and pleasantry of the lively few. On one of these occasions VOLATILE entered, and, almost unobserved, seated himself beside me;—he waived all compliments and ceremony, and began to say something of "the accomplishments" of the ladies we had seen on the preceding day, "their neat and elegant dresses, with the known prudence, and domestic excellence of their mother;"—the reiterated bursts of laughter, however, prevented any further commendations. We sat about two minutes longer, but the blanched visage of my companion was inflexibly grave and motionless, which was so very unpleasant to me, that I rose from my seat, and moving to the laughter-loving party, walked out of the room, and V— followed. "That little gentleman with spectacles," said he, "whose endeavours to please are indefatigable, is a commissioner and a man of talent; he had a good opportunity of being liberally educated, but it is said, that he preferred a commercial life to the following of his studies. He was introduced to the market by a fortunate tradesman, who has now retired to an estate of his own purchasing. In company he is ever on the wing;—without ill nature, every acquaintance is his butt;—and so pointed and sparkling are the sallies of his levity, that there is no coping with him;—the laugh is seldom against him, and his spirits are infallible." We had now reached the Exchange, and, after taking a turn or two, seated ourselves. A gentleman of very thoughtful aspect passed us at the moment, and looked very hard at V—, but did not speak; he was a handsome figure, and advanced in years. "That Gentleman," said my communicative friend, "is the husband of the lady whom we saw yesterday morning with her daughters;—he is at the head of an extensive establishment in this town, a firm which is in high credit;—the poor in his neighbourhood, find in him a steady patron and friend;—upon a late accident he had the sympathy of a whole district to console him, which was a more honourable testimony of his worth, than the shout of millions." He now approached us again, in conversation with a gentleman that I recollected as a school-fellow of mine, and as my ear caught a word or two that passed, I observed that the elderly gentleman was a Scotsman;—"Yes," said V—, "but is an old resident;—I have known him from my youth, when his name was stamped upon my memory, by a favour which he handsomely conferred upon a branch of our family." I stood up and moved to my early comrade, whom at school we had called Factious for his attention;—he immediately advanced, and very politely introduced me to his kind friend, as he called him,—and the worthy object of V—'s animadversion. This circumstance puzzled me not a little, as I felt some difficulty, in not knowing how to conduct myself towards V—, but on turning to the

table where we had sate, I perceived he had vanished, and relieved me from my uneasy situation. A. A.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT

Of the Atmospheric Pressure and Temperature, Rain, Wind, &c. deduced from diurnal observations made at Manchester, in the month of June, 1822, by THOMAS HANSON, Surgeon.

BAROMETRICAL PRESSURE.	Inches.
The Monthly Mean.....	29.97
Highest, which took place on the 12th.....	30.15
Lowest, which took place on the 15th.....	29.60
Difference of the extremes.....	.55
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which was on the 14th.....	.39
Spaces, taken from the daily means.....	2.10
Number of changes.....	11

TEMPERATURE.	Degrees.
Monthly Mean.....	65.2
Mean of the 8th. decade, commencing on the 30th. of May.....	66.6
" 9th. ".....	63.5
" 10th. " ending on the 28th June.....	65.5
Highest, which took place on the 6th and 9th.....	68
Lowest, which took place on the 13th.....	46
Difference of the extremes.....	37
Greatest variation in 24 hours, which occurred on the 9th.....	29

RAIN, &c.	
1.450 of an inch.	
Number of wet days.....	4
" " foggy days.....	0
" " snowy ".....	0
" " haily ".....	0

WIND.	
North.....	0
North-east.....	3
East.....	2
South-east.....	5
South.....	6
South-west.....	8
West.....	3
North-west.....	1
Variable.....	2
Calm.....	0
Brisk.....	0
Boisterous.....	0

REMARKS.

June 2nd,—gloomy, sultry and calm.—3rd, Almost a calm, barometer, stationary; very clear and warm.—5th, the temperature of the past night no lower than 65.° the maximum about 2 o'clock, p. m. 85.°—8th, Barometer gradually falling, chilly in the evening.—9th, very warm, clear day, in the evening, mimos in the south-west, which deposited some rain, but there was no thunder heard; the high temperature of 85.° occurred about 2 o'clock, and it was no lower than 69.° at bed time.—10th, fine, with a strong south-east wind during the day, in the evening more calm; from eight o'clock to midnight, it lightened most extraordinarily with loud peals of thunder; a cotemporary observer of the weather noticed, that there were upwards of nine hundred distinct flashes of lightning during the evening.—15th, gloomy, part of the day, barometer falling; towards the evening it began to rise, and no rain fell.—23rd, showers of rain, a. m. in the afternoon distant thunder with heavy rain.

The monthly mean temperature of 65.2° is very unusual for the month of June. In looking over the results of fourteen years observations, the reporter finds, that the mean of June, 1818, was 65.°10, but the average of all the years is not more than 51.°55. The lowest monthly mean for June, was in 1816, which was 54.°90, being a difference of upwards of ten degrees, from the present month. Great elevations of temperature, are often followed by sudden depressions; the latter were not so marked in the present month, however, when lightning and rain follows high temperatures, they are sure to lower it, as in the present instance; the 9th decade is three degrees lower than the 8th.

Bridge-street, July 3rd, 1822.

WEEKLY DIARY.

JULY.

REMARKABLE DAYS.

MONDAY, 15.—*Saint Swithin.*

Swithin, in the Saxon, *Swithum*, received his clerical tonsure, and put on the monastic habit, in the old monastery at Winchester. He was of noble parentage, and passed his youth in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the Scriptures. Swithin was promoted to holy orders by Helmstan, Bishop of Winchester, at whose death, in 852, King Ethelwolf granted him the see. In this he continued eleven years, and died in 868. Swithin desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops; and his request was complied with: but the monks on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for the saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession, on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently for forty days succeeding, that the design was abandoned as heretical and blasphemous, and they honoured his memory by erecting a chapel over his grave, at which many miraculous cures of all kinds are said to have been wrought. To the above circumstance may be traced the origin of the old saying, 'that if it rains on St. Swithin's, it will rain forty days following!'

OBSERVATIONS

On the Countries of Congo and Loungo, as in 1790.—(Continued from our last.)

By Mr. Maxwell, author of the *Letters to Mungo Park, &c.*

Canoes.—At Cape Lopez and Jabon, the canoes are formed out of single trees of red-wood. They are flat-bottomed and well-sided. I have seen some of them seventy feet long, six broad, and four deep, capable of holding a considerable number of people. I am told of one belonging to King Passeall, at Cape Lopez, that holds two hundred men.

Houses.—The construction of these, though simple, is very ingenious. The body of the house consists of four parts, the ends and sides, each made separately of bulrush-stems. The bulrushes, which are about an inch in diameter, are first cut of the proper length, and laid parallel to one another upon the ground; they are then secured in this position by transverse branches of bamboo at the ends and in the middle, three on each side, which are firmly bound together by slips of the palmetto leaf. In one end, a square opening is left for the door. The frame-work thus completed, is fastened to four upright posts driven into the ground, and is then ready to receive the roof, which is made of bamboo or palm-leaves overlapping each other: it consists of two parts, attached to each other by a

sort of hinge, for the purpose of being folded together when the family removes. The best houses seldom exceed twenty feet in length, and twelve in breadth; the sides are about seven feet high, and altogether it is so light, that six people can easily transport a house of an ordinary size; and, being so small, each family is possessed of a number proportioned to its wants. A bulrush palisade eight feet high, bound together in the same manner as the sides of the house, surrounds the whole. Within this inclosure, the goats, sheep, and hogs, &c. are always kept during the night: the entrance is secured by a door of similar materials to the palisade. Simple as the inclosure is, it would appear from the natives having no other, that it completely answers their purpose; although from an adventure which befel Captain R. Norris, of Liverpool, in his factory at Whidah, (where all the trade is carried on in factories,) we may conclude, that the Congoes owe their nocturnal safety more to the wild beasts being well fed in the woods, than to the bulrush screens.

In the kingdoms of Whidah, Dahomy, and Benin, the houses and family inclosures are built of clay or mud, within which, the inhabitants, with their herds and flocks, are protected during the night. Captain Norris being awakened one night by an unusual noise, looked out, and discovered that it was caused by a large panther endeavouring to leap the outer wall, with a milch-goat in its mouth. The goat was brought from the ship to supply him with milk, and having heard it bleating, the panther had scaled the wall, and was now in the act of returning with his prey. Although the wall was fourteen feet high, the panther almost succeeded in clearing it the three first attempts, getting his fore feet upon the coping each time, but the weight of the goat always brought him down; after this, every succeeding attempt falling shorter of the mark, he might have abandoned his prey and regained his liberty, had not Captain Norris, hoping to save the goat, shot him. He was obliged, however, with the assistance of his black servant, who was the only other person at the time in the factory, to bury him in the yard before morning; for, if it had come to the King of Dahomy's ears, his voyage would have been ruined, Whidah being a conquered province of Dahomy; and the panther and the snake, the King's fetishes.

Villages.—No detached dwellings are to be seen here as in Europe. Mutual safety obliges the inhabitants to live in villages and towns. Each village is the property of some chief, who exercises uncontrolled authority over all its members. These may be divided into two classes, the slaves and dependant relations of the chief, both so entirely devoted to his service, as almost to realize our idea of a clan. There are a few instances where rich traders have villages of their own, consisting of two or three hundred families, but they are much exposed to the avarice and cupidity of the Chiefs, whose favour they are frequently obliged to purchase at a great price.

These possessions constitute the power and wealth of the Chiefs, who can at any time call out the male population to vindicate their rights, real or imaginary. The slaves, who comprise a large proportion of the population of this part of Africa, are employed in various ways, according to their ability and address. They live in great indolence, and are rapidly increasing in numbers,—equally to the comfort and affluence of their masters; by whom,

upon the whole, they are treated with much humanity.

Chiefs.—Each Chief is regarded as the father of his own district, from whose judgment there lies no appeal, save only to Boonzie. Although they all acknowledge the King's sovereignty; yet a few, combining their resources, can at any time resist his authority. Indeed, there is reason to think that they seldom or never act in concert, except when threatened by an enemy; and even then, their quota of men and period of service, are liable to various contingencies,—want of arms for instance, or scarcity of provisions; either of which will render their assistance of no avail, or, rather, will make their presence a scourge. The only power capable of controlling them is the priesthood. The Chiefs, as well as their dependants, are remarkably fond of tobacco, which, however, from the method of curing it, is very bad. European spirits are in great request among them,—even Boonzie himself is not exempt from their bewitching influence, —so, what can he say to his erring flock?

(To be concluded in our next.)

WINE AND WALLNUTS;

OR,
AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.

BREAD AND CHEESE AT GARRICK'S.

I have heard poor Lawrence Sterne say, that he really envied Hogarth and Reynolds more than all men, for the unceasing happiness that flowed to them through the channel of their profession; and further remember Mr. Bunbury, that happy genius at caricature, saying, that Sterne once observed, speaking of Sir Joshua (somewhat with too much levity perhaps for a priest,) that he had had a foretaste of Heaven in the undisturbed bliss of his painting-room for five and twenty years. True it is he was devoted to his study, and delighted in his art; but his was a steady philosophic course, whilst that of his contemporary, the lively Gainsborough, was a skipping and gambolling backwards and forwards from side to side on the same road to fame. Of all the painters I could name, and many a wag and worthy wight among the long list that uncle Zachary and I have known, come rushing on my memory—worthies, whose happy works are already "*mellowed by the stealing hours of time*," none for enthusiasm and vivacity could compare with him.

"Why, in the name of wonder," Garrick used to say to these his mutual friends, "why are not Gainsborough and you, Master Joshua, oftner seen with your legs under the same table?"—And to Gainsborough, "Why, Tom o' Bedlam, do you not go learn sobriety from our "*son of Nun*." True it is, Sir Joshua would have been none the worse, and Gainsborough much the better, by a more frequent collision. But somehow, though most delighted with each other's converse, and each held high in the other's esteem, though different in manner as two such public favourites and kind contemporaries could be, which made them more interesting to each other—yet they rarely met.

Reynolds was wise and sagacious—bethought deeply, and never committed himself. Gainsborough was all genius, and the impetuosity of his imagination led him away. He gave utterance to all he thought. Hence the even-

ing ebullitions of his fancy sometimes awakened morning reflections that made him frown and bite his lips. "Reynold's gravity savoured of stiffness to the mind of Tom, (said Garrick,) but he loved him better than he thought." And we have only to advert to the last interview between these two distinguished painters, to be satisfied that Gainsborough thought much higher of Reynold's esteem than he has chosen to acknowledge.

Well do I remember passing a day with these two fathers of the English school, in company with Garrick and Sterne, Caleb Whiteford, and Mr. Harry Bunbury, at the foot of Hampstead Heath. It was on a fourth of June, and we set off betimes under a bright sky. Aurora never opened the gates of Heaven to a more celestial morn. The furze and broom were in full blossom, and the heath appeared burnished with gold.

The party had supped at Garrick's the evening before, when it was proposed that we should muster the next day at the apartments of Mr. Bunbury in St. James's-street, from his windows to see the fine ladies go to Court. "What say you, Reynolds, hey?" said Garrick, patting him on the shoulder, knowing his reluctance to spare a day from his easel. Reynolds shook his head and smiled.

"Pox take it," said Garrick, "you will be rich with a vengeance before your neighbours be out of debt. Do you not know that he that labours himself to death, by the laws of Lycurgus, or Solon, or Sancho Panza, or some other great legislator, was condemned to be buried under a gibbet? Now give us a day, thou son of Nun, give us a day thou Joshua, and let the sun of thy industry stand still, and leave the other great luminary to go on with the work of creation."

"Come, Davy, do you not be profane," said Sterne.

"Pot and kettle," replied Garrick.

"Aye! smutty kettle," said Gainsborough. This created a loud laugh at poor Sterne's expense—Master Lawrence knew why.

"Do slip from the collar, and cheat Apollo out of one morning's drudgery," said Garrick, "and make one of our idle party; and then we will return and finish the day on the terrace. Come, say yes, and you shall chuse your dinner, and that is a privilege I would not grant to every one with such an insatiable, never-resting palette as your's. Remember, Joshua, you have limned one generation of beauties, so come and pick and chuse from among the fair daughters of these charmers. You have made all the mothers your own, and now you must canvass the daughters."

"Ah!" said Sterne, "what an enviable trade is this said old bachelor Reynold's, to be closeted for ever with beauty. We shall have a fine show of new-blown sylphs tomorrow, displaying their soft lily-white bosoms to the gaze of the king. I wonder how Queen Charlotte feels upon these occasions?"

"Why, if the king's imagination was impure as thine, master Shandy," said Garrick, "Queen Charlotte might smile through her tears. Or if Reynolds peered at nature through your wanton eyes, many a husband might hang his hat upon his own antlers. What a wicked dog of a parson thou art, Lawrence! Had you flourished a century back, King Charles would have hunted out some old mitre from Oliver's lumber room, to be altered for thy clerical scone."

"King Charles was a wit, and knew how

to patronize merit, and that is more than can be said of every king," said Sterne.

"And King George knows how to reward virtue," said Garrick, "and that argues no bad taste—hey master Lawrence!"

"Granted," replied Sterne, with a satirical smile, "His Majesty clapped your Othello! hey, master Davy?"

"That evinces the King's charity, at any rate," said Garrick with great good humour.

This, by the way, had been a sore subject with Roscius, who played that character too long, even against the advice of his friends. Ridicule, however, which can sometimes effect more than sober admonition, showed Garrick his error; for a wag in the pit comparing his appearance to Hogarth's *Blackey* with the teakettle, he played the character no more. Not long after he had left the stage, his good sense fairly opened his eyes to the aptness of the witty conceit, for on turning over his own choice folio of Hogarth's prints, to explain some obscurity in a political caricature to young Bunbury, and coming to the second subject in the *Harlot's Progress*, he burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed, as he pounced upon the astounded little mungo, "*Faith it is devilish like!*"

"Well! say Reynolds, once more I ask, will you make one of us to-morrow and take a squinney through your magical chromatics at this new summer stock of carnations?—[the old technical phrase for flesh colour.]—Sterne, who cracks himself a connoisseur, roundly swears, and we shall see if his dictum be orthodox—he swears by Jupiter, that the mothers in their prime were the superior deities. Tom of Gainsbro' too fancies himself, limner-like, a consummate judge of this new maiden ware. He will be hovering about the old Palace Gate another Acteon."

"Not I," said Gainsborough. "Devil take the witches—I'll be charmed no more with their fascinations—'tis like gazing at the sun, and deranges one's optics so, that one is blinded for awhile. Such a glittering—ten mile long—everlasting chain of beauty—dragging one's imagination after it link by link, is more than flesh and blood can bear. It makes me somehow so melancholy, I could go hang myself all o' one side and sing it like poor Barbara."

"Faith, such romantic chaps had better stay at home," said Garrick, accompanying the observation with a slap on Gainsborough's thigh, who was not at that moment in his usual spirits. "What if I had been made of such moody, melting stuff, I had been wasted to the socket, years ago."

"Yes, by the lord! Davy, I have often thought when I have beheld so many bright eyes concentrating their admiring rays upon your marble phiz, if you had not been a perfect salamander, you had verily been consumed, and swept away with the orange peel, a cinder, from the stage."

"Nonsense, Tom! you would have become a salamander too had you been drilled into an actor—it is all nothing, after a time."

"Never, never, Davy!" replied Gainsborough, "I have been fifty thousand times over head and ears in love with all the pretty women that I ever painted—absolutely bewitched and becrased out of my senses!"

"What would you have done had you been stage-struck with many another statute vagabond like myself?" said Garrick, laughing.

"Done!" replied Gainsborough—"why,

have roared out like the Moor, '*Whip me, ye devils, from the possession of this heavenly sight!*'—Down off the stage all in a blaze, upset the prompter, and, rushing down Dirty-lane, leaped headlong off the wharf, to put himself out in the Thames!"

"Hey! my worthy Tom o' Bedlam! what, make thy exit with a hiss!"

HINTS FOR A MORAL CATECHISM.

Q. What are friends made of?—A. Persons who can please or serve each other.

Where can I get them?—Every where, if you have rank, influence, or money.

Will they break?—Unless they mutually bend, they must break very soon.

What are enemies made of?—The most bitter of friends.

What are they good for?—To weary us of earth, and make us endeavour to fit ourselves for heaven.

What does 'Enough' mean?—A little more than we have.

Where can I get it?—I never knew any body who had it.

What is experience made of?—Observation on other people's mistakes, and the remembrance of suffering from our own.

What is it good for?—To make disappointment bearable.

What is love?—An illusion—a dream, from which we awake dissatisfied. Important, only, when it concerns ourselves—ridiculous, when we observe it in others.

Can it be bought?—No; but though extremely precious, it is generally thrown away. When it is offered, it is genuine; when asked, the commodity rendered will generally be found to be gratitude.

Where does it come from?—Heaven. If pure, it mounts thither again. It is too exquisite for earth, and seldom rests on it long.

What is courage made of?—The fear of contempt.

What is it good for?—Self-preservation, and the protection of others.

What is justice?—The principle and cause of all virtue, as light is the principle and cause of all colour.

Can it be sold?—Yes, but is very dear.

What is politeness?—The art of avoiding to give unnecessary pain.

What is flattery?—The art of deceiving others, in order to ingratiate ourselves in their opinion.

What is hope made of?—Our wishes. It dances before our path, but fades when we attempt to grasp it; like the rainbow, which seems to rest on earth, but is only the creation of our vision.

What is disappointment made of?—Hope.

Where can I get it?—Every where, if you take imagination and passion of your guides.

What is pity?—The uneasy sensation we feel when we look at suffering.

What is it good for?—Nothing—unless accompanied by active benevolence.

What is mischief?—The wit of fools.

What is punning?—The folly of wit.

What is a repaatee?—That which it is cleverer to think, and wiser to suppress.

What is revenge made of?—The seed of injury, sown in a rank soil.

What is it good for?—To people the dominions of Satan.

What is resentment?—The natural consequence of injury.

What is it good for?—To terrify evil minds into the bounds of decency.

Where can I find it?—Wherever you have repulsed tenderness, insulted misery, offended vanity, thwarted passion, or irritated self-love.

What is wedded happiness made of?—Mutual forbearance, tenderness, and respect.

Is it dear?—It cannot be dear at any price.

Will it break?—When it is broken by death, it is rejoined in heaven.

What is beauty?—A key to the heart of the be-

holder, the apology for many follies, and the inducement to many more.

Can I buy it?—Not the thing itself, but you may buy the person who has it.

What are romances made of?—Stories of people who never lived, chronicles of things never done, and relations of words never spoken.

What are they good for?—To soften the heart, amuse the fancy, and refine the taste.

What are reviews?—Books which are written by the friends or enemies of people who have written other books, and which praise or blame them accordingly.

How can I get into them?—You must write a good deal better or worse than other people.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I shall be obliged to any of your enlightened correspondents, for a short list of the principles of Perspective, which are essential in Drawing. A list of this sort would, I am sure, be very acceptable to many of your readers.

ANOTHER QUEERIST.

Manchester, July 4th, 1822.

TO "O"

SIR,—Allow me to make a short reply.—You declare, that, according to my hypothesis, "whenever all the fibres of the retina have been fatigued equally and simultaneously, a direct spectrum must inevitably follow." Now, if you will take the trouble of repeating my letters, you will find nothing to support such a conclusion, but much to the contrary.—In short, the result of your experiment on the meridian sun, is evidently in favour of my theory.

You say, that you hoped some one would have entered upon an enquiry into the nature of colour; this is to me unintelligible.

I shall now finally conclude, and we have your assurance that your letter is the last.—I take my leave, not without a hope of once more measuring swords, but in some other cause, with so persevering a combatant.

I am Sir, Your's,

A FRIEND.

Pendleton, July 3rd, 1822.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

All that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

LOUIS BRON.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,—I have always read with interest, and often with admiration, the letters which you publish under the title of 'the Club.' I have generally been a convert to the well supported opinions which are promulgated in these elegant essays; but there have, occasionally, been instances, on the other hand, in which I could not agree with the ingenious writers. After reading their last paper, I found myself in the latter predicament. Though much is urged in favour of the practice of teaching the sciences to females, yet too much weight is, I think, thrown into the opposite scale; and though the solitary advocate for the practice, is suffered to talk longer than any other member, his observations are but feeble, while much force is exerted in the brief but pithy objections of his opponents.

To instruct young ladies in the sciences appears to me very proper, and I am glad to observe, that it is becoming every day more common. I am assured, on good authority, that we have in Manchester, a number of ladies, who have made very considerable progress in literature and science. I cannot discover any reasonable pretext for withholding this kind of learning from females; but I think I see great advantages likely to accrue from their being instructed in it. The powers of the female mind have been underrated:—an erroneous impression has been made,

respecting the effect which the education of females is calculated to produce;—but that impression will be removed by experience;—its continuance must be of short duration;—it is an expiring illusion;—it were well that it were extinct;—ignorance will soon be as discreditable, to one sex as to the other;—knowledge will be more generally diffused.

An interesting female, instead of poring over novels and romances, which have a tendency to strengthen the passions, and weaken the moral principles, will find a pleasure in the more tranquil and useful pursuit of science. A taste for rational studies will prevail; and the softer sex will in this way acquire fresh charms, which fade not like their beauty, but which increase in vigour with the lapse of time. The genius of science will cast her "inspiring mantle," on a form as lovely as her own, and receive a powerful impulse from the patronage of her new votaries.

Manchester, July 3rd, 1822.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A new Edition of Newton's Principia, from the famous Jesuit Edition, with all their Notes, corrected by a Cambridge scholar.

Mr. Thielwell is preparing for publication an Epic Poem, entitled the Hope of Albion, founded on the Life and Achievements of Edwin the Great.

The Entail; or, the Lairds of Grippy. By the Author of 'Annals of the Parish,' &c.

A new edition of the Gölîstân, or Rose Garden, by Musle-Huddeen Shaik Shady, of Sheeraz, translated from the original Persian by F. Gladwin, Esq. is stated to be in the press.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The affair at the Tea Gardens, on Sunday, is sufficiently amusing; but "Spectator's" account of it is rather too personal for the pages of the Iris.—We certainly subscribe to our Correspondent's opinion, that "it is highly reprehensible to frequent such places on the Sabbath."

The omission of the mathematics in our last number, was purely accidental.—We beg to assure Miss Agnes, and the rest of our Mathematical friends, that we shall, in future, do every thing in our power to avoid her complaints on that subject.—We are not ignorant of the interest which is felt for this department of our publication.—We hope our present number will make some atonement for the mathematical deficiencies of our last.—Our fair correspondent's own contributions shall always meet with respectful attention.

The disappearance of Salter, and the re-engagement of Vandyke, are subjects which have become too stale to excite much general interest.—We, therefore, decline making use of the letter of "Theatricals."

The project of "Historicus" has nothing to recommend it.—The author might, surely, discover some better expedient.

"Alfred" seems to have forgotten our determination to abstain from party politics.—His letter is not calculated to produce any other effect than to awaken animosity and excite contention.

'Subaga' is informed, that should his communications meet our approbation, we shall, with pleasure, assent to his request.

Communications have been received from Wilhelm.—Frederic.—A. W. F.—Don Pedro.—T. H. B.—Mr. W. M. Lawrie.—Luis Hecenas.—Old Patten Nat.—Flibbertigibbet.—and a Subscriber.

Letter-Box in the Door.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOGIERIAN SYSTEM

OF

Musical Education.

MR. WARD most respectfully announces, that his vacation will terminate on Monday the 22nd instant.

18, Spring Gardens.

CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, AND PHILOSOPHICAL EDUCATION,

For a limited number of Pupils,

ARDWICK GREEN.

W. C. DUFFIELD respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that his Academy will Re-open on Monday the 29th of July next.

The number of Pupils in this Academy is limited to twenty-five, and they are constantly superintended by Mr. Duffield and his Son. In consequence of this limitation to so small a number, besides a regular course of English, French, Classical, and Mathematical instruction, a great variety of information is imparted respecting the Phenomena of Nature, the Processes of Art, and Philosophical and Literary subjects in general. The mental powers of the Pupils are brought into exercise by very particular examinations; and an attempt is made to excite in them a taste for Literary, Scientific, and Moral subjects, which it is hoped will have a salutary influence on their minds in after-life.

References of high respectability will be given, and cards of particulars may be had, at Mr. D.'s house, No. 6, Chapel-Street.

July 12, 1822.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT OF COLONEL FLETCHER.

MESSRS. ZANETTI and AGNEW, respectfully beg leave to inform the Public, that they have undertaken to publish a PORTRAIT of COL. FLETCHER, from the whole length Picture painted by Mr. Allen, by public subscription, expressly for the Town Hall of Bolton, by the permission of the Committee of Gentlemen appointed for carrying into effect a tribute of respect to their patriotic and highly respected Senior Magistrate. To be engraved by Scriven, engraver to the King, in his best style.

Proof Impressions.....£2 2 6
Plain Do.....1 1 0.

Half the amount to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on delivery of the print.

ZANETTI and AGNEW pledge themselves that no exertions or expense shall be wanting, on their part, in the execution of it, not only to make it a correct likeness, but a superior work of art; and they request that all who wish to have early impressions, will forward their names and address as soon as possible, either to Mr. Rastoun, Solicitor, Bolton; or to them, at the Repository of Arts, 24, Market-Street, Manchester, (where specimens by the Engraver may be seen) as the print will be delivered in the order subscribed for.

July 10, 1822.

The Public is respectfully informed that the FIRST NUMBER of the IRIS is now REPRINTED.—Those Subscribers who have not the Work complete, are requested to make up their sets without delay, as several of the subsequent numbers are nearly out of print.—The Publishers also beg to state, that the Song of "O Speak not to me," will be printed on superfine large paper,—it will be ready on Tuesday next, and may be had separate from the Iris, price 6d.

Manchester: Printed, Published, and Sold, by the Proprietors, HENRY SMITH AND BROTHERS, St. Ann's Square, to whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

